







HISTORY

OF THE

NINTH MASS. BATTERY.

RECRUITED JULY, 1862; MUSTERED IN AUG. 10, 1862;
MUSTERED OUT JUNE 9, 1865, AT THE
CLOSE OF THE REBELLION.

By LEVI W. BAKER,
MARLBORO, MASS.

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INTRODUCTION.

COMRADES:

It is twenty-one years since we last stood in line together and were mustered out of the United States service. The thirty-four months that we had been together are indelibly recorded in our memories. Some of the battles are written in blood. The marches, that sometimes left us so weary that the bivouac blotted out all worth remembering; the months of dull camp life, in winter quarters; the weeks under shelter tents, facing the enemy, the hours of which were struck by the booming of cannon and the bursting of shell, and the minutes marked by the crack of rifles and zip of minies, too close to be pleasant; — all these are becoming more and more indistinct to us; but to some of us the twinges from wounds, rheumatism, fever and ague, or diseases that have become chronic, daily remind us that we were there.

Because our memories are becoming more indistinct, I have been induced to record some of the events prominent in our history, that, when we all are no more, our children

may read and realize something of what their fathers did that the Union might be preserved.

But few of the histories written are from the rank and file of the army, but we hope that this will be received as a fair account of the events as they occurred, and of the inner life of the rank and file of the 9th Massachusetts Battery.

I am indebted to Maj. Bigelow, Capt. Milton, and W. B. Pearce, for the use of the private papers of the Battery ; also to many letters from Maj. Bigelow, W. B. Pearce, J. K. Norwood, J. B. Stowe, J. H. Manning, Geo. Mader, and others ; also to a file of letters in my possession, covering all the time of the service of the Battery, except from July 4, 1863, to December 12, 1863. The chronology of this history is all from letters and papers written at the time, and must be correct.

I am also under great obligation to our battery artists, C. W. Reed, Richard Holland, and I. F. Eaton, who have so finely illustrated this work. These illustrations have been selected from a large number of original sketches in the hands of these artists.

L. W. BAKER,
Marlboro, Mass.

OCTOBER 1, 1887.

HISTORY.

The spring and summer of '62 was a disheartening season for the Union; hopes had been blighted, and promised advances had resulted in retreats. A few cavalry expeditions had been successful, but did not secure any lasting results.

All through the spring, Government had been promised advances by the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and it was continually advancing—farther and farther from its goal, Richmond. Finally, in the extremity, Gen. Hallock was called from the armies of the West, and placed in command of the armies of the East; and Gen. Pope, fresh from won battlefields in the West, was appointed to the command of the Army of Virginia, small and scattered; and even *he*, “used to seeing the backs of the enemy turned towards him by his blows,” was forced to retire before the whole force of the Southern army, that again threatened Washington.

During this series of disasters, the Government called for 300,000 volunteers, and now we were beginning to realize that enlisting meant hard marches, privation, hunger, fighting, and death to many. Veterans were called from the front

to organize regiments and batteries, and men of experience were sought for to take command of organizations to be formed.

About the middle of July, Capt. Achille De Vecchi, an Italian, on leave from the Italian army, came to Boston. He had been serving on the staff of Gen. Lane, in Missouri, but, wishing a more active life, asked for a command. He was sent to Gov. Andrew with letters commendatory (Gen. Lane being an intimate friend of Gov. A.). He was received and offered the command of the 33d Regiment, then forming as a regiment of sharpshooters. As they were armed with Springfield rifles, the same as other infantry, he declined, and chose to organize a battery of light artillery, which, under his instruction and leadership, was to be a model battery. He was joined by Christopher Erickson of Cambridge, a Swede by birth, Alexander H. Whitaker of Boston, Geo. W. Foster of Charlestown, Richard S. Milton of West Roxbury, who were commissioned lieutenants, and many others, who were promised warrants or places of preferment.

Capt. De Vecchi was a fine looking, portly man, could talk well in broken English about artillery, had a soft hand to pat the boys on the back, and his "gude bohys" were very fascinating. C. Erickson had seen some artillery drill in a Boston battery. A. H. Whitaker was a good French scholar, and could readily talk with Capt. De Vecchi and understand him, and was his mouthpiece when his English failed him, as it did sometimes. Many were led to enlist by the knowledge of artillery displayed by him. A short time before the close

of enlistments, two men joined who had seen service in two Massachusetts batteries. One, in giving an account of his enlistment, said: "I thought I knew something of artillery drill, but after hearing Capt. De Vecchi talk I thought by joining I could learn all that the most accomplished artillery officer need to know."

The first to enlist were George Murray, F. Quaranti, and Adolph Lipman, who enlisted July 17; D. P. Doyle, Q. A. Merritt, M. Lastreco, Chas. A. Hall, the 18th; G. B. Morse, Geo. W. Carter, I. F. Eaton, Vincent Regalli, John Cortipas, the 19th; and July 31 saw about ninety men in camp

AT LYNNFIELD, MASS.,

with no organization but a cookhouse, and no weapons but a tin plate, quart dipper, sheet iron spoon, knife and fork.

Our camp consisted of four Sibley tents, near the 33d Regiment. Our cookhouse was presided over by a Frenchman, and one of the first dinners I remember was a chowder, burnt so much we could not eat it. The name, "burnt chowder" clung to him as long as he remained in the Battery. He was wounded at Gettysburg.

Aug. 2. The 2d of August, we got our Battery tents, known as A tents, and pitched them at the southwest corner of the field. The 4th of August, the first guard was detailed. The writer has the original guard list, which is as follows: L. W. Baker, acting sergeant of the guard; first

relief, C. A. Hall, A. Clement, A. Lipman, G. B. Morse, C. F. Loring, V. Regalli, M. Lastreco, D. P. Doyle; second relief, Q. A. Merritt, G. W. Carter, J. Gazzle, I. F. Eaton, L. Pinti, F. C. Tucker, J. Crossan, J. J. Barry; third relief, A. Murphy, J. McCarty, J. V. Huntress, H. Packard, D. Brett, C. L. Sawin, M. Hatch, E. Currell. Who the acting corporals were, I cannot tell.

About 5 P. M., the Captain arrived in camp for the first time, and was received by the guard being turned out and saluting him, which was the first military maneuver in our camp. The same evening, at roll call, the Captain was presented with a fine saber, and belt of red leather, by his countrymen here. There had been no restriction on the men so far, and now commenced the execution of orders to keep the men in camp, and many were the inmates of the guardhouse. Guard duty was done with four old muskets that were never cleaned, and the first day were filled with gravel and rammed down.

Our first Sunday in camp was a new experience, **Aug. 3.** to some at least. At 5 P. M., we were invited to a brigade dress parade, in which the 32d, 33d and 34th Regiments of infantry, a company of cavalry, and our company, took part; afterward a short religious service by the chaplain of one of the regiments; also singing, led by the band. We had singing in our camp for the first time, in the evening.

In previous enlistments, many of the organizations were local in interest, and in many regiments the companies were made up of men from one locality. At this time it was dif-

ferent; there were few towns that sent a dozen men who were acquainted together, and our own organization was an example of this. Of 314 men on our books and muster-out rolls, 73 were of 1st Mass. Battery, transferred to the 9th February 28, 1865, whose history I do not know. The 241 men were from 35 towns and cities, of which

West Roxbury, Roxbury and Jamaica Plain led with	42
Boston,	34
Cambridge, East Cambridge and Cambridgeport,	24
Malden,	20
Charlestown,	15
Marlboro,	14
the Bridgewater,	13
Concord,	9
Somerville,	8
Dennis,	7
Easton,	6
Lynnfield,	5
Lawrence, Melrose, Taunton, each 4,	12
Stoughton, Scituate, Brookline, each 3,	9
Weymouth, Newburyport, Worcester, Winthrop, Salem, Brandy Station, each 2,	12
Dartmouth, Southboro, Dedham, Weston, Ab- ington, Sandwich, Upton's Hill, Duxbury, Framingham, Blandford, Lynn, each 1,	11
	<hr/>
	241

Also, the ages of the men were as follows :

19 men were	18 years old.	21 men were	26 years old.
13	“ 19	“ 16	“ 27
14	“ 20	“ 9	“ 28
35	“ 21	“ 11	“ 29
24	“ 22	“ 15	“ 30
34	“ 23	“ 34	“ 31 to 35
20	“ 24	“ 27	“ 36 to 40
18	“ 25	“ 10	“ 41 to 47

Aug. 10. August 10, we were mustered into the United States service by Lieut. Elder, as the 9th Battery Massachusetts Volunteers, to serve three years from the date of muster in, unless sooner discharged. Achille De Vecchi was mustered as captain, and Christopher Erickson, A. H. Whitaker, Geo. W. Foster, and R. S. Milton as Lieutenants, and the organization of the Battery was nearly as follows when we commenced to drill : —

ORGANIZATION OF 9TH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1862.

Captain, Achille De Vecchi.

Chief of Caissons, Junior Second Lieutenant, Richard S. Milton. .

Orderly Sergeant, George H. Prescott.

Quartermaster Sergeant, James W. Reed, Jr.

Guidon, Francis Quaranti.

Buglers, 1st, Chas. W. Reed ; 2d, Orin Reynolds.

RIGHT SECTION.

Senior First Lieutenant Christopher Erickson, commanding.

FIRST DETACHMENT.

Sergt., Wm. W. Snelling.
Gunner, John L. Fenton.
Corp., Isaac F. Eaton.

Gun Detachment.

No. 1, Henry Fen.
" 2, A. B. Smith.
" 3, Z. D. Nichols.
" 4, Chas. B. Nutting.
" 5, Alfred Clement, Jr.
" 6, Thos. Murry.
" 7, Adolph Lipman.

Piece Drivers.

Lead, Alfred Morse.
Swing, J. H. Nicholson.
Wheel, Samuel Toby.

Caisson Drivers.

Lead, Geo. Doherty.
Swing, John Buckman.
Wheel, Sam'l W. Barnard.

Extra.

Chas. Loring.
Jos. A. Chapin.
H. Z. Miles.
Henry A. Packard.

SECOND DETACHMENT.

Sergt., Charles E. Dodge.
Gunner, W. L. Tucker.
Corp., Francis C. Tucker.

Gun Detachment.

No. 1, Daniel P. Doyle.
" 2, John R. Martin.
" 3, Jas. M. Howland.
" 4, Stilson H. Dow.
" 5, Jos. Wilkinson, Jr.
" 6, Wm. J. Doe.
" 7, Eugene Tufts.

Piece Drivers.

Lead, Michael McCarroll.
Swing, Arthur Murphy.
Wheel, John Crossan.

Caisson Drivers.

Lead, Peter Fisher, Jr.
Swing, Edwin Babson.
Wheel, Melville Hatch.

Extra.

John Scheibler.
W. H. Dawes.
Geo. Harris.

LEFT SECTION.

Junior First Lieutenant Alexander H. Whitaker, commanding.

FIFTH DETACHMENT.

Sergt., John Cortipas.
Gunner, Vincent Regalli.
Corp., M. Lastreco.

Gun Detachment.

No. 1, John Ligo.
" 2, Geo. W. Carter.
" 3, David Brett.
" 4, J. K. Norwood.
" 5, J. H. Wiley.
" 6, N. F. Cate.
" 7, Jesse Sherburn.

Piece Drivers.

Lead, James F. Gilson.
Swing, Q. A. Merritt.
Wheel, R. C. Blaisdell.

Caisson Drivers.

Lead, Edwin Bollitho.
Swing,
Wheel, Geo. Ransom.

Extra.

Herman Jansen.
Louis Pinti.
John Gazzle.

SIXTH DETACHMENT.

Sergt., Jos. Akerman.
Gunner, Jos. Hirst.
Corp., L. N. Langeleer.

Gun Detachment.

No. 1, Nelson Lowell.
" 2, L. W. Baker.
" 3, Jas. L. Clapp.
" 4, Richard Holland.
" 5, Zimri Whitney.
" 6, John B. Stowe.
" 7, Elbridge Wilkins.

Piece Drivers.

Lead, Hiram W. Fay.
Swing, H. H. Burdett.
Wheel, Eleazer Call.

Caisson Drivers.

Lead, Albert Taylor.
Swing, John A. Fulsom.
Wheel, Chas. Tibbets.

Extra.

Stephen H. Goodwin.
Edwin R. Knapp.
Jas. E. Kimball.

Augustus Hesse.
 Jos. R. Brown.
 Edward Rouse.

R. B. Rice.
 Wm. H. Strong.
 John O. Adams.
 Henry F. Nash.

CENTRE SECTION.

Senior Second Lieutenant Geo. W. Foster, commanding.

THIRD DETACHMENT.

Sergt., Geo. Murray.
 Gunner, John V. Huntress.
 Corp., Chas. H. Hall.

Gun Detachment.

No. 1, John A. McCarty.
 " 2, Chas. A. Guinn.
 " 3, Charles A. Hall.
 " 4, John H. Sullivan.
 " 5, John W. McDonald.
 " 6, Reuben L. Willis.
 " 7, Walter Lea.

Piece Drivers.

Lead, James McDavitt.
 Swing, Sam. C. Glover.
 Wheel, Nathan H. Brand.

Caisson Drivers.

Lead, Horace Prescott.
 Swing, G. F. W. Haynes.
 Wheel, H. C. Knight.

FOURTH DETACHMENT.

Sergt., John H. Whittemore.
 Gunner, Levi Lincoln.
 Corp., Henry A. Hills.

Gun Detachment.

No. 1, Stephen N. Parker.
 " 2, Enoch B. Lord.
 " 3, B. E. Murray.
 " 4, W. H. Hunson.
 " 5, John H. Manning.
 " 6, Wm. Park, Jr.
 " 7, J. P. Ayers.

Piece Drivers.

Lead, L. J. Sanderson.
 Swing, E. F. Currell.
 Wheel, D. J. Harmond.

Caisson Drivers.

Lead, Jas. Dalton.
 Swing, Thomas Sprague.
 Wheel, John C. Woodard.

Extra.

John W. Byrnes.
 John J. Barry.
 Henry Packard.
 A. A. Spalding.
 Chas. Simmings.
 Geo. W. Stafford.
 Chas. L. Sawin.
 Gardner Garry.

Extra.

F. L. Kenniston.
 Geo. A. Tucker.
 Samuel Whittemore.
 Geo. F. Boston.
 John U. Allen.
 O. C. Hussy.
 Wm. B. Pearce.

Artificers.

Geo. B. Morse.

Marsena L. Martin.

Forge Drivers.

Jas. A. Harvey.

Thos. Fisher.

Battery Wagon Drivers.

Bartlett C. Edson.

Emerson A. Noyes.

Daniel B. Jenness.

Ambulance Driver.

Warren H. Trask.

Cooks.

Jas. Whitney.

Austin Packard.

Officers' Cook.

Nahum A. Doe.

Care of Officers' Horses.

John H. Kelley.

Teamsters.

Chas. B. Lord.

Henry F. Dearborn.

Chas. H. Brickett.

5 officers; 150 enlisted men.

Aug. 14. August 14, at 4 A. M., reveille sounded, our knapsacks were packed, tents struck, and early we left Camp Stanton for Camp Meigs,

READVILLE, MASS.,

arriving about 1 o'clock, and before night our camp is laid out and tents pitched. Our camp was on a fine, dry, level field beside the Providence Railroad, and the side of the field farthest from the carriage road.

Before the Battery was organized, William Snelling and Joseph Akerman, two men who had seen service, gravitated towards the flanks of the Battery, and each had his circle of retainers; and in the organization they were given the right and left detachments, and the detachments were formed pretty much as the men had grouped themselves together. Capt. De Vecchi took command here, and all commenced preparations for active service. The officers hired a Frenchman, master of the broadsword, to teach them the broadsword exercise. The Battery drills were entirely foot, and detachment, section and company formation. Sergt. Akerman had a dummy gun built, and his detachment commenced the school of the piece in loading and firing, which was followed by the right detachment. It proved to be a great help to us. There was something new every day, and many visitors came to camp.

Aug. 16. August 16, the Company were presented with a beautiful set of colors by the ladies of West Roxbury, and they were received by a salute of ten guns. At

the same time the 16th Maine Regiment were on the cars beside our camp, and responded with cheers.

Before we came here our cookhouse was in a bad way, and on arrival at this camp, James Whitney was detailed company cook, and each detachment was to detail one man to be excused from all other duty to assist him. The first day, E. Wilkins of the sixth detachment, and John W. McDonald of the third detachment, with others, were detailed. At fatigue call they reported at the cookhouse, and after cutting some wood and bringing some water, they began to leave one at a time, except Wilkins and McDonald, who commenced to pick over one half bushel of beans. Soon an apple woman came near. "Want to buy some apples?" — "No." — "Want anything else?" — "No." Says Wilkins to McDonald, "She has some whisky." Says McD. to W., "I'll find out." "Look here, Granny, what do you ask for your apples?" and trying to select some, says, "Got some whisky?" Says Granny, "Want some?" McD., "Yes." And she began to work at the waist of her dress, and soon a bottle dropped to the ground. "Fifty cents" — and so rank he could not drink it.

The camp began to fill up with other regiments and batteries, and we had to be more particular about guard duty, and many men lay in the guardhouse for running guard. Soon after we came here, one of the corporals was arrested for drunkenness and lost his chevron. The last Sabbath we were here, a detachment of us under Lieut. Erickson went to Dedham to church, which maneuver was successfully executed. In the evening a small party got passes and went to Hyde Park, and several took part in a prayer meeting there.

A large number of men on the left made Sergt. Akerman a present of a saber, belt, brace of revolvers, and dirk knife, in appreciation of his zeal in caring for his men, and in teaching them the drill of the piece. He was very popular at the left of the Battery.

About the 28th of August, we had about one hundred horses assigned to us, but only one came to camp.

As most of us were working men, and used to seeing work progress and things accomplished, we were weary at the light duties and slow progress we were making and much discontent was manifested, and when the time came that orders were issued to pack up, we were ready to go.

With twenty-four hours' rations of ham, and four hard
Sept. 3. tack, we started, at 1.30 P. M., September 3, on
the Providence railroad. We were escorted from
camp by the 11th Massachusetts Battery, and detachments
of the 42d, 43d and 44th Regiments, and were cheered as we
went on board of the cars. Before we started, a detail of
twenty men had been made to take the horses and care for
them, and when we arrived at Groton, we went on board the
steamer Commonwealth with our horses and started for New
York. Part of the horses were picketed to both sides of a
rope stretched across the bow of the boat. Here Nelson
Lowell was on guard, and showed such capacity in manag-
ing horses that it resulted in his being appointed stable
sergeant afterward. One horse died on the passage, other-
wise we arrived in New York safely. We went to Jersey

Sept. 4. City and remained there till 1 P. M., September 4.
We had dinner of soup, bread and coffee. We

arrived in Philadelphia about 9 P. M., and had supper at the "Soldiers' Rest." There were about eight persons there, men, ladies and children, and we had a bountiful supper of cold meat, bread, butter, cheese, salad and coffee. We did justice to the fare, thanked the ladies, and left. We passed through the city to the Philadelphia & Baltimore railroad, and at 12.30 A. M. started for Baltimore. Arrived at Havre de Grace at 7 A. M. the 5th, and barely escaped having a carload of horses run into the river.

The roads beyond New York are single track, and our progress was slow. At Gunpowder Bridge we saw the first signs of war — blockhouses at each end of the bridge, and an armed sentry there. We passed over three fourths of the bridge, when a truck broke near the centre of the train, and was stopped in about 400 feet. One pair of wheels were dragged lengthwise on a single plank 150 yards, till stopped, and so saved throwing the rear half of the train into the river, where the water was from six to fifteen feet deep. The horses in the wrecked car were jumped into the water, and swam to the shore. We lost one horse here, badly bruised. They were reloaded and we went on to Baltimore, arriving about 5 P. M. Found the city full of rumors of Jackson crossing the Potomac. The Secesh in the city were elated and saucy. We remained in the cars till night, then crossed the city to the Baltimore & Ohio depot, and bivouacked on the platform for the night. We were in no condition to fight our way through the city, like the 6th Regiment, as we had no arms but six sabers and a few revolvers, but we were given a company of infantry for guard that night. About 12

Sept. 6.

M., the 6th of September, we started for Washington, and at night we were unloaded at the corrals.



Some stayed in them, and some slept in an adjoining graveyard. The morning of the 7th finds us in

WASHINGTON,

tired and sore from our hard beds, but we take up our line of march for East Capitol Hill, and commenced making our

camp about east of the Capitol, one and one half miles distant. The ground here is so hard from the continued tread of soldiers, that we have to make a hole to drive a tent pin.

We at once commenced the work of equipment, and here those two men, sergeants of the right and left detachments, made themselves very useful: one, in making proper requisitions, and the other in getting them filled. Sergt. Akerman always got what he was sent after, and many knots of red tape has he untied by his push and energy. Some of the boys had some fun when the mule teams were drawn, as the mules were caught with a lasso and given to them with only a halter on them. Then they had to harness and get back to camp.

Sept. 18. The 18th of September, we went to the arsenal at Washington for our guns, three-inch rifled Rodmans. As we were leaving, one horse on the left or sixth caisson became unmanageable, and threw the swing driver, John A. Fulsom, and Sergt. Akerman and some horses, in a heap together. Akerman was about again in a few days, but Fulsom went to the hospital, and never returned to the Battery. He was discharged January, 1863.

September 7, the first order for promotion was read. Capt. De Vecchi had directed that one man from each section should be selected, and the sergeant major was to draw lots for the promotion. Some of the lieutenants and sergeants advised another course, which was followed, and the promotion was in the detachment where the vacancy occurred, and L. W. Baker was promoted to be corporal.

We soon had a chance to see some of those who had been campaigning. An Indiana battery came in camp near us. They were the hardest looking set of men we had ever seen, and through the whole time of service never saw anything worse. Some had on shirts, all had pants, some hats, some caps, some boots, some shoes, some one each; all were extremely dirty. The same of horses and harnesses. Each man did his own cooking.

The air is full of rumors: that Jackson has crossed the Potomac, that the railroad to Baltimore is occupied by the Rebels, that spies have been in our camp. One day a minie ball struck in our camp; one man thought somebody was trying to shoot *him*, and others helped him in thinking so. Three mounted civilians were seen near our camp, and were arrested by a squad of cavalry. At night the officers feared horse thieves, and a double guard was posted and armed with revolvers.

Between Baltimore and Washington a contraband joined us and came to this camp. He was seen to have a watch one day, the next it was missing. J. B. Stowe had lost one. The orderly sergeant and one of the artificers, and some others, took him to a tree and proposed to hang him if he did not produce the watch. He promised to do it, and under a guard he went and brought it from its hiding-place. It was the lost watch. He was turned over to the city police.

The first Sabbath in this place, First Lieut. Erickson led in a religious service, assisted by some others of the Battery. A short time after, one man, who has acted strange ever since he enlisted, was found in a crazy fit. He thought he

ought to be a chaplain. Some of the boys helped him along in it, and a petition was started for his appointment. A burlesque order was read one night, appointing him chaplain of the 9th Mass. Battery. The next Sabbath he held service, and for about one fourth hour conducted service by reading from the Bible and Episcopal service book, and occupied about three minutes in his sermon, when he was exhausted of material and stopped. This was the last of this affair.

We are all equipped and have been drilling in battery drill every day, making good progress in the field, much better than in detail work, and later we had to commence anew on that and follow it up. There was some rivalry between the section commanders as to who should have the best appearing section, and many were the long discussions between the lieutenants as to the proper way to make certain formations, and both Sergts. Snelling and Akerman had a chance to show all they knew about artillery drill, and their lieutenants were not slow in getting from them all they knew.

CAMP CHACE, VA.

Orders came for us to go to the Virginia side, and Sept. 22. September 22 we pack up, march through Washington, over Long Bridge, to Arlington Heights, to a camp in the defences of Washington. Gen. Briggs, of the 10th Mass. Regiment, was in command, and we were rather short of elbow room. Our guns were parked at close intervals, and we were surrounded by infantry except on the south.

We commence drilling in earnest, and are usually in the field from 8 to 11.30 A.M., and drill in camp from 2 to 5 P.M. Sergt. Akerman drilled his detachment in dismounting the piece and limber, and we became quite proficient in it, although it was not in the regular drill.

Soon after we came here, we exchanged the guns in the centre section for brass twelve-pounders. In this camp, from sunset to retreat, there was something going on all the time. One tent of Charlestown firemen run the machine to fires, and woe to the man who was in their way.

A great many men thought we were not getting our rations, and some letters went to Massachusetts that caused an investigation by the officers in camp, and many men were called up to headquarters and examined about it. A petition was supposed to have been circulated in camp. John J. Byrnes, Austin Packard, and Elbridge Wilkins were cooks at this time, and were doing well, and were gaining in experience. The weather was hot and flies plenty, and it was hard to keep fresh meat. One day, by accident, a piece was served blown, and one man, Geo. Carter, found a piece and carried it to headquarters and complained of it; said we had a good deal of such stuff. The officer of the day went to the cookhouse and found that it was not seen by the cooks, and they would not serve any blown meat if they knew it. One of the cooks asked to be relieved from the cookhouse, and James E. Kimball was appointed cook. He proved to be the right man in the right place, and served through the war as company cook. Just at this time there was a movement of troops that took the attention from rations, and this

was the last we heard of the trouble for some time. After our camp was quiet, a change was made in our rations. Each detachment had a cook, and had its rations served in full to them.

Oct. 13. October 13, there is a record preserved of rations drawn in sixth detachment for twenty-four men for six days: 105 lbs. salt beef, 40 lbs. salt pork, 12 lbs. coffee, 18 lbs. sugar, 2 qts. molasses, $4\frac{1}{2}$ qts. vinegar, 6 qts. beans, 6 lbs. rice, 6 lbs. soap, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. candles, 24 loaves of bread per day.

Most of the troops left this camp, and we had marching orders. Taking overcoats and blankets, we went about one eighth of a mile west, and went in battery and lay all night. The ambulance was with us, headed toward Washington. Capt. De Vecchi lay in that all night.

October 25, W. B. Pearce appointed company clerk.

Oct. 26. October 26, we get marching orders, and the 27th break camp, and go back over Long Bridge to

CAMP BARRY, MD.,

the new artillery camp, one and one half miles northeast of Washington, at the toll-gate on the Bladensburg road. We found in camp the 10th and 11th Mass., H, Rhode Island, and the 17th New York is to come here. The camp is under command of Maj. Munroe, of H, R. I. This camp is lately established, is directly under the supervision of Gen. Barry, and the instruction is intended to be thorough, for officers as well as men.

Glanders got into our Battery, and several horses died, and one or more was shot. It was said that one lieutenant fired sixteen shots into one horse and did not bring him down. Several months after, said lieutenant was officer of the day, and one of the men had got too much raw commissary, and was very noisy, and told the officer: "I no 'fraid of you. You shoote sixteen times and no hit a horse."

October 30, some of the boys brought in camp a lot of cabbages, turnips and potatoes, and got a piece of corned beef, and kettle at the cookhouse, and about 1 o'clock A.M. we had a plate of good boiled dinner. We thought it the best we ever ate.

The story is told that November 1, in the evening, a pig was brought in camp, and three quarters of it was roasted and eaten before morning, and one quarter carried to headquarters and laid on the mess-table. There had been no pains taken to cover tracks, and early in the morning a policeman appeared and looked around our camp sharply, but no bones or offal could he find; no one knew anything about it, but said perhaps he might find something at headquarters. He found the quarter, and Captain had to pay for the pig. "By tam, those Yankee boys."

At another time, two men brought a pig to camp, but were so commissarily tired that they fell down near the park. The guard made some disturbance, and Captain went down to see what was up. He saw the trio lying side by side, and, turning away, said: "Me no see pig."

Before we came to this camp, we were in the defences of Washington, in camp with infantry and under infantry

officers as brigade commanders, and we were left to ourselves. Now we are in camp with artillery only, and soon after Maj. Munroe took command he issued the following order:—

ARTILLERY HEADQUARTERS, CAMP BARRY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 3, 1862.

General Order No. 2.

I. Until further orders, the following will be observed as the order of daily duties:

Reveille,	Sunrise.
Breakfast,	Immediately after Reveille.
Sick Call, }	Half an hour after.
Stable Call, }	
Guard Mounting,	8.30 o'clock.
Boots and Saddles (Section or Battery Drill),	9.00 o'clock.
Watering Call,	11.30 o'clock.
Dinner Call,	12.00 o'clock.
Drill Call (Standing Gun or Marching Drill),	2.00 o'clock.
Recall,	4.00 o'clock.
Stable Call, water before grooming,	4.00 to 5.00 o'clock.
Retreat,	Sunset.
Tattoo,	8.00 o'clock.
Taps,	8.30 o'clock.

Commanding officers will see that the foregoing is strictly observed, and that no duties are performed other than at the proper time.

II. Roll calls will take place at Reveille, Retreat and Tattoo. There will also be a roll call of drivers at Stable and Watering Call.

III. In companies where no kitchen is established, company cooks will be appointed immediately, whose duty it will be to see that meals are provided promptly at the specified time.

IV. At Drill Calls, companies will be drilled either at the manual of the piece or in marching. The buglers will assemble at a place to be designated hereafter and practice until Recall.

V. No call will be sounded in camp except those specified; which, with the exception of meal calls, will first be sounded from Headquarters to be repeated by the buglers throughout the command. After Retreat, the bugle will be sounded in no case whatever, except for Tattoo and Taps. At Taps, every enlisted man will be in quarters, and immediately after, all lights in quarters will be extinguished; all noise, talking, laughing, etc., will cease. The battery officer of the day, in each company, will pay special attention to the sounding of the bugle and to the observance of Taps; will direct his guard to order lights out and noise to cease promptly at the bugle call. In cases of the violation of this order, and when the order of the sentinels is disregarded, he will cause the arrest of the offender immediately.

VI. All orders received will be read at Retreat; company orders also will be published at that time.

VII. It will be the duty of the officer of the day to see that this order is fully carried out in every respect. He will attend all roll calls, superintend all stable duties, take charge of the company at Drill Call (if a standing gun drill), visit the company kitchen at least once a day, and inspect the cooking utensils, method of cooking, etc.

J. ALBERT MUNROE,
Major R. I. Artillery,
Commanding.

Some of the men were rather lawless about obeying orders. An order was issued forbidding the men to mount or dismount without orders. One day, after drill, the drivers rode to the picket rope, and one sergeant forgot to repeat the order, "Dismount," and one driver sat several minutes waiting the order. Officer of the day asked why he sat there, and he was ordered to sit there till retreat.

It is amusing to look back at the rumors we heard in camp; first we were going to Newbern, then Charleston, then New Orleans, and with Banks to Texas.

When we first came in camp, we were inspected by Gen. Barry. It was the first thorough inspection we ever had. Gen. B. told our officers they had better study the book more — “It will not hurt you to study evenings.”

November 11, the following order was issued: —

HEADQUARTERS CAMP ARTILLERY, INSTRUCTION CAMP BARRY,
November 11, 1862.

General Order No. 6. (Extract.)

IV. A school of instruction will be established through the camp at once, recitations taking place three times a week. Captains will recite to the commanding officer Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7.30 o'clock P. M. Subalterns will recite to the commanding officer of their respective companies, and non-commissioned officers to their chiefs of sections. First sergeants and quartermaster sergeants will not be excused, but will recite to the chiefs of the right and left sections of their companies.

J. ALBERT MUNROE,
Commanding.

It would seem that this order was changed in practice somewhat, as the following is related by an officer who was present: “A school of artillery was established here, and a general order required all the officers to be present at headquarters at 7.30 P. M. Capt. De Vecchi took no notice of the order. He was informed he was expected to be there, and the *third* time he understood the order and prepared himself accordingly. Promptly at the hour, in full uniform, side arms, and mounted, with orderly, he appeared at the

tent, 100 yards from his own. Dismounting, he entered, to find the officers of the brigade and his own lieutenants sitting around in fatigue dress. Looking around in apparent astonishment, he said: 'What, no uniform? In my countree artillaree school we have in full uniform.' When asked some question, he spoke in French so fast and fluently that no one was any wiser for it." He was not expected at school again.

While in this camp, Capt. De Vecchi tried to impress on Gen. Barry the importance of arming the cannoneers with carbines. He had the company clerk copy from a French manual and arrange a carbine drill, and had the manuscript beautifully bound and presented it to Gen. Barry.

We are drilling in the field all the time when the weather is suitable. Sometimes we are put through rather rough drill. Our record shows that November 1 we went in battery by section over a very rough place—ditches, holes and banks—and the cannoneers were mounted on the chests during the maneuver. An axle on one of the guns in right or centre section was broken, and the gunner was ordered to change it; and we have the story in his own language, as follows: "On returning to camp, the Captain ordered me to take one of the mule teams and to go to Washington and change the broken for a new carriage. I reported at the arsenal, only to be laughed at; at this I got mad, and, to make still more fun of me, the clerk advised me to go up to Gen. Ripley's office. I did not see his meaning, so rode up to the War Department and went upstairs. The orderly took my name and business in to the General, who bade me wait. When he was ready he called the orderly, who took

me in. The old, kindly-looking General said, 'Well, my son, what can I do for you?' I replied, 'I think I am out of order, but having come so far, I will state my case,' which I did. He asked me who was the commanding officer, and all about him, and told me what ought to have been done, and what must be done. He then took a scrap of paper and wrote, 'Deliver this man what he wants,' and signed his name, saying, 'I guess this will fix you, and give my compliments to the Captain and request him to forward the proper vouchers.' With this I returned to the arsenal, got a carriage, and went back to camp and got another dreadful cursing for being so stupid."

November 7 we had the first snowstorm. There was four inches on the ground at one time.

Nov. 10. November 10, George W. Stafford of Lawrence died at hospital in the city: the first death we have had. The following is on file with Battery papers:—

The members of the 9th Mass. Battery, desiring to testify to the virtues of their deceased friend and fellow soldier, George W. Stafford, at an informal meeting of this corps,

Resolved, That we have learned with sentiments of profound emotion the death of our friend, George W. Stafford, a member of this company; and while with feelings of deep sorrow we realize that he is no more to meet us on earth, we desire to offer our consolations to those to whom he was nearer and dearer than to us, with whom the years of his youth and manhood have been passed. We and they have the satisfaction of knowing that he came here to brave the dangers and diseases of a soldier's life from a strong conviction of duty alone, and he has thus died, fulfilling his duty to God, to his country, and to civilization.

CAMP BARRY, WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14, 1862.

November 15. A general inspection is ordered for tomorrow at 9.30 o'clock; the 11th Mass., 12th New York, and 9th Mass. are to be inspected by Maj. Munroe. He was very thorough in his questioning, and the non-commissioned officers were asked many things we were never taught, but we passed very well, as results showed. Maj. Munroe told two lieutenants that one of the 9th Battery gunners passed the best examination of any one in the three batteries.

We can all see that we have made progress in the three weeks and two days we have been in this camp; both officers and non-commissioned officers have learned their duties, and it is much easier for all the men. The horses now are well broken in to their work. Disease breaking out among them, called for the best man over the stables, and Nelson Lowell was appointed stable sergeant; feed was now regular, and soon glanders was driven out. New men were in the cook-house, and our rations were better prepared.

Nov. 19. November 19, about 9 A.M., as we were leaving the park for drill, an order came, directing us to report to Gen. Abercrombie. (*Special Order No. 9.*) Again we reduce our baggage, as we have collected in this camp many conveniences and things to make us comfortable, which we had to abandon and take only our regulation baggage.

About noon we are ready to start, but we have to leave some quartermaster and commissary stores and baggage, and Lieut. Foster, with Quartermaster Reed, Company Clerk Pearce, with some others, were left behind and followed us the next day.

It commenced raining in the forenoon, and by the time we passed through Washington and Georgetown the gutters were quite well filled. We did not march at our posts, but the best way we could to keep up with our pieces, and we got pretty well soaked. One man was afraid he would *get lost*, and jumped on the spare wheel; in turning a corner the wheel turned—as they sometimes will when anything is on the upper side—and the man was shot off head first into the gutter.

We crossed at Chain Bridge and climbed Hall's Hill, over new roads two miles, and bivouacked about dark. Some of our teams did not get in till 9 o'clock. We made a shelter of rails and tarpaulin and slept well, till a rail fell down on the face of one man, which made some loud talk. Rails were plenty and fires also.

HALL'S HILL.

In the morning we moved our camp farther up the hill, and pitched our tents and tried to be comfortable, but could not as it rained all day and the night following. At daylight the sight was gloomy; our horses were picketed to the guns and caissons, and they were in the midst of a circle of mud and water, and as the guards went their rounds they found the pummels of some saddles sticking up and some bridles floating around in the pools. We are now under Gen. Abercrombie's command.

Nov. 21. November 21, at 9 A.M., we had orders to strike our tents, take tents and one day's rations; and

at 1 P. M. the right and left sections left for Fort Ramsey, Upton's Hill, under command of Lieut. Erickson. A hard, muddy march, but we arrived at the fort at 3 P. M. and camped inside at night. It was fair and cold, but we had plenty of wood, and our campfires were enjoyed by Lieuts. Erickson and Whitaker and the men, who all tried to make things comfortable. The night was cold, and we did not sleep much; some lay on the ground around the fire, some in the magazine. In the morning the ground was frozen quite hard.

November 22. In the morning a corporal (the writer) was sent back to Hall's Hill with twelve pairs of horses, and the centre section and baggage came up. During the day the right section hauled out and went to Fort Buffalo, an outpost beyond the Leesbury and Alexandria turnpike. The order for our removal was:—

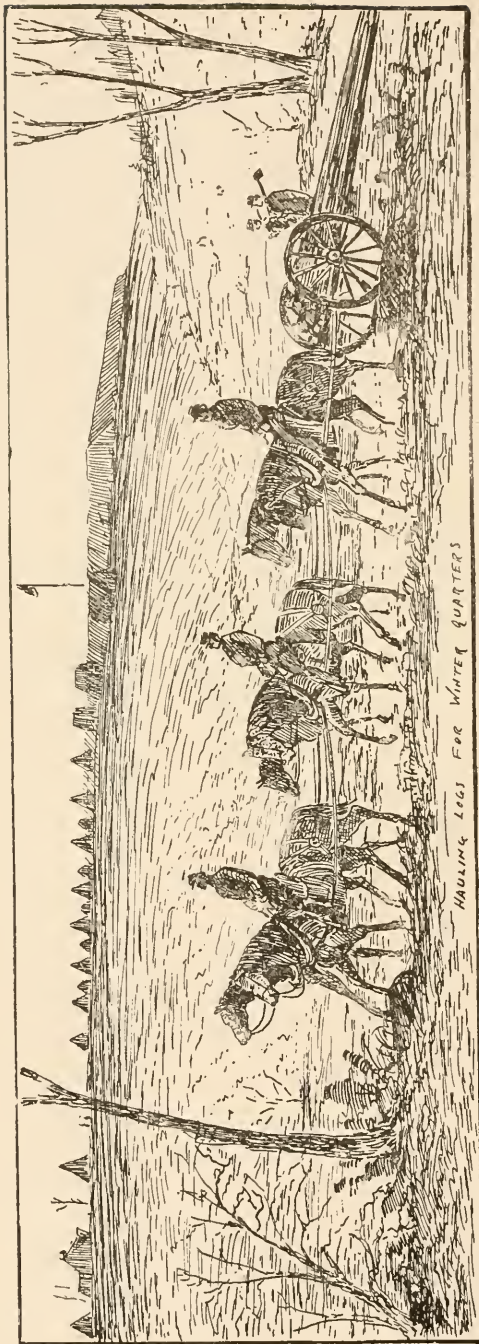
HEADQUARTERS ABERCROMBIE'S DIVISION,
November 21, 1862.

Special Order No. 28.

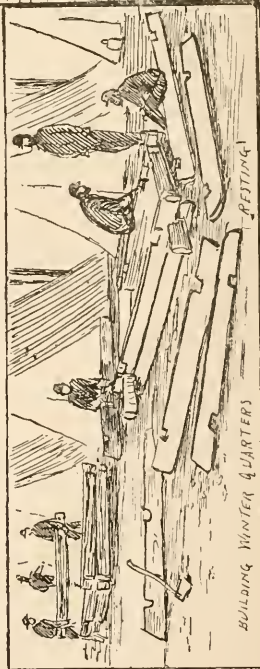
I. The 9th Battery Mass. Vols., Capt. Achille De Vecchi commanding, will proceed forthwith to Upton's Hill. Capt. De Vecchi will report to Col. Wm. Gurney, commanding 3d Brigade of this Division, who will assign him his position.

By order of Brig. Gen. Abercrombie, commanding Division,
J. A. SLIPPER,
A. A. G.

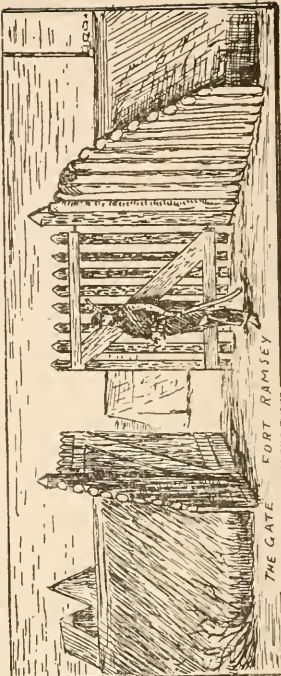
The only apparent reason why we did not all go together as ordered, is the bad roads. The two sections that went first were in light marching order, and the teams of the other and baggage were re-enforced when they came up.



Hauling logs for winter quarters



Building winter quarters



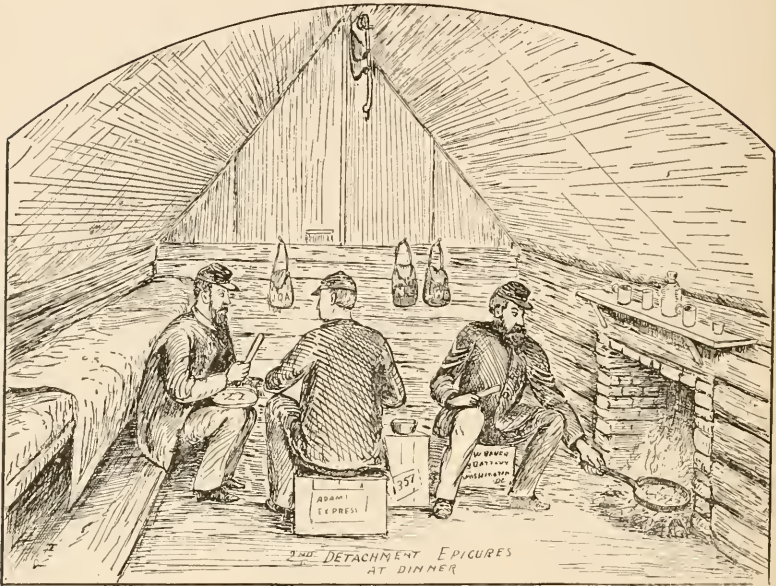
The gate - Fort Ramsey

FORT RAMSEY, VA.

As this is the place of a five months' camp, let us locate it. Fort Ramsey is on Upton's Hill, beside a road from Georgetown by way of Ball's Crossroads to Falls Church. Washington is in sight to the east, and Bull Run Mountains in the west, Miner's Hill on the north, Munson's Hill on the south. Washington eight miles, and Ball's Crossroads one and one half miles, east; Fort Buffalo one half mile, Bull Run Mountains twenty miles, west; Miner's Hill one mile north; Falls Church one mile northwest; Munson's Hill one mile, and Bailey's Crossroads, one and one half miles, south. Of troops, there was a brigade at Miner's Hill, in which was the 40th Mass. Regiment, and a brigade near Fort Ramsey of New York troops, the 124th and 6th among them. Lieuts. Erickson and Milton are at Fort Buffalo, and the quarters of the men are inside the fort. At Fort Ramsey, Capt. De Vecchi and Lieuts. Whitaker and Foster are in the fort, but our caissons, stable and camp are outside, east of the fort.

We built a stable of logs, roofed with boards, and stockaded our tents, so that by December 10 we were in comfortable quarters, all having fireplaces in them. In front of the left section was a campfire that was built as soon as we went there, and was kept up till the middle of December, and sweet potatoes were never better than when baked under that fire. Between our park and the road was a sutler's tent kept by an Italian, who used to make two pies of one apple, and sell at twenty-five cents apiece. He kept cake, apples, tobacco, and some whisky. We did not like him, as we may see later.

Some of the boys had Thanksgiving boxes from home, and enjoyed a dinner from them with Virginia sweet potatoes.



December 4 and 5. Snowed for two days which was worse than mud. Several inches of snow on the ground at one time; one sleigh passed our camp. Several days were cold, and we suffered with wet and cold feet.

December 13. Fred Kenniston fell with a kettle of coffee, and scalded his arm so that the skin and some flesh came off. He was cared for in camp a few days, and was sent to hospital in Washington.

December 15. Gen. Abercrombie reviewed the brigade today. We were a little anxious as we had been doing more

fatigue duty than drill, and might be a little rusty, but we got along very well. Rumors are rife in camp of advances on the enemy, and that we are soon to move.

December 21. We have a Christmas dinner sent out from West Roxbury, and added to by Mrs. Fails of Washington. Boards were laid on the limbers in the fort, and our dinner was spread there of roast turkey and chickens, chicken and oyster soup, pies, Boston crackers, ginger snaps, pickles, cheese and apples. This dinner was appreciated by us as a reminder of home, and that we are remembered in this yearly festival.

Early in the winter we had no dry wood except such as we could find. Some of our teamsters learned early, under Sergt. Akerman, when they went out for anything to bring it home. One day the cookhouse wanted some dry wood, and Charlie Lord went for some a mile west of Fort Buffalo; he found a rail fence and loaded up and came back to camp. The owner got there before him, and claimed the fence and that he was a Union man. The officer of the day told Lord to carry it back, which he did, but got a load at the other end, out of sight, and unloaded at cookhouse.

In January a good deal of whisky came in camp. Guards were sent to search the teams before they arrived in camp, but were unable to find any. Sometimes it would be hanging from the pommel of the saddle on the inside and covered by the overcoat of the driver, and sometimes taken off before the guard arrived and carried a back way to camp.

December 24. Letters of this date speak of trouble in camp, of an artificer placed under arrest for inciting mutiny;

he was examined and put in the ranks. This artificer was a giant in stature and wanted full rations. He, with some others, got one of the books of the rules and regulations of the army, and in that learned that many things were included in the commissariat of the army, and when they were to be had were to be issued instead of other things. They did not read it so, but that they were to be issued *with* the other things, so they entered complaint that they were not getting their allowance. So to satisfy them, said artificer was appointed acting commissary sergeant, and placed in charge of cookhouse. But a few days was enough; the new commissary could not get any more than others had, and they could not run the cookhouse, and gave it up, and again Byrnes, Kimball and Wilkins wielded the carving knife and ladle.

At about this time another affair had come up at headquarters. A letter from a non-commissioned officer to his brother in Boston asking his aid to get transferred to some other organization, was by him sent to the Governor, and by him to the Secretary of War, then to the General commanding this division, who sent for him and caused an investigation to be made, which resulted in the papers being endorsed not proven and returned, and the gunner being reduced and put in another detachment.

Also the same date says that one of our men in hospital came to camp and when he went back Sergt. Akerman, Privates Kenniston, Goodwin and Tibbets went back with him, making nine men gone to hospital.

December 27. Sunday, about 9.30 P.M., we heard a horse galloping and stopped at the gate of the fort, challenged the

guard, went in, and soon, Lieut. Whitaker came to the park and called a sergeant and ordered the Battery to be ready to march immediately; tents left standing, with knapsacks left in them. For some cause we had no grain. As there was no help for it, we put hay on our caissons and were soon ready. At 12 we started, and after passing Fort Buffalo we took a wood road; it was very rough — stumps, holes and mud. After various adventures, at 4 A.M. we halted, and at daylight placed our guns in position, covering the roads centering at a place called Annandale. The day was pleasant, and we passed a very comfortable day, and at 9 P.M. we returned to camp. This day's change in our camp-life did *us* good, although we were twelve hours late.

After we were settled in camp, we commenced drill and target practice for the first time, and soon gained some proficiency. Our target was 10 x 10 feet at 850 yards.

January 15, 1863. We are paid off for two months today.

Jan. 15, 1863. We are all pretty poor, and the allotment that many have made leaves but little to be received here. Some are fearing the allotment is not a safe way of sending money home, and are growling about it, but it was all right and proved so.

January 18. Gen. Abercrombie reviewed the brigade in heavy marching order. Capt. De Vecchi, wishing to have as large a command as possible, mounted company clerk, stable sergeant, and every man possible, and as he paraded them, called them his "*staffe*." All went well till we were in line, when something was forgotten, and the stable sergeant was sent back for it; he had a fine mount and was a good rider.

As he started in a hurry, the bounding of his overcoat on the saddle frightened the horse, and he ran, kicked, and for an eighth of a mile there were mostly heels in the air; and in the infantry camp, opposite the fort, Lowell was thrown, horse and all in a heap. The horse, regaining his feet, kicked till he kicked his saddle off, and one or two tents into the pile. Captain's staff was reduced by one at that review.

January 24. A letter of this date says there is trouble in camp. A non-commissioned officer placed under arrest; cause, whisky. Also, a man who had caused the Captain some uneasiness, received a letter under the frank of a Member of Congress. He called him to headquarters, ordered him to open it, and asked, "What is it?" It was handed to him. He saw it was a pass to visit Washington, from the War Department. He would not countersign it, but took the ambulance and went to Washington and resigned his commission; came back the second day, turned over his command to Lieut. Erickson, and went back to Washington. The causes that brought about these results cannot be ascribed to any one person or event, but can be traced as commencing at Camp Chace in October, and a desire to keep near Washington, and fear that he would not be able to keep his command, as the Battery was not realizing the expectation of the authorities in Massachusetts.

January 27. A letter written today says: "There is great relief in camp now that Capt. De Vecchi has resigned; nearly all the rank and file were glad, and it was contagious at headquarters. Officers and men felt the change, hope sprang up where indifference had been." In the afternoon

the order placing Lieut. Erickson in command by order of Gen. Abercrombie, was received and read. Headquarters shook off its inertia, and the non-commissioned officers, to a man, were zealous to aid him in all their duties.

A great deal of storm at this time prevented active drilling in the field, but whenever the fields were good we had our regular work, and at other times men and horses were exercised in bareback riding.

Another movement, not in the books. The sutler had a negro at work for him, turned him off and would not pay him. Some of the boys thought it was not right. At 7 P.M. there was a shout and the sound of tearing canvas. The sutler ran out calling, "Captain! Captain! Sergeant! Major!" and all was still. A guard was posted in the tent and all was quiet. At 9 P.M. a few strokes of axes and down came the whole shebang. At the sound of the crash the sergeant of the guard came out and fired his revolver into the air. Through some cause one of the guards, Zimri Whitney, was scratched over the ear, said to be a shot from a revolver—the first blood drawn. We generously helped the sutler to pick up, and cider, coffee-pots and frying-pans were plenty in camp afterward. The next morning Lieut. Erickson sent the sergeant of the guard and took a Government horse from him that the Captain had sold him. The horse was one some cavalry had turned adrift as unserviceable from saddle gall. We had cured it, and it was one of the few horses that went through the war; was used by an artificer.

February 15. Each of the two first lieutenants hoped to be commissioned captain, and the sergeant of the right gun,

who had seen service in another battery, also talked about himself as a candidate for the position, claiming neither of the lieutenants were fit for it. He urged some of the men to sign a petition for his appointment, but did not get any names. Both of the first lieutenants talked with some of the men. Lieut. Erickson kept us busy when the weather was suitable, at drill, and when the roads were very muddy we were mounted and took exercise at bareback riding. He could do little but keep us in good condition for emergencies. Letters of this date say a petition to have Lieut. Erickson appointed captain, signed by all but five in the Battery, was sent to Gov. Andrew today.

February 20. News of the appointment of Lieut. John Bigelow as captain arrived in camp. John Bigelow
Feb. 20. enlisted as a private April 24, 1861, in the 2d Battery; was elected second lieutenant May 15; was mustered into the U. S. service July 31, 1861; served in Baltimore and in Eastern Virginia during the autumn. December 16, received the appointment of adjutant of the 1st Maryland Battalion of Artillery, in which he served through the peninsular campaign; at Malvern Hill his left arm was shattered. Rejoining the army in the autumn, he was with Burnside at Fredericksburg, contracted malaria and was obliged to go home. Afterward was annoyed so much at the comments of the papers and people on the conduct of the war, that he went to Gov. Andrew and tendered his services again, but declined to raise a new battery, and preferred service in the field. He says: "Three or four days after, in looking over the papers, I saw my appointment to the command of the 9th

Battery. The following Monday I visited the Adjutant General to learn the whereabouts of the Battery and look over its roster. I then called the second time on the Governor. He saluted me with, 'Well, Bigelow, you see I need your assistance.' I thanked him for the confidence manifested, and asked if my appointment would not interfere with promotions some of the officers might be entitled to. He replied, 'Do not in the least entertain such a thought for a moment. No finer body of men ever left this State, but they have been unfortunate in their commanding officer, who being a foreigner, does not understand their ways. They have caused me great anxiety and annoyance; you will find them thoroughly demoralized; they require an officer of experience; they need discipline; your work will be difficult. If you succeed, you shall have the fullest credit and my thanks.' "

This was the record of the 9th Massachusetts Battery in Boston, with which Capt. Bigelow started from Massachusetts. Arriving in camp February 28, he was somewhat surprised at the cordial greeting of the officers and the general promptness of the men in their duties. The first day in camp was Sunday; inspection in quarters, knapsacks, clothing and camp generally. The most attention was paid to the care of the clothing and packing of knapsacks, and did us good. Monday, the first general order gave us eight roll calls per day, all by bugle. Our camp, from headquarters to stables, felt a new influence. The commander's example at headquarters was as good as his order, and stable call brought him to the stables, as well as the officer of the day, sergeants and drivers. We are never without grain now, and our

horses are in good condition; the good sense and perseverance of our stable sergeant, Nelson Lowell, had driven hoof rot and scratches out of our camp. Our many inspections were thorough, and we feel that we are making rapid strides toward a position in which we can be efficient in any place we may be called to fill. The many changes that have been made in the cookhouse have been a benefit to us, and now we have plenty of food and well-cooked. One day Capt. Bigelow took a regimental surgeon about camp, and to the cookhouse. After inspecting the food and utensils, he turned to Capt. Bigelow and said, "I know now why you have so little sickness in camp; your food is well-cooked and that is why your command is so healthy."

About this time we thought we had a thief in camp. He was caught, and ornamented the top of the magazine in the fort, with a barrel for an overcoat, from reveille to retreat. The cure was complete.

While we were in Camp Barry, a small boy of ten or eleven came to our camp and wished to stay. He ran away from home somewhere in the West, and was ill-used in the organization he came out with. The orderly sergeant took him, and he used to take care of his horse; he would stand on a pail and clean as high as he could reach, then get on the horse's back and finish. He was contented and smart.

The winter had been like all Virginia winters, some mud, some frost, more mud, some rain, more mud, some snow, more mud — not one fourth of the time could we drill. Our fatigue work was not very hard after our stables and stockades were built. Guard duty was light, mounting about four guards.

March 2. The following letter was dated :

“HEADQUARTERS 9TH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY,
March 2, 1863.

To Capt. Slipper, A. A. G.

As the artillery organization allows a battery but two artificers, and the repairs incidental to service in the field makes the old allowance of six absolutely necessary, I would respectfully request the appointment of the following extra duty men :

Nelson Lowell,	Stable Sergeant ;
G. Frank Boston,	Saddler ;
George B. Morse,	Blacksmith ;
Charles Simmings,	Wheelwright ;
Henry F. Dearborn,	Mule Driver ;
Charles E. Lord,	“ “
Charles H. Bricket,	“ “

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN BIGELOW.”

The letter is endorsed, “Capt. 9th Mass. Battery, Headquarters Abercrombie’s Division, Mar. 2, 1863. This detail can be made. By order of Brig.-Gen. Abercrombie. J. A. Slipper, A. A. G.”

There seems to be some confusion in regard to the artificers. Sometimes a man was artificer by appointment and rank, and again he was by detail as extra duty ; then by detail as assistant. Three men cared for the forge, G. B. Morse, Edward Rouse, and Walter Lee. The last named was detailed as assistant, and quietly filled the place through the term of our service.

HEADQUARTERS ABERCROMBIE'S DIVISION,
Arlington House, Va., Mar. 29, 1863.

Circular (Extract).

Information has been received of an intention on the part of the Rebels to make a raid this week along the line between the Rappahannock and upper Potomac, etc.

By order of Brig.-Gen. Abercrombie,

J. A. SLIPPER, *A. A. G.*

Several of these expected raids during the winter kept us on the alert; several times we were ordered to be in readiness to move, and sometimes were harnessed all night.

March 9. At retreat the centre section was ordered to go to Miner's Hill, about two miles north, occupying quarters already built by 11th Mass. Battery. We are regular about rations and feed now; no danger of our having to march without grain.

We have been fitting for the field, and our guns, carriages, harnesses, equipments and clothing have been thoroughly examined and put in repair, and we are in the best condition for marching we ever were in.

When we came to Fort Ramsey we were in a bad state; some of the best men were discouraged, and some were reckless; a few believed we should come out good for something yet. Capt. De Vecchi liked his ease and would have it, and in consequence his quartermaster and commissary took theirs also, and the men were all affected by it. Some were beats by habit, some were discouraged and tried to shirk, and some tried to be sick; some growled;—one man

growled so much that he got the name of "growler," and carried it home. We had our share of these, as all organizations had some. Early in the winter, Sergt. Akerman, Privates Kenniston, Goodwin, and one or two others, were sent to hospital in Washington. In February the sergeant of the right detachment was reduced to the ranks for drunkenness; soon after was sent to the hospital. About April 1, the two sergeants were discharged, and others promoted. Some of the others, Kenniston, Goodwin and Tibbets, came back and were good soldiers.

As the weather grew warmer, our commander found our camp was so bad that it would be dangerous to the health of the company. Our park was an old cavalry camp, and was never cleaned out. We commenced the work of finding the earth, which had from four to six inches of manure on it, and had made good progress in carting it off, when orders came to break camp and go to Centreville. The centre section returned to camp about the 12th of April.

April 15, orders were received detaching us from Gen. Abercrombie's command and assigning us to Col. Sickles' brigade of Pennsylvania Reserves, and April 16, orders came to report to Gen. Abercrombie at Centreville.

April 17, at 7.10 A.M., we hauled out of park at Fort Ramsey, were joined by the other section at the Leesburg and Alexandria road, went over the same road we were on in December, and passed Annandale and Fairfax Court House, halted three fourths of an hour for rest and to feed, and arrived in

CENTREVILLE, VA.,

at 3 P.M. We had shelter tents issued to us before we left Fort Ramsey, and we left our A tents standing. We found the tents of the 11th Massachusetts Battery standing here, which we pitched in a new park. Soon after, Gen. Abercrombie came here and took command, and we saluted him.



Sunday, April 27, we held a short service in a Rebel fort, built in '61. The service was led by Lieut. Erickson, who was assisted in the exercises and singing by Sergts. Dodge and Baker, Corps. Hall, Sullivan, Reed, Park, and others. All were orderly and attentive. Exercises consisted of reading Scripture, prayer, and singing.

At this post was the Keystone Battery, and April 29 we had target practice with them. At three fourths of a mile

for smooth bores, and one and one fourth for rifled, it was said ours were the best shots.

May 4, Sunday service in the fort by chaplain of 126th New York; his text, "Jesus." First, description of the man; second, power; third, promises; fourth, what he asks of us. Before night we had orders to be ready to march; harnessed, and remained in harness all night, and slept in our overcoats.

May 11, Sunday service conducted by Lieut. Erickson, assisted as before. We are building a masked battery commanding the Warrenton road, for two guns. It was a strong, neat affair, nicely turfed.

May 12. We receive four months' pay today, and some of the boys astonish their friends by sending photographs of their bronzed faces, many of which have changed much in the nine months' service. Gambling is not so open, and apparently not so common as when we were paid before; certainly not so much whisky.

May 17. Letters of this date say: "We seem to be fixed here for the present. We are called the pet of Gen. Abercrombie, and are kept near him."

Our camp at Centreville will be remembered as the best camp ground we ever had; sloping just right for drainage, dry soil, a fine season of the year, good water and a stone oven. We had good neighbors also—a brigade of New York troops, among which was that regiment known as "Garibaldi Guards," and a brigade that Gen. Miles surrendered at Harper's Ferry, and were under a cloud, but who redeemed themselves under Gen. Hayes at Gettysburg.

The chaplain of one of the regiments, an energetic man, wanted a chapel. He found a barn that he thought would do, and the regiment marched down, took it up, and marched back to camp with it. We also found some beautiful fields of clover for our horses.

Maj. Downs went to Washington and brought out some Boston crackers and cheese, among other things. Some of the boys smelled them, and during the midnight watches crept under the tent, took out the barrel of crackers and a cheese, and nothing was seen in the morning of either.

June 1. Lieut. Foster, Orderly-Sergt. Prescott and Private Alfred Morse left for Boston on recruiting service, but we never saw but one of the four recruits they enlisted.

We are drilling enough to keep us in working order, and have fatigue enough to keep us healthy; yet some are uneasy, and want more active life. One, at least, applied to be transferred to a regiment of cavalry forming in Washington. Within three weeks he had enough active service, and a shattered arm besides.

About two miles southwest from camp were a large number of Rebel barracks, covered with white oak shingles three feet long and from four to eight inches wide. We carted cords of them to camp for firewood.

June 9, Bartlett C. Edson was discharged by special order No. 242, War Department, "to receive promotion," dated May 30, and his name stands on the records as a corporal in Company F, 3d Regiment, H. A.

June 10. Edwin H. Babson died of congestion of the lungs, caused by fever and ague. He was sick but two days.

He was nineteen years old, an excellent soldier, liked by all, officers and men. He was the first one we laid away, and we gave him a comrade's burial. At sunset his remains were laid on a caisson, covered with the flag and drawn by six horses, led by comrades, to the grave under an apple tree, near headquarters. The procession was led by the guard detailed for the day, and a regimental band of the post, and followed by all the company. "Slowly and sadly we laid him down," and as his remains were lowered, the customary salute was fired from revolvers. The grave was marked by a tablet of red sandstone, well carved and lettered by one of our own men. His remains were afterwards removed to Massachusetts.

June 15. Sunday was quiet till about 3 P.M., when we saw in the southwest a heavy cloud of dust and smoke arising, which was the first intimation of any movement of the armies.

Soon after, Gen. Howard, with the 11th Corps, came in and camped in the vicinity. From this time till the 24th, troops and trains were coming and going. Maj. Downs' establishment was very tempting to some of the 2d Corps. We were ordered out to protect him, and held about two acres of them at bay for a few minutes, until a brigade of infantry under Gen. Hayes marched in and relieved us.

Thursday, June 25, we break camp at 6 A.M., and march
June 25. to Fairfax Court House, there to find every-
thing in motion. While we were at Centreville
we had 1,500 rounds of ammunition, which we turn in to
the ammunition train here, and we are in light marching

order. At 11 A.M., we wheel into column and start north.

It was a hard march. Many of the batteries were like ours, having done garrison duty for some time, and were green in marching. The halts were frequent, and the gaps in the column also, and towards night the orders to "close up" came faster and more emphatic. Many men had blistered feet and were giving out; some horses were showing signs of playing out; guns and caissons were separated by casualties; cannoneers were left behind. But we finally arrived in camp, near Edwards' Ferry, about 10 P.M., having covered about thirty-three miles. It was dark and muddy in camp, and we were too tired to get supper. At daylight in the morning officers and sergeants began to look for their guns, caissons and men; we were all there, although our camp was not very orderly. Feed, breakfast, and a few changes of horses, and we were ready to move. We find we are in the reserve artillery of the Army of the Potomac, Gen. Tyler commanding, and the First Volunteer Brigade, Lieut.-Col. F. McGilvery commanding. The brigade is made up of the 15th New York, Capt. Hart; F and G Pennsylvania, Capt. R. B. Rickets; 5th Massachusetts, Capt. Phillips; 9th Massachusetts, Capt. John Bigelow.

Friday, 26th. Crossed the Potomac on the lower pontoon bridge, at Edwards' Ferry, and camped about a mile from the river. Here we received the last mail that some of us ever received.

Saturday, 27th. We take our line of march through Poolsville, over the northerly side of Sugar Loaf Mountain, a

rough road, and passed the wreck of many an ambulance and baggage wagon. We passed through Frederick City, finding at the doors buckets of water for the thirsty ones, and camped about one mile beyond, at 9 P.M. Our ambulance broke down on the mountain and they had to stay there all night, arriving in camp at 10 o'clock Sunday morning. Here we turned in our knapsacks, and reduced our baggage to one change of underclothing, overcoat, one blanket and shelter tent.

Monday, the 29th, about 9 A.M., the column started through Walkersville and Woodsboro, and camped near Middleburg at 8 P.M.

Tuesday, 30th. At 10 A.M. took our line of march about seven miles to Taneytown, went in camp in the afternoon, and remained here until July 2. Rumors of fighting reached us the day before, and when we again took the road north we soon began to meet trains and men coming back, saying there had been fighting the day before, and would be more.

About 10 A.M., we could hear the occasional discharge of artillery; we soon came in sight of bursting shells. A little in front of us a caisson blew up, killing one man, tearing his face entirely off. As we passed up on the Taneytown road to Gettysburg we left the Round Tops on the west, bringing the fighting on our left. We turned to the right, through those narrow and rough roads, and again to the right, into a field west of Spangler's barn, going in park before noon.

The firing seemed to be from the south toward the north, but occasionally a shell would come towards us, bursting

short; the Taneytown and Emmittsburg roads being at this place about one and one quarter miles apart, and we were one half mile east of the Taneytown road. Spangler's barn was taken for a hospital, and a large number of Rebel wounded were there; some of the boys went there and saw them. Our teams were watered, not more than one or two batteries being unhitched at one time. We were soon fed, and dinner eaten, and we watched the increasing artillery fire.

Thus passed the time till about 4 P.M. Our place in the park was on the left and rear, and in the southwest corner of the field, nearest the part of the line of battle occupied by Gen. Sickles' 3d Corps. A little after 4 P.M., an aid-de-camp rode up to the wall near the left piece of our battery, and enquired for Col. McGilvery, commanding the brigade, and said, "Capt. Randolph, chief of artillery of the 3d Corps, sends his compliments and wishes you to send him two batteries of light twelves." Col. McGilvery turned around and said: "Capt. Hart and Capt. Bigelow, take your batteries and report to Capt. Randolph."

At the order "Attention," we all sprang to our places and cleared our guns of grain, for action, and immediately filed out of the field at the corner nearest to us. We skirted fields, followed by-roads, and halted in a field southeast of Trostle's house. We were ordered to double up, I suppose to gain time in starting. Shells were flying over our front, and bursting in the air. As we sat waiting for orders, Lieuts. Erickson and Milton asked permission to ride to the line of battle; the Captain, bowing assent, turning to Lieut. Whitaker said, "They will see enough before night."

As this was the first time that most of us had been under fire, the experience was new and untried; but we were all calm and many realized that perhaps it was the last time we should be all together. One man went to another from the same place and said, "Sergeant, if I am killed, I want you to get my watch and money, and send to my wife; and there's seven dollars that F. owes me, get that, too." But he escaped unharmed, the sergeant wounded, and F. killed.

Soon the order was "Forward," and we filed into a lane by Trostle's house, then turned to the left through a gateway. Before the left piece was through, the order rang out: "Forward into line, left oblique. Trot!" (*See frontispiece*) and before the left piece was in line, "Action front!" The distance across the field is about 300 yards, up a gradual slope to a road so little traveled as to be marked by fences more than anything else. The right piece was about ten yards back from the road; the left piece was in the road (fences were all down).

As the Captain rode down the line he found the left section so far down as not to be able to sight their guns on anything. He ordered, "Left section limber to the rear; by the left flank, march!" and on the right of the line went in battery; so that our line during the engagement was as follows from the right: fifth piece, sixth, first, second, third, fourth, and the lieutenants were on the right, Whitaker, then Erickson, and Milton, who was in command of the centre section (Lieut. Foster being in Massachusetts), and Quartermaster Reed in charge of the line of caissons. Our position was between the Peach Orchard and Wheat Field, on the left of the 5th Massa-



From the Painting 'Impression of the Battle'

Edw. F. Illman - Artist

chusetts Battery, and nothing in sight on our left. The position was swept by Confederate artillery, and some were wounded while going in battery.

Our first orders were to shell a piece of woods which concealed three batteries of eighteen guns. What effect our firing had on them we do not know; but their fire seemed to slacken somewhat. Very soon we were ordered to shell Rose's barn to dislodge some sharpshooters.

It has been a current report among our battery members that we killed over one hundred men at this place, and one field officer. In a letter of Gen. L. McLaws, dated Oct. 7, 1886, he says: "Col. McGlosbein, 50th Georgia Regiment, of Semme's Brigade, tells me that his regiment lost one third of its men by artillery fire, including its commander." The time and place indicate this time and place.

This shelling greatly aided the brigade that were in the woods in front of the Wheat Field, in which were the 18th and 22d Mass. Regiments. Kershaw on the right and Barksdale on the left moved out together, and broke Sickles' line at Peach Orchard; then Kershaw inclined to the right and Barksdale to the left, and when they appeared in our sight, Kershaw's left flank was on our right front; Barksdale's right was on our right flank. Kershaw having passed the Peach Orchard, halted to reform his lines about 700 yards distant. Col. McGilvery ordered us to shell them, and it was a fine target, and the case shot burst finely in their front. They were in two lines of battle and must have suffered from our fire. They threw out a heavy line of skirmishers against us,

forming a solid single line covering our battery front, after we commenced to retire by prolonge.

The skirmish fire was very sharp and we were losing heavily. Col. McGilvery ordered Capt. Bigelow to "limber to the rear and get out." He replied, "I shall lose all my men in limbering up, but would retire by prolonge instead."

As we commenced retiring, Barksdale's brigade emerged from the Peach Orchard about 400 yards on our right, and halted to reform their lines. Capt. Bigelow says, "I directed Milton (left section) to keep back Kershaw's skirmishers with canister, and Erickson and Whitaker to throw solid shot into Barksdale's lines." To keep clear of our fire, Barksdale moved well to our right, the greater part of his men going west of Trostle's barn, while the 21st Miss. Regiment (Humphrey's) was detached and came down the road on our right and front. The line of the regiment was so long that Capt. Bigelow thought it was a brigade.

As the recoil of our guns brought us to the rear of the field, we were somewhat troubled in working our guns by large bowlders and the stone wall on our left and rear.

Capt. Bigelow says: "Just as I was limbering up to go through the gateway and back to the ridge in my rear (Cemetery Ridge proper), Col. McGilvery dashed up and said, 'Captain Bigelow, there is not an infantryman back of you along the whole line from which Sickles moved out; you must remain where you are and hold your position at all hazards, and sacrifice your battery, if need be, until at least I can find some batteries to put in position and cover you. The enemy are coming down on you now.' I immediately

ordered the guns unlimbered, the ammunition taken from the limbers and laid beside the guns. Hardly were the four guns double-shotted before the enemy appeared above a swell of the ground about fifty yards on my right and front. I became heavily engaged."

The situation was not one an artillery officer would have chosen, as the ground on our front and right was much higher, and we could not see more than fifty or sixty yards in those directions; neither was there room enough to work six guns at usual intervals; and the ground was broken by bowlders, with heavy stone walls in our rear and left, with a gateway about in the rear of the second piece from the right.

As soon as the enemy appeared over the ridge, they were received with a vigorous fire, some of which was with double canister; but they were too near the prize to be stopped, and pressed on and received our fire not six feet from the muzzles of our guns. Then our cannoneers were driven at the point of the bayonet, and were shot down from the limbers.

Soon after they appeared, Capt. Bigelow was shot and fell from his horse; Lieut. Erickson was already wounded, and was hit again and fell dead near the right gun, and his horse went into the enemy's lines. Lieut. Whitaker at this time was shot through the knee, but kept his seat and rode off the field; Sergt. Dodge also fell here mortally wounded; Sergts. Murray, Fenton, Hirst and Baker were all wounded and were helpless for duty.

Capt. Bigelow was raised up, and saw the enemy that came in on our flank standing on the limbers shooting horses, and

men, still serving their guns. But Col. McGilvery was ready, and he ordered, "Cease firing, and get back to our lines as best you can." Most of the wounded men who could, had left the field; beside the instinct of self-preservation, some wished to relieve their comrades of caring for them. Capt. Bigelow's horse had run away when he fell; he was lifted on his orderly's horse, and started for our lines nearly the way we came in, and encountered Watson's Battery (I, 5th U. S., probably) just in position. They called to him to hurry up, as they wished to open fire. He says, "I could not, and told them to fire away, which they did."

On their right, Col. McGilvery had placed the 5th Mass., 6th Maine; K, 1st N. Y.; B, 1st Penn.; 2d Conn.; 15th N. Y., Ind.; G, Penn.; C, 4th U. S.; and Rority's B, 1st N. Y. (*Batchelder's Map*).

The left section had been busy with Kershaw's line of skirmishers, and being farthest from the enemy on our right flank, they did not suffer so much in their horses or men, and when the final order came, they had nearly whole gun teams. A few top stones of the wall were toppled off, and the teams went over; one gun partly overturned, but was righted by the aid of men from other pieces.

The situation at this time was as follows: The right gun, the fifth, horses all killed and left fifty yards up the slope; one driver killed; sergeant and gunner wounded and gone; two cannoneers wounded and one lying under the gun. The next gun, all but one horse killed; sergeant wounded twice; one cannoneer shot through the body, lying in the enemy's lines; one other bruised in the back; the limber overturned

near the gateway. The next two guns, one sergeant mortally wounded, the other hit in the foot; five men killed, two wounded; all horses killed. The left section lost one sergeant wounded and one man wounded; gun teams with some wounded horses, but all went off the field.

As one lieutenant and one sergeant were absent, Quartermaster Reed volunteered to take charge of the line of caissons and was hit in the neck. Also Stable Sergeant Lowell, on hearing that the boys were having a hard time, mounted and rode to the field, and tendered his services to the Captain; he also was lying under his horse, which was shot.

In leaving the field, the men were scattered; some followed the two guns, and some the caissons, and some made their way back to the park of the reserve artillery; and not until the next morning were they all together again, and it was known who were missing. The summing up is as follows:

KILLED.

Sen. First Lieut. Christopher Erickson.

Sergt. 2d gun, Charles E. Dodge.

Private 1st gun, Henry Fen.

“ 1st “ Adolph Lipman.

“ 1st “ Charles B. Nutting.

“ 2d “ John Crosson.

“ 2d “ Arthur Murphy.

“ 5th “ James T. Gilson.

HISTORY OF THE
WOUNDED.

Capt. John Bigelow, hand and side.

Jun. 1st Lieut. Alexander H. Whitaker, knee; died July 20.

Quartermaster Sergt. James W. Reed, Jr., neck, slight.

Sergt. 1st gun, George Murray, foot, severe.

“ 4th “ John L. Fenton, knee; died in Baltimore,
July 28.

Sergt. 5th gun, Joseph Hirst, arm, severe.

“ 6th “ Levi W. Baker, hip and shoulder, twice, severe.

Gun'r 5th “ Augustus Hessie, arm, severe.

Pri. 5th “ J. K. Norwood, lungs, severe.

“ 6th “ John B. Stowe, lungs, severe.

“ 1st “ Samuel W. Barnard, leg, severe.

“ 5th “ Louis Langeleer, leg, severe.

“ 3d “ John A. McCarty, leg, severe.

“ 1st “ Austin Packard, wrist; died Sept. 20, '63.

“ 4th “ Charles Downing, slight.

“ 3d “ James McDavitt, slight.

Guidon, Thos. Fisher, slight.

PRISONERS.

Gunner William L. Dawes, escaped.

Private Samuel Toby, exchanged.

Of the action at this time Gen. Doubleday writes, in the sixth volume of the *Campaigns of the Civil War*: “At last it became necessary to sacrifice one of them, that of Bigelow, to enable the others to form a new line in the rear;” also, “Kershaw captured them at one time” (which must be

a mistake); also, "Bigelow was ordered by Maj. McGilvery to sacrifice his battery to give the others time to form a new line. He fought with fixed prolonge until the enemy were within six feet of him, then retired with the loss of three officers and twenty-eight men." McLaws says, "One shell killed and wounded thirty men out of a company of thirty-seven."

Also C. C. Coffin writes of the 2d of July :

"I looked down upon the scene from Little Round Top. At 3 o'clock, the 3d Corps advanced until they had nearly reached the Peach Orchard of Sherfy. The 9th Mass. Battery, Capt. Bigelow, accompanied them. The enemy was prepared. A battery opened on Longstreet's extreme right; another and another, until the fire extended along the entire front line northward to the Cemetery. The cannonade was furious, disembowelling horses and tearing up the earth. The air was filled with strange unearthly noises, caused by the sharp whistling of rifled bolts and round shot, and the whirring noise of shells overhead and all around.

"The response was immediate. In three minutes' time the earth trembled with the tremendous concussion of 200 pieces of artillery. Two lines of the enemy, preceded by skirmishers, came up. They numbered from 30,000 to 40,000 men. They advanced with cheers and yells. While Sickles held them in check, a division from Longstreet moved upon his left flank, and attempted to get between him and Round Top, which he rightly judged to be the key to the whole position. Sickles was furiously attacked upon his left, and the angle at the Peach Orchard where his line receded. In the meantime,

Longstreet was attempting to drive his men into the half mile that intervened between Bigelow and Round Top.

“‘You must hold this position till I can get two batteries on the ridge,’ were the orders of Maj. McGilvery, commanding the 3d Corps Artillery, to Bigelow. ‘Send up batteries and send up men,’ was Sickles’ request. The enemy were now close upon Bigelow’s battery. The artillerists attached to the battery were nine months men and had never been under fire. [Note.—Evidently confounded with the 11th Battery, Jones’ nine months men, which was recruited at the same time.]

“‘Give them grape and canister,’ said McGilvery to Bigelow. Bigelow gave them all he had, and then commenced on spherical case. Men never under fire were expected to roll back the dense advancing lines. Up through the wheat came Barksdale’s Mississippians. Great gaps were made in their ranks, but still they pressed on, reinforced by Wofford’s Brigade. The Rebels were desperate. Sickles was further back toward the ridge. A Rebel battery hastened up and unlimbered close upon Bigelow. The Rebels rushed upon his guns. He blew them from the muzzles and filled the air with the shattered fragments of human bodies. Still they came on with demoniacal screams, climbing upon their limbers and shooting his horses. Five of his sergeants were instantly killed, three of his cannoneers were gone, twenty-two of his men were killed and wounded, and himself shot through the side; yet he held on till McGilvery got his two batteries in position. He brought off five limbers and two of his pieces, dragging them in part by hand. The Rebels seized the four

pieces with shouts of victory, waving their flags, and came on for new triumphs. McGilvery's batteries drove them back by a flanking fire. At this time a fresh division of Sickles' Corps (Humphrey's) came up, another charge was made on the Rebels and the guns of Bigelow were recovered."

In a book entitled *Our First Century*, written by R. M. Devens, in 1882, I find the following in the sketch of the battle of Gettysburg:

"A fit illustration of the sanguinary character of the afternoon struggle already described is given by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, one of the gifted correspondents of the *Cincinnati Gazette*. Mr. Reid says: 'Some Mass. Batteries, Capt. Bigelow's, Capt. Phillips', and two or three more under Capt. McGilvery of Maine, were planted on the extreme left, advanced now well down to the Emmitsburg road, with infantry in their front—the 1st Division of Sickles' Corps. A little after 5, a fierce Confederate charge drove back the infantry and menaced the batteries. Orders were sent to Bigelow, on the extreme left, to hold his position at every hazard short of sheer annihilation, till a couple more batteries could be brought up to his support. Reserving his fire a little, then with depressed guns opening with double charges of grape and canister, he smote and shattered but could not break the advancing line. His grape and canister became exhausted; and still closing grandly up over their slain, on they rushed. He fell back on spherical case and poured this in at shortest range. On, still onward, came the artillery-defying line, and still he held his position. They got within

six paces of his guns—he fired again. Once more, and he blew the soldiers from their very muzzles; and still, mindful of that solemn order, he held his place. They spring upon his carriages and shoot his horses, and then, his Yankee artillerists still about him, he seized the guns by hand, and from the very front of that line dragged two of them off. The caissons were farther back; five out of six were saved. That single company, in that half hour's fight, lost thirty-three of its men, including every sergeant it had, and the captain himself wounded."

Such is the written history of our first engagement.

In a book entitled *A Complete Handbook of the Monuments and Indications and Guide to the Positions on the Gettysburg Battlefield*, by J. Howard Wert, A.M., published in 1886, I find the following of the appearance in front of the Union left, after the battle:

"Emerging from the woods and ascending the highest swell in the rocky ridge, we find in a commanding position the elegant monument of the 18th Massachusetts. It stands in full view of the Rose house. From here there is an excellent view of the fields and woods, around which were the scenes of such desperate conflicts. The Wheat Field extends to the east; west of us is the line of the Emmittsburg road, less than one fourth of a mile distant; and the location of the Peach Orchard is plainly visible. On a rising knoll, a short distance away, are the Rose buildings; while a small, marshy stream flows between, and pursues its way past the spring house into the woods below. July 2, 1863, this stream was clogged with the dead bodies of Confederates cut

down by the fire of the infantry whose monuments we are viewing, and the terrible missiles of Bigelow's artillery, whose monument will shortly be described. Immediately after the battle were heavy rains, and in the valley, so much was the course of the stream obstructed, that great ponds were formed where the waters were dammed up by the swollen corpses of the Southern soldiery. The writer wandered over these fields immediately after the fierce strife had ceased, and the vivid impression of the horrible sights there beheld, can never be effaced from the memory. Death in its ghastliest and most abhorrent forms was everywhere. Festering corpses at every step; some still unburied, some hastily and rudely buried. All the fields and woods from the Emmitsburg road to the base of Little Round Top, were one vast hideous charnel house. In the garden of the Rose house, in full view, but a short distance from this monument (22d Mass.) nearly one hundred Rebels were buried. All around the barn, even within the house yards, within a few feet of the doors, were in numbers the scantily buried followers of the Confederate cause. Two hundred and seventy-five were buried behind the barn; a Rebel colonel was buried within a yard of the kitchen door."

Also Lieut. Hemenway, in his account of the action of the 18th Regiment, says: "On our right was posted the 5th (a mistake for the 9th) Mass. Battery, whose guns, retiring by prolonge, delivered a terrible fire of grape and canister into the ranks of the advancing foe."

Also from the same book, he says, in describing Peach Orchard and vicinity: "And first of all, we will pause where

stood Bigelow's Battery, amid a scene of slaughter that surpassed anything recorded of Lodi bridge or Marango ridge."

Capt. Chas. A. Phillips, of the 5th Mass. Battery, which was next on our right, says: "About 5 o'clock the enemy succeeded in driving back the 3d Corps, and we were forced to retire. The left piece was brought off by hand. First Sergt. H. D. Scott was shot and severely wounded in the face while superintending this movement."

In the paper of Gen. Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, published in the *Century* of December, 1886, he says: "The breaking in of the Peach Orchard angle exposed the flanks of the batteries on its crest, which retired firing in order to cover the retreat of the infantry. Many guns of different batteries had to be abandoned because of the destruction of their horses and men; many were hauled off by hand; all the batteries lost heavily. Bigelow's 9th Mass. made a stand close by the Trostle house in the corner of the field through which he had retired, fighting with prolonges fixed. Although already much cut up, he was directed by McGilvery to hold that point at all hazards until a line of artillery could be formed in front of the wood beyond Plum Run, that is, on what we have called the Plum Run line. This line was formed by collecting the serviceable batteries and fragments of batteries that were brought off, with which, and Dow's Maine Battery, fresh from the reserve, the pursuit was checked. Finally some twenty-five guns formed a solid mass, which, unsupported by infantry, held this part of the line, aided Humphrey's move-

ments, and covered by its fire the abandoned guns on the field until they could be brought off, as all were, except perhaps one. When, after fully accomplishing its purpose, all that was left of Bigelow's Battery was withdrawn, it was closely pressed by Humphrey's 21st Mississippi, the only Confederate regiment which succeeded in crossing the run. His men had entered the battery and fought hand to hand with the cannoneers; one was killed while trying to spike a gun, and another knocked down with a handspike while endeavoring to drag off a prisoner. Of the four battery officers, one was killed, another mortally, and a third, Capt. Bigelow, severely wounded; of seven sergeants, two were killed, and four wounded, or a total of twenty-eight men, including two missing; and eighty out of eighty-eight horses were killed and wounded. As the battery had sacrificed itself for the safety of the line, its work is specially noticed, as typical of the service that artillery is not infrequently called upon to render, and did render in other instances at Gettysburg besides this one."

The following is an incomplete report of the part taken by the 1st Brigade Volunteer Division Artillery Reserve and other batteries under command of Maj. McGilvery, in the battle near Gettysburg, Penn., July 2 and 3, 1863:

The Brigade proper consists of the following named Batteries, viz.: 1. Batteries C and F, consolidated Penn. Artillery, Capt. Thompson; 2. 9th Battery Mass. Vols., Capt. John Bigelow; 3. 5th Battery Mass. Vols., Capt. Phillips; 4. 15th N. Y. Ind. Battery, Capt. Hart.

GEN. O. R. TYLER, Commanding Artillery Reserve, A. P.

General:— I have the honor to respectfully report that my brigade being in park at a central position near our line of battle, at about 3.30 o'clock, P.M., on the 2d of July, I received an order from yourself to report to Gen. Sickles with one light twelve-pounder and one rifled battery.

I. The 5th Mass. Battery, Capt. Phillips, and 9th Mass. Battery, Capt. Bigelow, were marched immediately to a position occupied by Gen. Sickles near a belt of oak woods, considerably in front of the prolongation of the natural line of defences of our army, on the left centre, in which Gen. Sickles' command was then engaged with the enemy. By Gen. Sickles' order, I made an examination of the grounds, and placed the two Mass. Batteries in a position that commanded most of the open country between the woods held by our troops on the left centre, and the woods and high ground occupied by the enemy on their right. A New Jersey Battery immediately on the right of the two Mass. Batteries, was receiving the most of the fire of two or more Rebel batteries. Hart's 15th N. Y. Battery reporting at that time, I placed it in position in a peach orchard on the right and a little in front of the New Jersey Battery. The four batteries already mentioned presented a front nearly at right angles with the position occupied by our troops, facing toward our left, the fire of which I concentrated on single Rebel batteries, and five or more were driven in succession from their position. Capt. Thompson, C and F, consolidated Penn. Battery of my brigade, took position on the right of the 15th N. Y. Battery, two sections of which fronted and fired in the direction of those heretofore mentioned, and the right section fronted to the right, and opened fire on a section or more of Rebel artillery posted in the woods at canister range, immediately on the right of the batteries under my command, the enfilade fire of which was inflicting serious damage through the whole of my line.

II. At about 5 o'clock, a heavy column of Rebel infantry made its appearance in a grain field about 850 yards in front, moving at quick time toward the woods on our left, where the infantry fighting was then going on. A well-directed fire from all the batteries was

brought to bear upon them, which destroyed the order of their march, and drove many back into the woods on their right, though the main portion of the column succeeded in reaching the point for which they started, and sheltered themselves from the artillery fire, and in a few minutes another and larger column appeared at about 750 yards, presenting a slight left flank to our position. I immediately trained the entire line of our guns upon them, and opened with various kinds of ammunition. The column continued to move on at double quick, until its head reached a barn and farmhouse immediately in front of my left battery at about 450 yards distant, when it came to a halt. I gave them canister and solid shot with such good effect that I am sure that several hundred were put *hors de combat* in a short space of time. The column was broken; part fled in the direction whence it came, part pushed on into the woods on our left; the remainder endeavored to shelter themselves in masses around the house and barn.

III. I visited the position after the battle, where this column in its confusion massed up around the house and barn heretofore mentioned, and found 120 odd dead belonging to three South Carolina regiments. This mortality was no doubt from the effect of the artillery fire.

IV. The asperities of the ground in front of my batteries was such as to enable the enemy's sharpshooters in large numbers to cover themselves within very short range.

V. At about a quarter to 6 o'clock, the enemy's infantry gained possession of the woods immediately on the left of my line of batteries, and our infantry fell back both on our right and left, when great disorder ensued on both flanks of the line of batteries. At this period of the action all the batteries were exposed to a warm infantry fire from both flanks and front, whereupon I ordered them to retire 250 yards and renew their fire. The New Jersey battery mentioned, being out of ammunition, retired to the rear. The 15th N. Y. Battery also retired from the field. Capts. Bigelow and Phillips, who were under my observation about all the time, evinced great coolness and skill in retiring their batteries. Capt. Phillips, with four men, hauled one of his pieces off by hand, every

horse on the limber having been shot down. It is a mystery to me how Capt. Phillips, Lieut. Scott and four men accomplished this work, as they were nearly surrounded and fired upon from almost every direction. Lieut. Scott was shot through the face. Capt. Bigelow retired by prolonge.

A few of the incidents of the day are saved. At the time Kershaw's skirmishers were advancing on our position, and Col. McGilvery ordered to limber to the rear, W. J. Doe, the lead driver on the fourth gun, mounted and saw the enemy (Kershaw's skirmishers) creeping up the slope on their hands and knees, and they were not seen by the Colonel, who said, "Where are the enemy, Captain?" The driver told him what he saw. He said, "For God's sake, depress your guns and double shot with canister!" and about this time came the order to fix prolonge.

Sergt. Dodge, second detachment, fell during the contest with the 21st Mississippi. They had used all their ammunition but one solid shot, which was their last shot into a solid mass of the enemy. All their horses were lost. Lieut. Whitaker, who was on the right, received the first onset of the 21st Mississippi. The right gun (the fifth detachment) had its sergeant and gunner wounded. One cannoneer and pole driver were trying to limber up, when the cannoneer (Norwood) was shot through the lungs; no one else there, and the remaining horses shot. The enemy were on the gun and limber, and a color bearer mounted the limber and waved his flag. Norwood lay for some time under the gun, and Blaisdell, unharmed, remained with him, and, as the regiment advanced, went along with them, saying, "I want to

get some water for a wounded comrade." He was not hindered, and came back, helped Norwood to go fifty yards to the shelter of a large tree and boulder under it, where he lay and kept the wound wet all night. Norwood says after he was laid down beside the rock, the enemy rested their guns over it and fired; also during the night he laid his hand on the face of a dead man lying beside him. In the morning he was helped into Trostle's house, and afterward to the Baltimore pike. Norwood says he owes his life to Blaisdell and cold water.

The next gun lost its sergeant early in the engagement, and as the Battery commenced to retire, lost one of the pole horses; but the driver, Cole, and the other horse, took the gun back, firing by prolonge until near the gateway, when the other horse was shot and the limber partly overturned, and a caisson going through the gateway struck it and completely overturned it. Just here Lieut. Whitaker was shot through the knee. Three of the cannoneers were disabled, and the gunner was ordered to leave it and help the others.

R. L. Willis, No. 6 on the left gun, whose post was serving ammunition from the chest, says:

"As I was serving ammunition from the limber, I noticed at my left in the woods, then occupied by Kershaw's skirmishers, a Confederate sharpshooter step from behind a tree, raise and sight his gun directly on me. My teeth shut together so that my jaws cracked, and I heard the bullet whistle just above and back of my head. I mechanically turned my head the other way and saw an officer fall from

his horse in the battery on our right. [Time and place when Lieut. Scott of the 5th was shot.]

“I saw Lieut. Erickson, as he passed near me, reeling in his saddle; he was frothing at the mouth; asked me for some water, drank nearly a canteenful. He afterward saw the right gun some distance to the rear and in danger of capture, rode up to it and was shot through the head; fell dead, his horse going into the enemy’s line. The Battery kept well aligned in retiring till near the rear of the field, when the right gun was left behind, losing all their horses. Early in the action, at the right, I saw three men lying on the ground, and Gilson was filling his pipe. He fell over, struggled a moment, and was still, shot through the neck. On the third gun, Fen, No. 1, Crosson, 2, Smith, 3, and Murphy 4. Murphy fell as he was about to fire; Fen took the lanyard and was shot; then Crosson stepped around to fire the gun and was shot; Smith stepped over the trail and fired the gun. [I think this is not correct, and some were in the second detachment.] At the last we were in the northeast corner of Trostle’s field and limbered up. We had two rounds of case shot left. We unlimbered and gave them the last two shots; they quailed before them. We tumbled the top stones off the wall and went over. The enemy were around Trostle’s house and barn. As we went back, some officer called to Lieut. Milton to place his guns in their line, but he had no ammunition.”

E. Cole, pole driver on sixth piece, says: “My near horse was shot and cut out, and as we commenced to retire, I led the off horse and guided the pole. The limber chest saved

me; the cover was open in retiring and there were thirteen holes in it, and some in the chest. There were four cartridges left. There seemed to be a body of the enemy on our right front, and at every discharge they were mown down like a swath. David Brett lost his cap and started back for it; John Lugal took him under his arm and carried him off. Also I caught the off lead and swing horses and led them off. S. H. Goodwin took the off swing horse on the caisson. After taking it to the rear, found a musket and tried to rally some of the boys to go back with him for the guns. In the evening, I saw some prisoners who said it was the hardest artillery fire they ever stood against. One man had five of our canister in various parts of him, and another said: 'Never saw such men; you didn't know when you were whipped. We could have killed every one of you'ns, but we thought you had surrendered.' I think the column that recaptured our guns came from the direction of the Wheat Field. Lipman was shot through the forehead."

John B. Stowe, No. 1 on sixth piece, says: "About the time we had orders to fix prolonge, I was shot through the body. I went to the rear about twenty yards and fell senseless; soon recovering consciousness, I heard the order to fall back. Corp. Whitney (Zimri) got me on my feet and tried to get me back with him. I could not help myself at all, and he was obliged to lay me down; gave me his canteen full of water and reluctantly left me. I saw the enemy's line advancing, and watched them till they marched over me and halted at a stone wall near some woods; and there they remained till dark, then fell back over me and threw out a

picket line. I was left between the picket lines. There I was all night, with none but the dead, save now and then a ghoul in gray, searching the dead and stripping them of their clothing. If seen by our pickets, they were fired on and driven away. The night was long and dark to me; I thought if the boys could they would come for me. Toward morning a man in gray came near me. He appeared to be looking about, but not trying to strip any bodies. He stood looking at me, and I put out my hand and touched his foot; he jumped as if surprised; he probably thought me dead. On recovering, he stooped down, asked me where I was shot, if I was cold, and got a rubber blanket and got it under me, and covered me with two of woolen. He sat by me some time talking, till it began to be light, then gave me his canteen of water, saying he must get back to his post. Daylight was welcomed, and with it the gray line advanced and occupied the position of the night before, and I was again inside the enemy's lines. They opened fire, and the shot and shell came from all directions, and I almost gave up. I laid here till about 4 P.M., the third day, when I decided to try and move if I was killed. I made slow progress in crawling, but persevered till I reached the spring near the oak tree. As I approached, a picket on the enemy's outpost saw me, raised his hand, and no one fired at me, although the pickets were firing all the time. There I stopped, drank and rested. Still the leaden hail was dropping around me. Next, still on my hands and knees, I tried to reach the house (Trostle's), through which, as I entered, passed a cannon ball. The next day, the fourth, I was taken to the 2d Corps hospital,

and that night, with thousands of others, lay uncovered through a heavy rain. July 5, Wm. Strong and Chas. Tibbets found me, and had me carried to a house on the road to the village. July 9, was taken to a church in the town, and the 16th to McKim's hospital, Baltimore. I was struck under the arm, passing through lungs, breaking two ribs in passing out."

Capt. Bigelow says: "I noticed, when near the right gun, that Gunner Hessie dropped flat on the ground after its discharge. I was about to severely reprimand him, when I discovered he was watching the effect of his shot under the smoke from the discharge. Resuming his place he continued his firing."

Stable Sergt. Lowell, being in charge of spare horses and forage, was left at the park in Spangler's field. He heard the Battery was having hot work, and mounted his horse and came on the field about the time the Battery commenced retiring by prolonge. On reporting to Capt. Bigelow, he said: "The chief of the sixth piece is wounded; go and take charge of that gun." He says:

"I found the No. 1 wounded and helpless; No. 2, bruised by piece of shell; the gunner and the five others serving the gun; all the horses gone but the off pole horse, whose driver, E. Cole, was holding the pole yoke and guiding the horse, so that the limber kept out of the way of the gun. Near the gateway the other horse was shot, and limber overturned; ammunition gone. I immediately joined the next serviceable gun, which was Gunner Wm. Tucker's, who was almost alone. I found three rounds of ammunition in the limber.

These I took in my arms to the gun, and they were used; I inserted them myself in the gun. Next, the left section were limbered up and were trying to get out. The right gun of the section was partly overturned, and I, with some others, righted it, and prevented the drivers from cutting traces and leaving; the other gun was over the wall and making good time to the rear.

“I had mounted old Tom to escape, when a Reb presented his musket in my face; ‘Surrender, you damned Yankee.’ Pictures of Libby and Andersonville flashed through my mind, as I reached round for my revolver, resolving to fight for it. Before my revolver was drawn, my horse fell, shot dead, and I was under him. I lay still, hoping to save myself. I remained quiet some time, as I could not help myself, and as the enemy were driven back, the first blue coat I saw, I called for help to get my horse off my leg, and although lame, I went back out of range, and lay down till morning, then commenced hunting for the remnants of the Battery. I begged a few hard tack, and about 10 o’clock found the Battery, and the first thing I heard was: ‘Here comes another; hallo, Sergt. Lowell.’ Well, I was as glad to see them as they were me.

“Lieut. Milton ordered me to organize a gun detachment for one gun, as Sergt. Whittemore and myself were the only sergeants there. In the afternoon I went to Cemetery Hill with the gun.”

It is said that Samuel Toby was captured as he was passing Trostle’s house, and drawn in at a window; was paroled at Richmond, exchanged, and returned to the Battery.

Corp. Adams, chief of the caisson of the first gun, says: "I noticed as we came up, an abandoned gun, and during the heat of the engagement, as the ammunition was giving out, Corp. Brown and myself brought eight rounds from that gun. It is said that John Lugal saved himself by braining a Confederate with his rammer head."

Bugler Reynolds was watching the firing, and thought one of the gunners was firing too high, so called out, "Pint your gun a little lower, Bill."

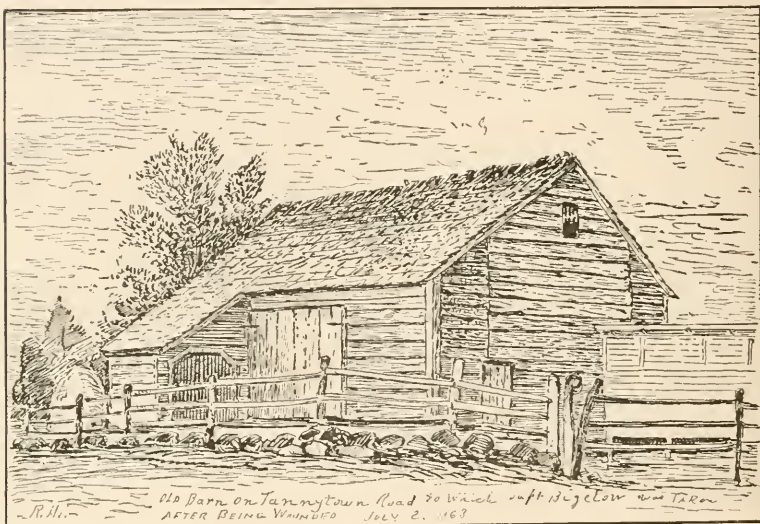
Much has been written about the action, and the part the 9th Battery took in the engagement. Of the war correspondents of the press, both C. C. Coffin and Whitelaw Reid mention the part we took in the engagement, but their information, although written at the time, must have been from other witnesses than themselves. Their word pictures were graphic, and cheered our friends at home, and many a parent was comforted that their sons served in so heroic an engagement.

In the *Century Magazine* for December, 1886, Gen. E. P. Alexander, Chief of Artillery in Longstreet's Corps, has an illustrated article in which is a view of the charge of Alexander's Artillery. Now it seems that if ever it was proper to speak of a charge of a battery, ours was a charge across Trostle's field; also before Petersburg in support of Gen. Chamberlain.

Darkness and weariness prevailed; firing ceased; both sides inspected their own lines and withdrew or advanced as best secured their positions. The 21st Mississippi Regiment was withdrawn to the vicinity of the Peach Orchard,

and both sides advanced their pickets to near Trostle's buildings.

Our wounded men were scattered. Capt. Bigelow lay in a barn near where we crossed the Taneytown road. The



writer lay in the basement of a barn in the rear of Little Round Top, and distinctly heard the yells of the enemy as they prevailed between the Round Tops, also the cheers of our boys as they drove them back; and I thanked God for the cheering sound. I did not see any one of the 9th Battery boys, except Lieut. Whitaker at Baltimore, until December, at Brandy Station.

Lieut. Milton was left in command of the Battery with one sergeant and four gunners. There was so little left that it was doubtful if we could remain a separate organization; but

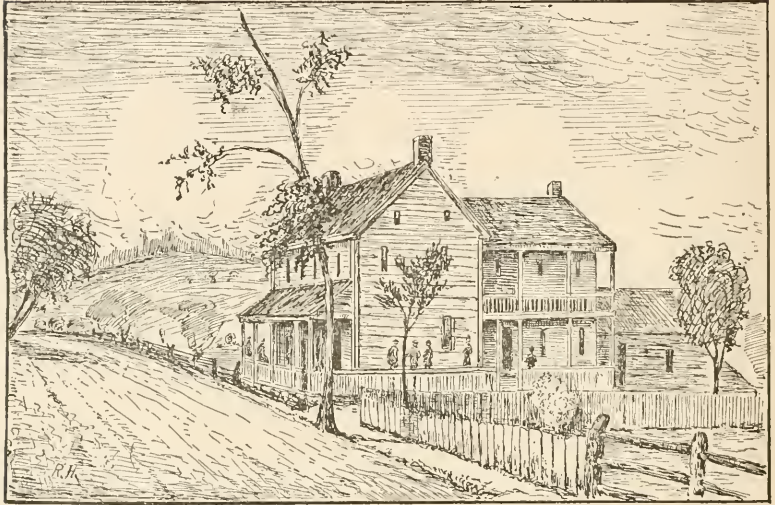
Lieut. Milton showed so much energy in repairing damages and in equipping, that he reported for duty with two guns in the morning. All the men uninjured reported for duty, but as the detachments were so broken up, volunteers were called for to man the two guns for immediate service, and waited for orders until afternoon, when First Lieut. Macomber of a regular battery, with three guns, reported to him, saying, "Maj. — wished you would report at Cemetery Hill at once." "I think I should report to you instead of you to me," was the answer. On Lieut. Macomber saying, "It is all right," he mounted his battery and broke from the right into call of piece, started for the hill, arriving just after Pickett's repulse.

We were under a straggling fire the remainder of the day and night; men fell around us, but we escaped.

Our position was about midway in the line on the ridge between the Baltimore pike and the clump of trees toward which Pickett charged. The place is known as Zeigler's Grove. The next day, the infantry, as well as ourselves, were troubled by sharpshooters in a barn, 600 or 800 yards in our front. The commander of the line in front of us asked the Lieutenant to dislodge them, and two or three well-directed shells made lively work of them and burnt the barn. Soon Gen. Meade and staff rode up full of wrath, inquiring by whose order the firing was done. We were not troubled any more by them.

We had collected all the valuable part of our Battery, and
July 5. Sunday, the 5th of July, we left Gettysburg, went
to Littleton, arriving in Frederick City the 8th,

reducing our equipment to a four gun battery. Those of the Battery left at Gettysburg were widely scattered; some were in the 3d Corps hospitals on Rock Creek; several in a house



on the Baltimore pike; some on the Taneytown road. Sam Toby was captured as he was passing Trostle's house, and pulled in the window.

Second Lieut. R. S. Milton was promoted to be senior first lieutenant *vice* C. Erickson, killed; and First Sergt. G. H. Prescott, who was at home on recruiting service, to be senior second lieutenant; also July 20, Lieut. Foster, also at home, to be junior first lieutenant, and Quartermaster Sergt. Reed to be second lieutenant.

Among the Battery papers are several letters in regard to the killed of the Battery, asking if their remains cannot be

sent home. Also a number from the wounded, stating their condition and prospects of returning again. All are cheerful; none regret their service at Gettysburg.

Two letters received are here inserted:

BOSTON, July 14, 1863.

LIEUT. R. S. MILTON, Headquarters 9th Battery, Mass. Vols.,
Frederick City, Md.

Please try to forward Erickson's body to widow. Will pay.

J. W. COOLIDGE,

Tract House, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

P. S. I was going to telegraph, but the wires are broken at New York by rioters. Could not Erickson's body be exhumed and sent home? The widow feels very, very anxious to have him buried by herself, even if he is so decayed as not to be seen.

Yours truly,

J. W. COOLIDGE.

BOSTON, July 29, 1863.

CAPT. JOHN BIGELOW, 9th Mass. Battery.

Dear Sir:—Alex. H. Whitaker, First Lieut. 9th Mass. Battery, wounded in the knee joint at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, arrived at my residence in Roxbury from the hospital in Baltimore, Md., on Friday, July 17, and died in consequence of his wounds on Monday, July 20. I have reported the case, enclosing surgeon's certificate, to the Adjt.-General at Washington, under date of July 27.

I am yours very truly,

EBEN ALEXANDER.

Of the seventeen who were wounded, probably no two had the same experience, and the haps and mishaps of one will answer for others, and I will give my own experience after I

left the field. I received the compliments of the enemy the second time on my shoulder and left breast, while shelling Kershaw's line of battle, just before orders were given to fix prolonge. I found myself completely disabled, and was ordered to the rear. I tried to get my overcoat or blanket from my saddle, but could not. I was directed to the 3d Corps hospital on the Taneytown road, the east side of Little Round Top. It was rather hard getting along, but by slinging my left arm with my right, I was relieved, and although quite sore in my hip, where one of the enemy's balls was hidden, I made the best time I could to get out of range of the enemy's fire.

The 3d Corps hospital was in and about a large bank barn. The operating table was a barn door laid on two barrels, and I noticed quite a pile of legs at one end, and arms at the other, and two or three surgeons were busily at work. My wounds were not immediately dangerous, and I sat on a stone to wait. A hospital steward, not busy, asked me if I was wounded. "There is a ball somewhere in my hip; see if you can locate it;" and running his hand over it, he found it about six inches from where it entered. "Can't you cut it out?" "I think so," and taking a small case of instruments from his pocket, cut, and found it embedded near the joint of the hip. He took it out, dressed the wound with lint and water, took me to the basement of the barn and left me, bringing some beef broth after dark. About dusk, the action seemed to increase on the Round Tops, and I distinctly heard the yells of the enemy as they pressed back our men, and the enemy seemed to be coming nearer. For a moment

I feared we were beaten, and in my helplessness turned to the Father of us all, and earnestly called on him to aid, that the right might prevail; and soon thanks were given, as the yells ceased, drowned by the cheers of the 20th Maine Regiment.

The night passed; not much sleep. Having to keep the body in one position was not very easy, which, together with the constant groaning, made daylight welcome.

At daylight, every man that could walk was ordered to start for the new hospital on Rock Creek. As the present place was unsafe, it was vacated, and one or two miles southeast, in a piece of woods on either side of the creek, I found a large number of tents pitched, and under a gun tarpaulin, in the artillery hospital of the 3d Corps, I made my home from Saturday to Wednesday morning, July 7. Four yards from our shelter ran Rock Creek, three yards wide, with three to six inches of water running over a stony channel, two feet below the bank we were on. Of my companions not one had I ever seen before, and like myself they could care for themselves. The most severely wounded — a ball through both thighs — was the most cheerful. Considerable rain fell, but Rock Creek was not full.

Wednesday morning at daylight, orders were, "All that can walk start for Gettysburg town." It had rained all night; Rock Creek was a torrent, impassable, and we were obliged to start, as the ground where we were would soon be flooded. We toiled on, scattering more and more, according to our ability to walk. One of the causeways on the Baltimore pike was covered with eight or ten inches of water, but the well-

known landmark, the brick gateway of the Evergreen Cemetery, then battered by cannon balls, was passed, and soon the village was entered. We were directed to the Christian Commission room, and coffee and sandwiches refreshed us. About midday it began to clear off, and a train of commissary and hospital stores was being unloaded, and was soon filled with wounded and started for Baltimore. The accommodations were not the best — a box car with a wet floor we had. Our first stop was Hanover Junction, and we met a grateful people; good coffee, sandwiches and cakes were brought; old men, women, boys and girls welcomed us. It was late in the afternoon when we left. The train stopped at two other places after dark, and we were bountifully supplied. We arrived in Baltimore about 2 A.M., and the Union part of the city was awake. We were served with coffee, and our wounds were washed and dressed; the first time for thirty-six hours. Shops, stores, houses were opened, and we were made welcome; but the hospitals of Baltimore were full already, and we that could must go farther north.

While waiting for the train, some one told me that an officer of a Massachusetts battery was in a hospital near. Acting at once, I found Lieut. Whitaker lying in bed with a shattered knee, the first I knew he was wounded. I remember just how he looked: his knee was raised, his face flushed, feverish and restless. I could do nothing, but found a brother Mason and sent to him. Immediately the train started. In the afternoon we arrived in Philadelphia, and again at the old cooper shop we were refreshed. Here I met a brother of Corp. Brown, passing on to Washington as fast as possible.

Again the train is ready and we rolling north again. All this time I was a passive passenger, going I knew not where. A tedious night passed, and about daylight the train stopped at the Centre street station, Newark, N. J. I was assigned to ward six; one end of the room overlooking the station, the other a wharf on the Passaic, and miles of the river and country beyond. We had a good surgeon and an old soldier of the regular army for nurse. During my stay of six months I could have a pass every day if wanted, and was out a great deal. Within a week a large number were missing, having taken a furlough without leave.

After the first month, I was only troubled by the wound in my hip. Many worse wounds than mine were healed, and in September orders were issued for an examination of those to be sent to the front. I reported with others, and told them I wanted to go to the front. I was laughed at, and told, "You never can do service at the front; you must go in the Invalid Corps." Well, I was not disappointed. I had tried at every opportunity for a furlough, and had the endorsement of the surgeon of the ward, but it did not come, and I would not leave without. They tried to detail me as nurse, acting hospital steward, hospital postmaster, but I knew I was fixed there if I accepted. I had many letters to aid me in getting a furlough, among others one from Geo. S. Boutelle, Member of Congress from my district, but I did not use it, as I felt that I had as good a right to a furlough as many others I knew, and I would have it by right if at all. About this time my wife and son, accompanied by my brother, visited me. Rev. E. P. Baker, being temporarily an

agent of the Christian Commission, in a few hours took passage for the South, and for three days my pass was for twenty-four hours.

I made several pleasant acquaintances in the city, and Rev. Mr. McIlvine, chaplain at the hospital, invited me to his house, so I had no reason to be discontented. But I could not content myself, although the surgeon told me I was preventing my wound from healing.

Finally, about the middle of November, I received a furlough. I went home and returned promptly on time, having a good sized valise filled for the boys at the front. On my reporting to the surgeon in charge, he said, "I suppose you are all well now?" I told him, "I feel as well as ever I did, and I wish you would give me an order to report to the 9th Mass. Battery immediately." Showed him my valise of underclothes for the boys who were in need of them, and other reasons I gave. After a few words, he told me to report at noon, and he would give me an order to get my transportation in New York city, one half hour distant. Well, the dust of Newark did not stick to me long, as at 8 P.M. I took passage for Washington, arriving at daylight, and at Brandy Station about 5 P.M., and the camp of the Battery about 8 P.M.; and about two weeks after my hip was healed.

Again we are on the march with the army. We cross the Potomac at Berlin, July 16, and following on the left flank of the enemy, we arrive at Warrenton, July 24; and August 1 finds us at Warrenton Junction, where we remain till September 17, when we camp at Culpepper.

Lieut. Foster and First Sergt. Prescott having returned, the Battery is in good working order, but has no duty but marching. Again we retire, and October 11, we are near Rappahannock Station, and the 14th finds us at Centerville, with a possible third battle of Bull Run in prospect; but with no fighting, we follow the enemy back to Warrenton the 26th. November 8, at Kelly's Ford; 26th, at Germania Ford; 27th, Wilderness; 30th, Locust Grove, taking part in the Mine Run campaign. December 2, returned to Brandy Station, remaining in the vicinity till the 13th, when we were ordered to go into winter quarters.

MINE RUN

In the Mine Run campaign we took our part of mud, cold and rain, and at last, after we had bivouacked for the night, orders came that we were to march at 5 o'clock, and that we were the eighth battery in the column. The night passed as uncomfortable as any. At 5 our horses were fed and partly harnessed; men were busy over the fires, and Captain was waiting for the first battery to move, when an officer rode up and saluted with: "Capt. Bigelow, are you ready to move?" "Yes, sir." "Then file out at once and take that road," pointing toward the way we came. "I have been to eight batteries and none are ready, and I have placed their commanders all under arrest." The Captain mounted, called attention, and there was busy work for a moment, and one of the pieces filed out, and in going into the road ran on a stump, and before it was cleared, the others were ready to

follow, and we took our place at the head of the column, saved our reputation, and had a better road.

In reviewing the work of the Battery since it recrossed the Potomac, I learned but little. By endorsements on papers on file I find that Capt. Bigelow had returned to the command of the Battery August 18, and on the same day was Col. McGilvery's order for cutting hair and trimming beards. Probably B. E. Murray, C. A. Gwin, and D. P. Doyle, were busy for a few days. Also an order of enquiry why a drill was omitted, that was ordered August 28, shows that the Colonel kept his eyes open, and kept the men busy. There are many orders for details of guards and orderlies.

September 9. Byron Porter died at convalescent U. S. Army Hospital; reported as belonging to the 9th Massachusetts Battery.

September 12. Correspondence commenced in regard to clothing turned in at Frederick City and lost; later a board of survey was ordered in the matter, but we got no favorable report.

In the early autumn, descriptive lists were received at the Battery of four recruits enlisted by Lieut. Foster; viz.: Byron Porter, Cornelius Sexton, William Adderly, and John Castelan. Of these, only Cornelius Sexton ever arrived at the Battery.

October 5, the quartermaster sergeant was the subject of some correspondence between the headquarters of the army in regard to tearing down a building in violation of certain orders, and charges were ordered to be

preferred against him. The paper bears the signatures of Gen. A. A. Humphreys, chief of staff; Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery; Gen. R. O. Tyler, and Col. McGilvery. In examining the case, Capt. Bigelow sums up as follows:

(*Extract.*) Being in ignorance of the fact that he was violating any general orders of the Army of the Potomac. General Order No. 122; A. of P., dated May 11, 1862, referred to, was issued three months before the Battery was mustered into the U. S. service, and consequently never received by the commanding officer and promulgated to the command. If compatible with the rules of the service, I would respectfully request that Sergt. —— be released from arrest, and that a copy of General Order No. 122, A. of P., 1862, be furnished to be promulgated to this command.

I remain, Captain, your obedient servant.

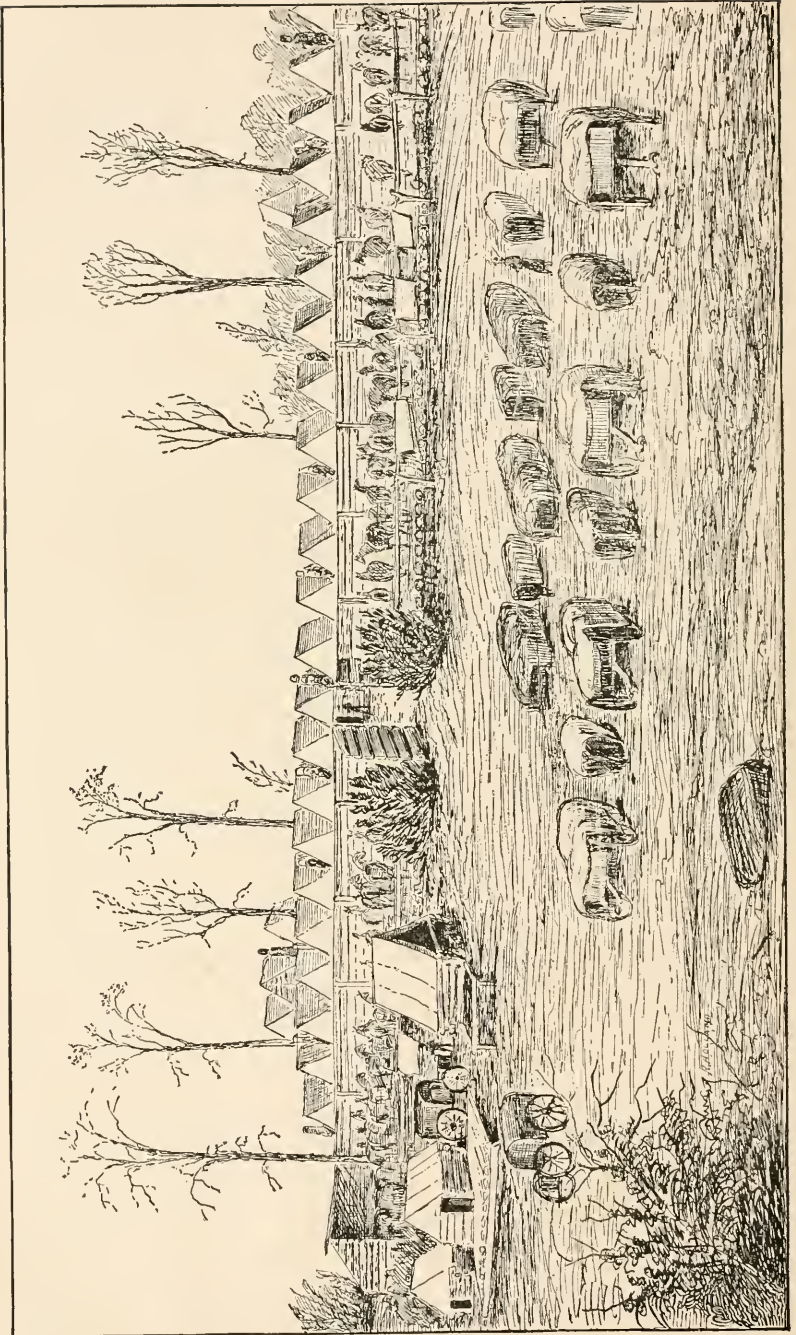
JOHN BIGELOW,

Capt. Commanding 9th Massachusetts Battery.

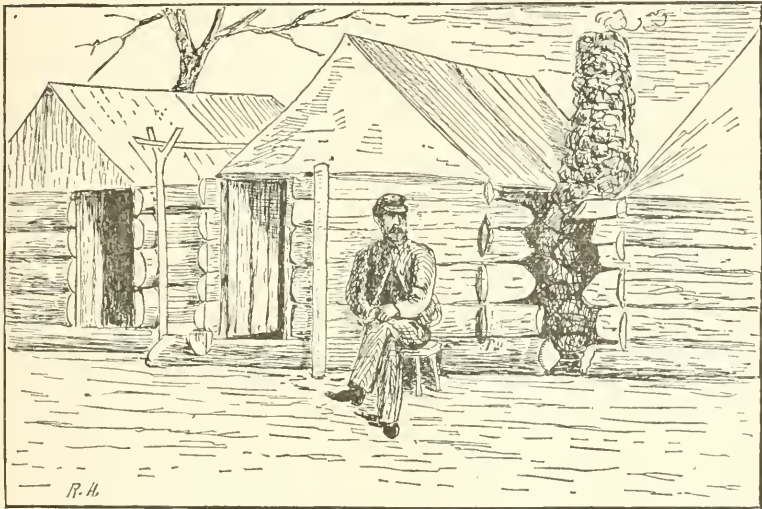
Gunner Dawes returned to the command early in the summer, and December 13th found Gunner Hessie, Privates Barnard, Downing, Thos. Fisher, McDavitt, Quartermaster Reed (now lieutenant), and prisoner S. Toby, all present; and Sergt. Baker arrived the 12th of December, and the 13th or 14th Sergt. Murray came back. Sergt. Hirst and Private J. K. Norwood were discharged. John B. Stowe, Louis Langeleer and J. A. McCarty were transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps.

CAMP AT BRANDY STATION.

The morning of the 13th we break camp on the east of the
 Dec. 13. railroad at Brandy Station, and go with the reserve
 artillery to a rise one mile northwest of the station,



and pitch our tents in a rain storm, and soon lay out a camp overlooking the station, railroad, and the intervening plain. We built stockades for ourselves about three and one half



feet high, covered with four shelter tents; also fireplaces of stone, bricks and mud. From the 23d to the 26th we built stables of wind-break and floor, splitting oak logs thirty feet long in halves, and our horses were very comfortable. We soon had our oven ready, and we seldom failed having our baked beans Sunday morning.

Some of our men are detailed at brigade headquarters. October 5, the order was received detailing Lieut. Reed as brigade quartermaster. December 20, J. A. Chapin detailed as forage sergeant at brigade headquarters.

Until about the 24th of December we were very ragged; our boots were so poor that they were no protection against mud and water.

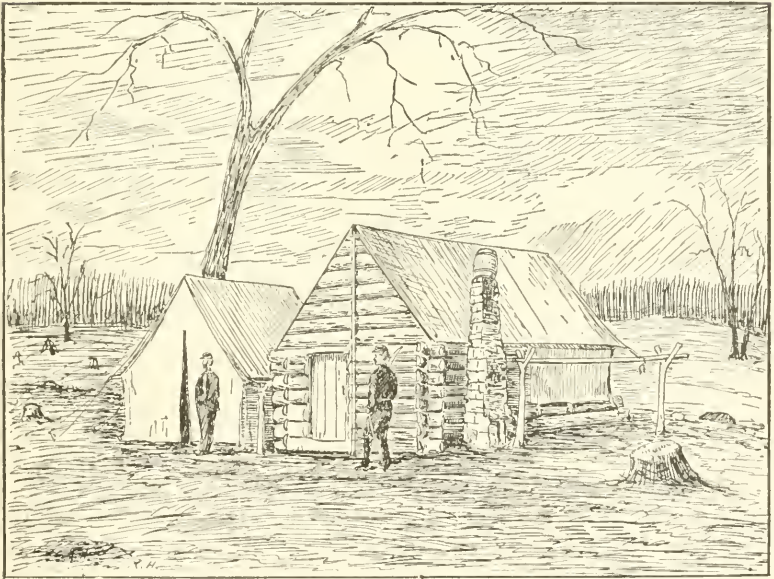
We are now in camp; our business is to fit ourselves for the spring campaign, and, if possible, to recruit our numbers to a six-gun battery. Men are the first requisites, and officers take measures to gain recruits. Everything else is to be gained by requisition. Soon after Sergt. Murray returned he was promoted to orderly sergeant.

Jan. 23. January 23, we received our first instalment of twenty horses, and the 28th, nine men came. Battery and squad drills became the fashion again. About this time Capt. Bigelow went home on sick leave, having returned before he had recovered from the Gettysburg campaign. The winter was wet, as usual, and not very cold; much of the time we could only care for our camp and horses, our mails were quite regular, and we were very comfortable.

Feb. 11. Feb. 11. A letter was received today for Adolph Lipman, who was killed at Gettysburg. It was postmarked Riga, Russia, and was sent to Dead Letter Office. This incident recalls him to us again. He is remembered by all, officers and men, only with pleasure and esteem. He was one of many in the Battery who came alone, had no immediate friends, but made friends of all. He was never in trouble, was cheerful; spoke French readily, English fairly; smoked cigarettes at first, making them as he used them. He never talked of himself or where he came from, and an air of mystery surrounded him; his whole appearance denoted a man of education and refinement, and had seen

much of the world. In a letter from Alfred Clement, who was better acquainted with him than many others, he says: "His whole life seemed to me to be shrouded in mystery; his whole bearing showed clearly, however, that he had moved in higher circles, and had been in better circumstances. He was versed perfectly in all the ways of the world." "Peace to his ashes."

About this time seventeen recruits joined us, and two new detachments were formed. Corps. Hessie and Dawes were assigned to them as acting sergeants.



February 12. Capt. Bigelow returned today; also Lieut. Prescott, who also had been home. Capt. Bigelow was

immediately assigned to the command of the Brigade, and Lieut. Foster as adjutant. He did not long remain there, as the 23d he went home on recruiting service.

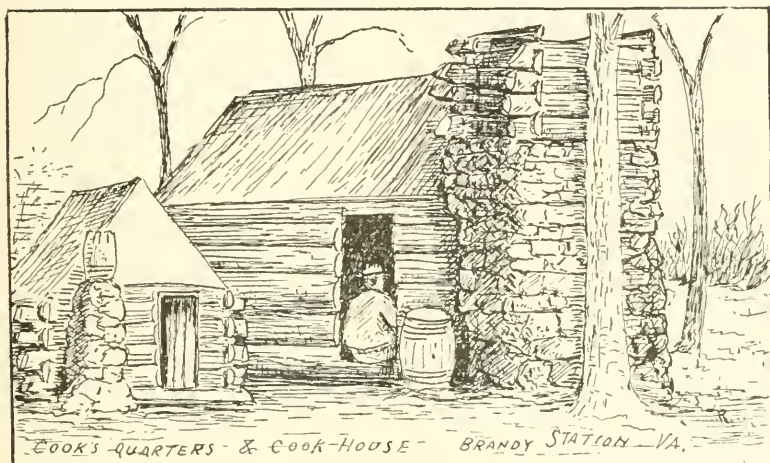
About one month ago, Stable Sergt. J. A. Chapin broke his arm, and the 15th he received a furlough, and was never able to return for duty. J. P. Ayers was discharged because of mental disease.

February 26. Paid off; there is more gambling than usual, but the tables are turned, and some of the former winners are losers. Capt. Bigelow sent his orderly and called the sergeants to headquarters. They all reported, and stood in line waiting for Capt. B., not knowing what was up. Soon appearing and being paler than usual, made the mystery greater. He said, "Sergeants, I hear that gambling prevails in camp to considerable extent; I cannot tolerate it, and I want your assistance to stop it." They all promised to do all possible to aid him, and at night a general order was read prohibiting it.

Our camp life is full of incidents. One of our sergeants was put in charge of a detail from the Brigade to lay out and improve the grounds about headquarters.

While Capt. Bigelow was commanding the Brigade, he had occasion in inspecting some of the batteries to find fault with the condition of the tents, clothing, and sanitary condition of the camp. He was asked by the officers if his own Battery was any better. He told them that he was going to inspect it in the afternoon, and invited a couple of captains to go with him and see for themselves. They came and were surprised at the cleanliness of the camp quarters, cookhouse

and clothing, and said, "You had this all prepared for us." He answered, "All duties are done promptly and systematically, and we are always ready for inspection."



The event of the day was the arrival of the mail, and happy the man who had letters.

One sergeant complained of a bad smell in the tent, and a corporal was accused of causing it. He said he never washed his feet; at home his wife washed them; but he was strongly urged to wash, and sitting on a stump, with his coffee dipper, a quart of water and stick, he struggled with the job.

One corporal, recounting the forenoon's adventures, said, that after getting up in the morning, first, he fell from a three-legged stool, alighting on his shoulder in the fireplace; then found a kettle of water tipped over from the fire; then

spilled another and burned his left hand, also washing the skin off his right hand, tipping over his frying pan of pork and dropping his meat in the dirt. Pretty well for one half day.

Mar. 11. March 11. N. H. Brand reported in the Washington *Chronicle* as dead.



One of our lieutenants did not like drill, much less inspection; and March 6, at a mounted inspection, he could not keep his horse near the line of caissons, and he made him so much trouble, that he left the field and went to camp, amid the laughter of his comrades.

March 18. Our Battery, with two others, went out for target practice. It was muddy, and our work was poor. Soon after we returned to camp and had unharnessed, we

were startled by "Boots and saddles," and orders came to prepare for marching, with one bag of grain on each carriage. We were ready promptly, but did not leave the park. We afterwards learned of a skirmish at Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan.

News has just arrived that Gen. Grant is to take command of the Army of the Potomac.

March 22. About six inches of snow came, and for a day or two it was cold; but the fourth day the ground was bare.

March 27. An order is issued to prepare for the field. We are preparing our clothing for a campaign; our order is one blanket, overcoat, jacket, blouse, pants, boots, cap, three outside shirts, three pairs stockings, one half shelter tent. Our ammunition is being changed; a new canister of eighty balls instead of twenty-seven is given us. Our duties are in camp now; our harnesses are to be thoroughly inspected and oiled; saddles and blankets clean; halters and nose bags whole; all our ordnance stores in order.

March 29. About forty horses came today. Two regiments of heavy artillery have come from the defences of Washington and camped near us; one of the men came to our camp inquiring, "Where are the forts we are to garrison?" He was told, "Beyond the Rapid Anna, and you have got to take them first." He seemed astonished.

March 30. The order for reorganization was read; the old men remain as before, new men assigned to detachments, non-commissioned officers changed all round.

April 1. Eight more men came, and April 3 a commission for Corp. F. C. Tucker, in the 3d New Jersey Regiment

arrived. His was the first commission out of the Battery; he went home on a furlough and did not join the army until we were near Spottsylvania.

April 14. Capt. Bigelow is relieved by Maj. Fitzhugh, and is again with the Battery; also Lieut. Foster returned from recruiting service. Lieut. Reed is detailed for duty in the ambulance train of the reserve artillery. Also the order for transfer to the navy took Thomas F. Tuttle, James Gordon, William Strong and F. M. Shaw.

April 18. Review by Gen. Grant of the reserve artillery, three brigades.

April 23. We have six guns at last. The past week has been full of inspections; first, by company officers; then, by brigade commander Maj. Fitzhugh, and by Col. Munroe, under whom we took our last lessons in Camp Barry, in 1862, when we graduated and went into the defences of Washington. The Colonel still found us at the front, as he said we were one of the best batteries he ever inspected. Still we have plenty to do; our experience is not thrown away on us; we are making thorough preparations. The most of us are particular about our clothing, and many of our jackets are made over and altered to fit better; pants re sewed, suspenders made, underclothing in good order. We never looked so well clothed in proper fitting garments as now, and our knapsacks are the envy of other battery officers.

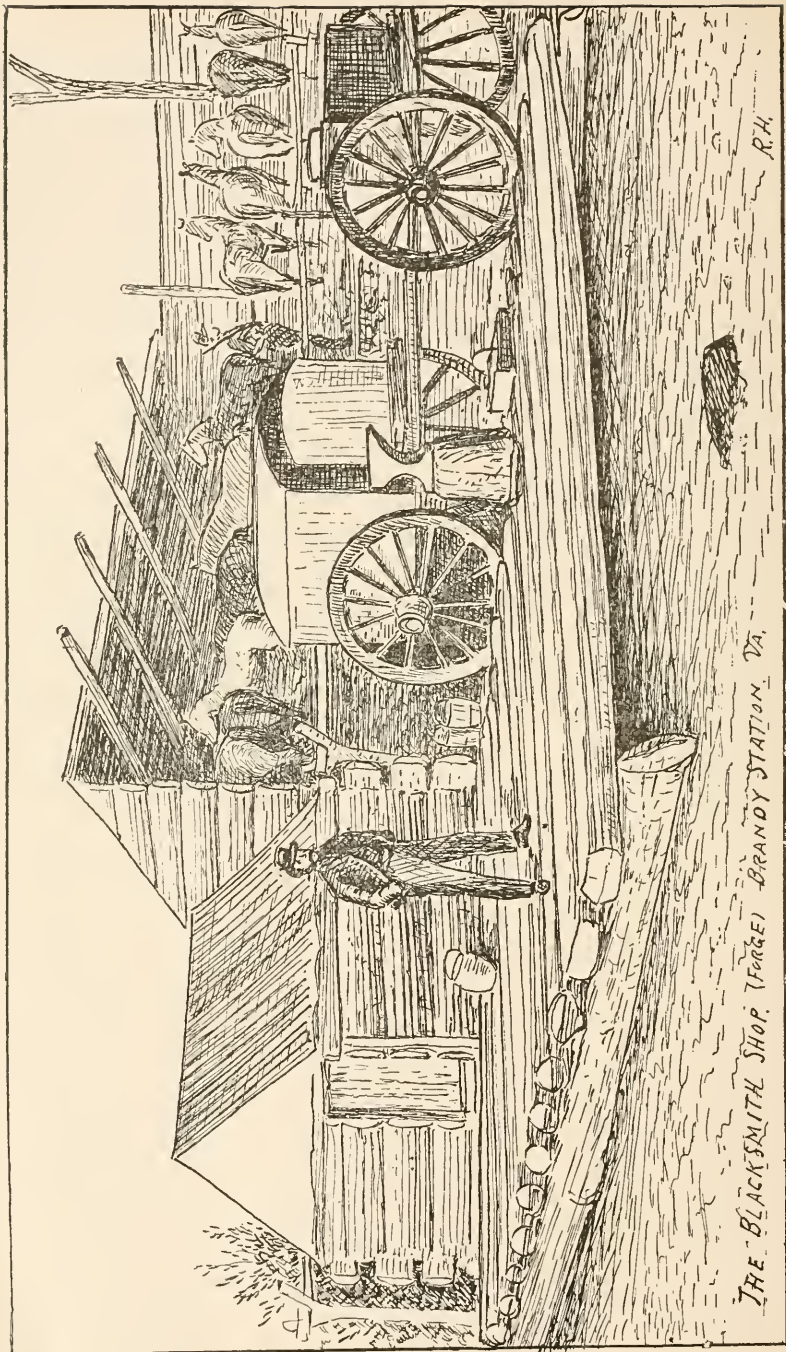
As the time is near when we shall leave these quarters, and the future we do not know, a few things should be noted here. The health of this camp has been excellent, the loca-

tion was well chosen. The location was pleasant, no battery being in our front; the camp was well drained; our commissary was well cared for; good cookhouse; good cooks; Commissary Sergt. John Quincy Adams, the right man in the right place. Our horses fared as well as the men; Stable Sergeant Horatio Knights wielded the measure faithfully. Our new men found good instructors in the manual and other duties, and good advisers. Among the detachment officers, few wished to shirk; none could.

One year ago, April 17, we hauled out of park at Fort Ramsey, having passed a rather uncomfortable winter; sickness and other causes had taken from us some of the men who were forward in detachment and team, and their places had been filled by promotion. The campaign following had taken from us by death our two first lieutenants, who ably filled their place, and three sergeants who were missed by us all; and as we are ready for the field, we find that our recruits of four weeks are as well fitted as we were in four months.

April 27. Spring is coming on, the mud is settling, rains less frequent, and we are still at work preparing to move.

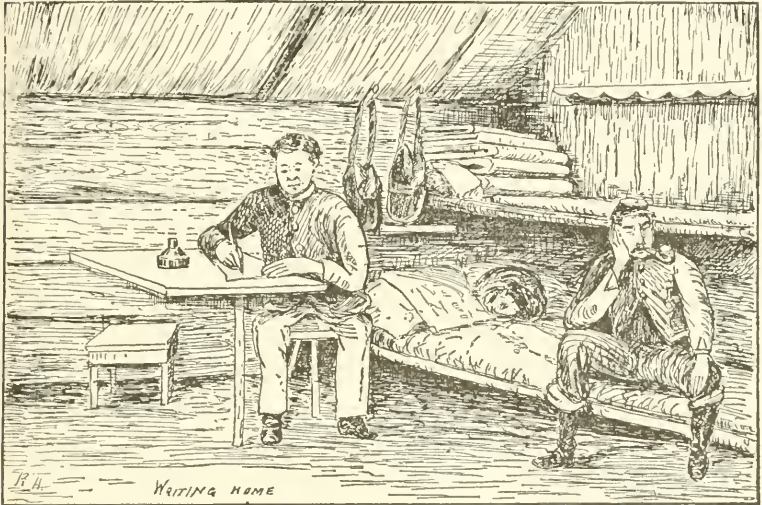
Tuesday, May 3, we are ready for the field; we have orders to take six days' rations of bread, coffee and sugar; that at midnight "boots and saddles" would be sounded. Our last night in our log houses, and we feel as if we were leaving home; we have taken much comfort and enjoyment in them, and we leave them forever. Although many of us are anxious for more active service, yet there is a minor strain running through our conversation, as we sit around our



R.H.

THE BLACKSMITH SHOP (FORGE) BRANDY STATION, VA.

fireplaces on our boxes, three-legged stools and blocks, eat our last loaf of soft bread and drink our coffee, sort over our letters, burn all but the last. As "taps" sound, we blow out



our inch of candle and pull up the blankets about us. We dream of the bivouac fire, our pot of coffee on it, and holding a pan of steaming pork over it; but the bugle calls and we are astir. The general order of Maj. Fitzhugh, 3d Brigade Artillery Reserve, for the march places us on the right of the Brigade, and to be ready to march at 2 A.M., May 4.

May 4, 1864. It is nearly twenty-one months since we entered the service, and we seem to be no nearer the end than when we commenced; but we do not expect to do much countermarching this summer; expect our new commander will lead us forward, but how many of

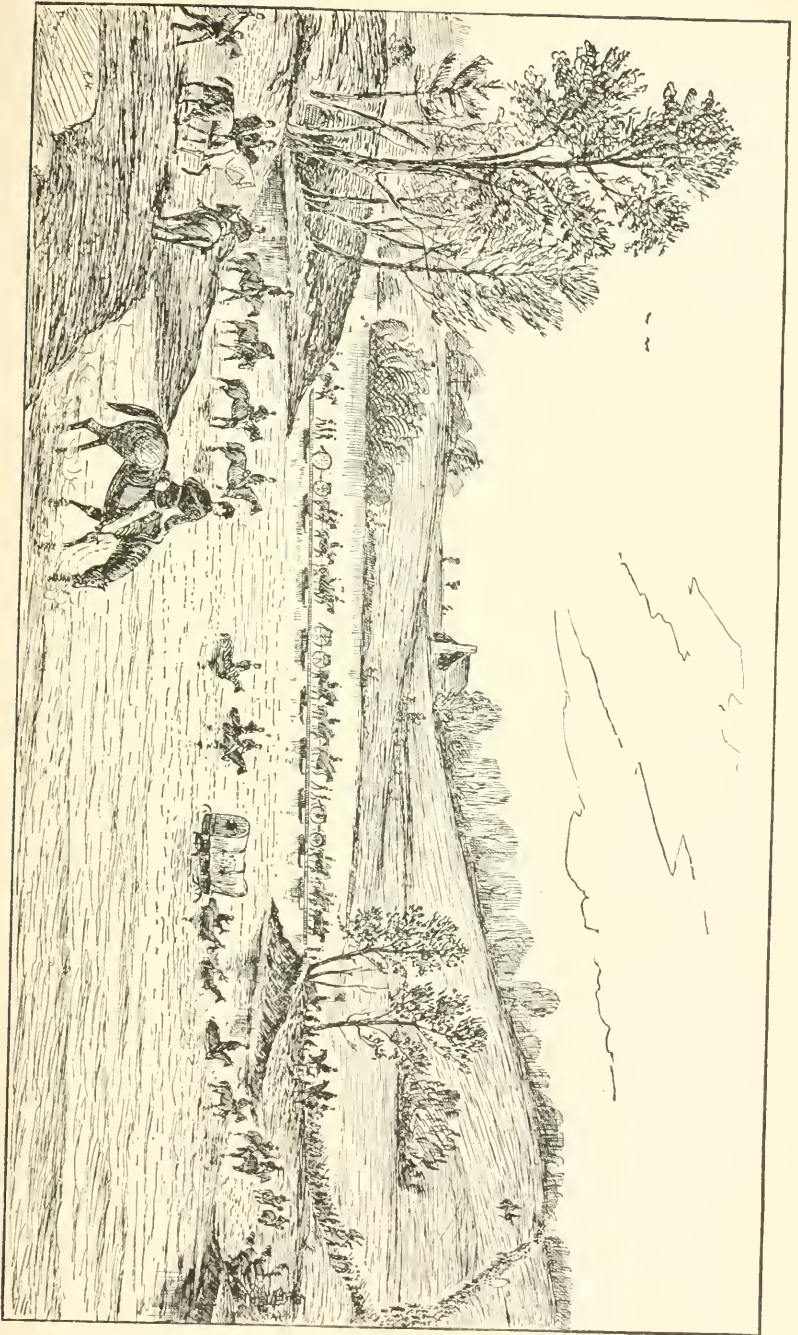
us will lie by the wayside, we know not. As the sergeants step to the front and call the roll, there are many new names to answer "here." Another nine months and they will be veterans; perhaps some will have to be "accounted for." That was a pleasing ceremony in the old French army; when any soldier conspicuous for bravery was killed, that at sunset roll call, when his name was called, the sergeant stepped to the front and answered, "Died on the field of battle." Such might be the honor some of our comrades are entitled to.

It is Wednesday morning; our horses are eating; the cooks are busy; we strap our knapsacks, roll our blankets and overcoats, take the roofs of our stockades, which are to be our shelters now; all are securely strapped on the limbers and saddles. Breakfast call, and we get our last breakfast from the cookhouse; then harness, and at daylight haul out of park and are ready to take our place in column.

The reserve artillery slowly gets in motion, with its heavy ammunition train. Our marches are short, our halts many; there is at least one corps in advance of us, and the road is strewn with clothing, a great deal of it new. There are thousands of blankets, overcoats, blouses, pants, shirts, etc.; the day was warm, the load too much.

About 4 P.M. we cross the Rapid Anna, at Ely's Ford. Some of the boys are nibbling on their hard tack, and in two days six days' rations are gone. The campaign has begun; we have entered disputed ground. We camp about two miles beyond the ford, at dark, among some rifle pits.

May 5. At 10 A.M., we slowly commence our march toward the Chancellorsville house. The roads are full of



rifle pits, made one year ago; we see some skeletons as we pass along. About 12 M. skirmishing commenced on our right, and increased till 6 P.M. We first passed the Chancellorsville house, went towards Fredericksburg a mile, when we were halted, and came back and turned south on the Orange plank road two miles to

LAUREL GROVE, WILDERNESS.

We remained here till the eve of the 7th, being in harness all the time.

May 7. Saturday, May 7. This morning we heard we were fighting for the possession of a plank road to Orange Court House, and that the line of battle is nine miles long. History tells us that but little artillery could be used. All day the battle raged, but toward night seemed to recede from us. About 7 P.M., the bugles began "Drivers to horse," "Cannoneers to posts." We filed out of park, back by the Chancellorsville house, and to the right through pine woods and dust. About midnight we bivouac; our horses stand in harness till daylight; it is all work for them, only unharnessed to be groomed since we started. Our camp is near Piney Grove Church, 600 yards off.

WILDERNESS TO SPOTTSYLVANIA.

Sunday, there was a drumhead court martial in the 6th New York Regiment, of a deserter taken in the enemy's lines. We have lost one man by a broken leg. Some are having their first experience in jerking beef, which does very well.

Monday, our horses are put on half rations, but we favor them all we can by giving them grass. We pitched our tents for the first time tonight.

Tuesday, May 10. Still in camp. Rumor of the enemy's cavalry in our rear. In the afternoon we are ordered out, march one mile, go in battery, change position, break in column of pieces, and are in camp again in forty-five minutes. About one hour after, break camp and go through the pine woods; the dust is suffocating.

Our camp is nine miles out of Fredericksburg, at

ALDRICH CORNER.

May 12. Our caissons, with those of three other batteries, were ordered to take ammunition to the front at Spottsylvania. Lieut. Milton, with three sergeants and the chiefs of caissons were sent; we delivered the ammunition, and in retiring were shelled, but got out with no damage.

May 13. Again break camp, move three miles nearer Fredericksburg. Our new base of supplies is all right, and we are on full rations again. A great deal of rain has fallen, and the roads are very muddy.

May 14. Orders to take five limbers and go after captured guns. The limbers of three batteries brought out thirteen guns from Laurel Hill, captured by the 2d Corps. An accident occurred in the battery in front of us; a loose plank caught in the off wheel and threw the limber over, and with such force as to throw the off horse over the near horse and on top of the driver. Fortunately the ground was soft mud,

and the horses were rolled off and the driver rescued, not much worse for the fall.

As we were coming out, we met a column of recruits, convalescents, and furloughed men going in to join their regiments and among them Lieut. F. C. Tucker. He found the regiment so badly depleted that he could not be mustered in, and returned home, remaining till December, when he re-enlisted in the Battery.

An order was read at night congratulating the troops on their successes.

May 15, Sunday. We are ordered to the rear to support dismounted cavalry who are picketing the rear against a cavalry attack. Relieved at 2 P.M., return to find the reserve artillery all gone and we take our line of march to

FREDERICKSBURG.

Approaching the city from the southwest, we gain a fine view of the city and its defences; the height is crowned with a series of earthworks, and in front of them, tier on tier for two miles to near the city, forming an amphitheatre of about one quarter circle. We find our baggage a little southeast of the city, and go in camp on a gravel bottom, and are out of the mud.

May 16. Orders to turn in two guns; all batteries to be four guns. We reorganize our gun teams, repair, shoe horses, and are to report to the 5th Corps.

May 17. At 10 A.M., break camp, march ten miles on the Richmond plank road to near the river. Four New York batteries are in camp here.

May 18. At daylight, we go to the left to Anderson place to prevent a cavalry surprise; return at 2 P.M., and at sunrise the next morning cross the river and go in battery in some heavy works beside the road, directly in front of

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE,

which is in sight. Our position is in range of seventeen guns, from 1500 to 1700 yards off, and a line of rifle pits 500 or 600 yards in front, and only a skirmish line in our front.

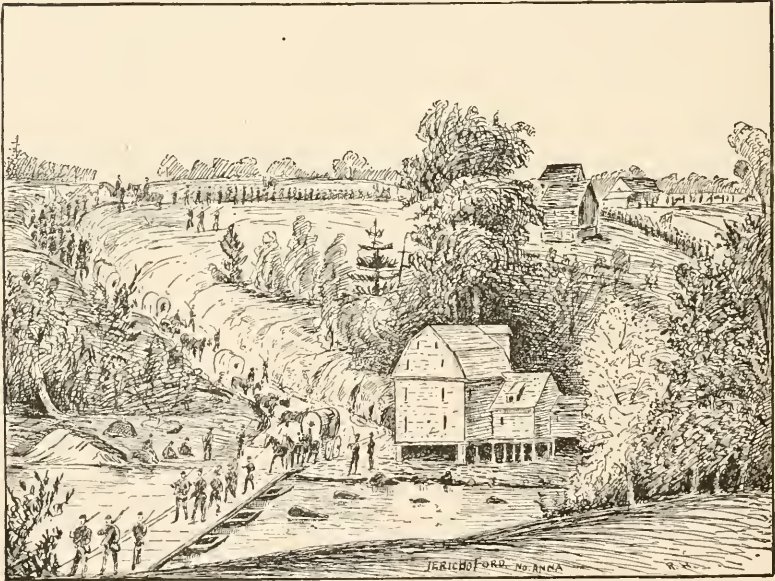
May 20, was a very quiet day, but about 5 P.M., we were startled by an attack in our rear. We were near the right of the line, and Gen. Early had moved by our right and well to the rear, hoping to capture our base of supplies. The opportune arrival of the heavy artillery saved us, but it seemed too near our rear for comfort; our supports were few but good, as the 9th, 22d, and 32d Massachusetts Regiments were near us.

May 21, Saturday. About 2 A.M. we are all called, and ordered to fill our embrasures with brush, as there is some movement among the enemy; and we haul out and go a mile to the rear, feed, breakfast, and prepare for the next order. At 10 A.M. we move to the left, and have gone but a short distance when the enemy, with two guns, open on the position we have just left; we do not mind it, but keep on our march, past Guiniss' Station on the F. & R. Railroad, cross the river — supposed to be the Po, branch of the Mattapony — on a bridge, the best we have crossed. The enemy were trying to destroy it, but two regiments of infantry

arrived in time to save it. We camp a short distance beyond, on the road to Hanover Court House.

May 22, Sunday. Hauled out at sunrise for one half mile. At 10 A.M. we are on the road again; cross the Ta; pass a soldier in gray shot beside the road. Soon came on the enemy's pickets, and a battery opened on our advance, but were soon driven, and we went on towards Hanover Court House, and at 4 P.M. go in park; rails are plenty.

May 23, Monday. At 6 A.M. we are with the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, on the road toward



NORTH ANNA RIVER,

above Hanover Junction. At Mt. Carmel Church an obstacle appears in the person of the enemy, and again we turn to the

right, and strike the river at Jericho Mills or Ford. The 1st Division ford the river; a canvas pontoon bridge is laid and five batteries of brass guns cross, and wind up a steep bluff. As soon as we reach the top we go in battery, and in two minutes we are at work. In one hour we used 170 rounds of ammunition. The enemy were about one half mile distant, concealed in the woods covering the railroad. We had been firing but a few minutes, when an officer rode out in our front, shouting, "Elevate your guns; you are firing into our own men." We were ordered to elevate for 800 yards. We could not see the enemy, and elevation was all we had to look out for, and our guns worked pretty briskly. Soon another division charged into the woods from our left, and we slackened our fire. We were in range and under a fire of musketry, and Corp. Lucian Sanderson was killed, shot through the ear; he was standing on the footboard, serving ammunition from the caisson. He died about midnight. We lay in battery all night; the men lay at their posts. The enemy's firing continued all night, and some of us lay with our heads toward it, so as not to stop any more minies than necessary. During the cannonading of over an hour, the roar was incessant; shot and shell were in the air all the time. Gen. Grant, in his dispatch, said it was the most voluminous firing he ever heard.

Our position was in the centre of the line in battle. Our officers were complimented by Gen. Cutler, of the 4th Division, 5th Corps, which advanced under our fire. This is the first time we have blackened our guns this campaign and we did it well. Some of our gun detachments are

nearly all new men, but the officers and non-commissioned officers found that their faithful work through the winter was effective.

May 24. This morning we move about one mile to the front and right, and occupy a knoll that was crowned by the enemy with a battery commanding the approach from Jericho Ford. We reversed their work and commanded the railroad and a range beyond. We see again the ever-welcome face of our quartermaster sergeant here, as he is our postmaster, and brings our seldom-received mail.

We occupy the battery till the morning of May 26, when we again commence our march down the North Anna to Quarles Ford, or about two miles down the river; crossed over a bridge to the north bank; parked about one half mile from the river. What next, we do not know, but can wait till we are wanted.

We hoped to lay here for a day or two, but at 5 P.M. we watered, fed, and at 7 P.M. were to be ready to move. At 6 we had a smart shower, and at 7 we hauled out, went one half mile, parked, and waited till 3 A.M.

May 27, went one mile and at 6 A.M. commenced our day's work, and at 11 P.M. we have had the hardest march of the season so far; twenty-three miles of Virginia roads is a long way. We awake in Brandywine, King William County, three miles from Pamunky River. Our camp is in a last year's cornfield; after a rain, mud. Some of our horses are used up, but with one or two changes we are ready for the march, and at 6 A.M., May 28, start for the river; cross at 10 A.M., and about one mile beyond we go in battery. We

give our horses a good feed of clover. This is said to be Newcastle, six miles below Hanover town, where the 2d and 6th Corps are lying.

May 29. We have advanced one mile, and again at night another.

May 30. Still advancing, but at 6 P.M. a skirmish commences on the right, and we are ordered back. The fight increases, and we are placed in an opening with forests on our right and left; we are not to fire unless the enemy breaks the line in our front, then we are to take care of them with canister. The crash of musketry is continuous; three rifled batteries crack their hard shells among the Confederates, and a brass battery rolls its spheres among them. Ammunition was laid by our guns ready for the opening, but our line held; the enemy were repulsed. So ended the battle of

BETHESDA CHURCH,

known as the "Bee Hive."

June 1. June 1, found us again going to the left; soon halt in some breastworks occupied by some Michigan troops, which soon advanced. We were nearly in range, and went back a short distance where the firing was pretty heavy, and went into the woods; but could not advance without cutting our way in, and we were ordered out. In one half hour we were ordered in again. We cut our way in for about one fourth mile, when we were ordered out again. We went back one half mile and took position, and remained all night.

At midnight a detail of two sergeants and twelve men under Capt. Bigelow and one lieutenant started for the picket line. We felt our way, left our horses back of a knoll, and went to the line and commenced throwing up a lunette for three guns. Occasionally a minie would zip near us, and as the day began to dawn they were more frequent. We were somewhat covered by the time the enemy discovered the fresh earth. It was not safe to be seen, as they were only 200 yards away. We did not occupy the battery, as the infantry said we could not keep a battery there and they could not save it.

June 3. We go toward the left with five batteries, park in a field in regular order; about 3 P.M., we get a heavy shower. The enemy discover us and commence to shell us. We get out and go to the right again, and have a narrow escape from their shot. In the night a detail is made to build a battery in the edge of the woods, and at daylight the right section occupy it and at noon we have used eighty-one rounds. The left section come up and go in on our right, but use only twelve rounds. Our position was very favorable, as we were in a hollow, with a plain in front, and were safe from their shot; scarcely a tree escaped their shot. Many of their shot ricocheted over the plain and cut off trees over our heads; case shot only troubled us. We have no forage for our horses — “nothing but leaves.” This engagement is known as

TOLOPOTOMY CREEK.

June 5, Sunday. Forage arrives and the forty-eight hours' fast is broken. No firing for twenty-four hours. We hear

axes in our rear and know we shall have to "get up and get" again ; and after dark we pull out and go to our caissons in the rear, and soon followed the 2d Division through woods about five miles to

COLD HARBOR.

We had no mail from the 9th of May till the 3d of June and only a delayed mail till the 7th of June. We are in camp repairing damages of wear and tear, and recruiting generally ; horses, harnesses, clothing, all to be repaired and cleaned.

When we started from our winter quarters, May 4, we were fresh ; some of our men were new, three fourths of our horses were new, and not so good as the year before ; our guns and equipments were the same ; our harnesses as good ; our clothing better, in being better fitted and cared for ; our rations good, and we could cook them better. One thing some of us had to learn on this campaign, as we had to in every one after lying in camp some time : to be regular in using our rations. Some of the boys went through theirs before night of the second day ; many others always had enough, and could spare a day's rations of hard bread to their less careful comrades, and no one of our boys ever went hungry more than one day. In my notes I do not find that we were short of our regular rations in the Battery.

Our work so far is quite wearing. We have not made a regular camp, till we came here, since we started ; we have pitched our tents several times, but not often regularly, and several times they were struck as soon as pitched. Our

marching has been by night more than by day, and it was wearing to men as well as horses, and our six days' rest is most acceptable to us all. We lost a few horses by glanders after we started, but none otherwise; most of our drivers care for their horses as well as themselves, and would rather be without rations than that their horses should go hungry. All our men came to this camp but two: — McCarty, broke his leg at Piney Grove Church, and Corp. Lucian Sanderson, killed at North Anna. Some are going to hospital from this camp.

Among the many pleasing things to remember, was one the 30th of May. It was said that there was some trouble with some of the Pennsylvania Reserves at the Wilderness; but at the battle at Bethesda Church we lay in battery behind them, on their last fight. The position was an important one, and for two hours the enemy assailed it; again and again they charged the point, but unflinchingly the Reserves held on, and at dark the assault had failed. The next morning they marched out of the works, their bands playing "The Campbells are coming, ho, ho," and "Star Spangled Banner"; and as their lines were formed to be mustered out, and the names called, to many the sergeant could step two paces to the front and answer, "Died at the post of duty."

At two different times we were out of forage, which was during change of base of supplies; the first change was to Fredericksburg; then farther down the Rappahannock to White House Landing; then James River. In the new sections the cavalry got all the corn there was and not much of that.

June 11. We break camp at 2 P.M., and march northeast three miles, then southeast four or five; cross the Richmond & West Point Railroad at the summit, and go about two miles beyond, and at 11 A.M. park.

June 12. Our camp is near Baltimore Crossroads until near 7.30 P.M., when we are again moving, over a good road for six miles, to near Long Bridge, across the Chickahominy River.

June 13. We cross at about 6 A.M., and turn to the right toward Richmond; we park about two miles farther up. We are with troops that are on picket against any surprise, and to cover the movement below. At 5 P.M. we haul out and return the way we came to Long Bridge, then turn to the right and make about twelve miles without much delay, arriving about 12, midnight, at camp. The morning of June 14, finds us encamped on Dr. Clark's plantation, near

CHARLES CITY COURT HOUSE.

We are in a beautiful country; extensive wheat fields are all around us; our camp is in one of twenty acres, good wheat, well filled, totally destroyed. Well, the enemy wont harvest much wheat or corn here this summer. The James River is one mile south of here; we hear the steamers blowing off steam.

We were called at 1 A.M., June 16, and at sunrise we start for the river, past Charles City Court House to Wilcox Landing or Swine Ford; past a house and landing called

Wine Oaks; out on a sand bar to the end of the longest pontoon bridge ever laid. We all dismounted and led our horses across, and we felt better when we were on *terra firma* again. We marched about one mile and parked early in the forenoon; unharnessed, groomed, fed, and prepared for a long march. About 5 P.M. we are on the road, going west and southwest all night. About daylight we begin to hear musketry and artillery firing, increasing and sounding nearer until we halt, about 7 A.M.

June 17. The night was hot and dusty, and we were tired. Until 11 A.M., we wait and rest as well as we can. Again we move, still nearer the enemy, until occasionally a shell or shot comes bounding by us, tearing up the ground. Here we lay in reserve, with several other batteries, all night. The shot of the enemy annoyed us somewhat. I remember one coming over my gun and caisson, and striking the ground twenty yards in the rear, in a regiment of infantry lying down, killing two men.

PETERSBURG.

June 18. June 18 finds us before Petersburg, and as the sun rose hot the firing increased. We were ordered to the left and to take position on a road running southeast from Petersburg — the Suffolk plank road. As we were approaching our position, one shot cut the throats of the pole horses on the left piece, and we had to commence work with three guns. In a few minutes the fourth gun opened, but we were at long range, and probably did small execution. We

only used sixteen rounds, when we were ordered to another position. We crossed the Norfolk Railroad on a bridge covered with poles, and halted in a place that was swept by the enemy's guns; soon countermarched, and behind a slight ridge lay till 4 P.M., when we are ordered in again. Three batteries start, one halts, and only the 9th Mass. and 15th New York, Capt. Hart, go in. We trot down a wood road one eighth of a mile, that was swept by a fire of musketry, down a slope, through a ravine, up another slope, going in battery before we reach the summit, and running our guns by hand to the front, until our range is clear. We open immediately and vigorously, firing as fast as possible. The infantry are swarming back through our line, and it looks like a repulse. We work with all our might; we must check the counter charge or we are lost, as we cannot get out very easily. Our guns are getting hot; they are recoiling down the hill, but we run them to the front every time, and hold our position. The right gun, of which the writer was chief, was well served by Gunner Hall, and met with only slight casualties. The second, Sergt. Lowell, with Gunner Lincoln, alternated its shot with the first; but early in the action, while sighting his gun, Gunner Lincoln was shot in the mouth, falling backwards alongside the trail of the gun. As he fell, his head lay in his hat, which was full of blood. He was carried to the rear, and at night buried in his rubber blanket. Lieut. Milton orders up Corp. Manning, who serves the gun.

The left section, Lieut. Foster, with Sergts. Park and Dawes, also held its place and kept up its fire. Sergts. Park

and Dawes went a little to the front to get a better view of the enemy, when Sergt. Dawes fell, struck in the bowels, and was carried from the field to a field hospital near our position; he died the 21st at 7 A.M. There were three others slightly wounded, but no others disabled. One horse killed and one wounded.

After using about 200 rounds, the enemy's fire slackened, and Capt. Bigelow ordered us to entrench our position; the drivers assist in bringing rails, and by dark we are quite well covered.

There are a few incidents, connected with this afternoon, that I have never seen in history, but will record here, in which President Chamberlain of Bowdoin College was a prominent actor. One part of it is taken from the *Congregationalist* of Boston; the other from a letter of Maj. Bigelow, commanding the Battery at that time.

At the dedication of the new Memorial Hall at Bowdoin College, July 12, 1882, one of the speakers was Gen. Ellis Spear, formerly commissioner of patents at Washington. He drew a graphic sketch of the charge at Petersburg, Va., under command of Gen. Chamberlain, who was then a general in the army before Richmond. It was a time when the Confederate batteries on the heights at Petersburg were harassing the Union forces, and it was necessary that they should be silenced. Gen. Chamberlain was selected as the one man most fit to lead an attack upon them. He was told what was wanted of him, and he asked what plan had been made. 'A direct assault,' was the reply. Wishing to understand his ground, Gen. Chamberlain rode out to reconnoitre, and found, in the route which must be taken for a direct assault, that there was a railroad cut, some twelve or fifteen feet deep, in which wires had been strung to impede and entangle the soldiers, should

they advance that way. They would be thrown into confusion and be subject to a pitiless fire while helpless in the cut. So Gen. Chamberlain took another course. Leading his men in a detour, he formed them in shelter of woods at the nearest point possible to the batteries frowning from the heights of Petersburg. Then the order for attack was given, and the soldiers rushed toward the enemy. A terrible fire was opened upon them. Three times was Gen. Chamberlain's horse shot under him. Then he himself received a shot, going completely through both hips. He was unhorsed, but he stood his ground, though unable to walk. He was bleeding copiously. His boots filled with blood and his pantaloons were saturated. As he grew weaker, he thrust his sword into the ground and leaned upon it, still holding his position and encouraging his men. Becoming weaker still from loss of blood, and unable to stand with that support, he sank upon his knees, but still kept the upright position and encouraged his men. Then he fell prostrate entirely, wholly unable to keep erect. Soldiers came to his aid. "No," he said, "I am too far gone. You can do nothing for me. Help the others." But they lifted him on a stretcher and carried him away. Scarcely had they moved him, when a shell struck the ground near, buried itself and exploded, throwing upon the spot where he had lain a great mass of earth, which would have completely covered and killed him if he had not been moved. On that stretcher he was taken to Fortress Monroe, and his severe wounds dressed, but he had a slow recovery.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 7, 1885.

L. W. BAKER, *Dear Sergeant*:—

You will recollect we followed Gen. Chamberlain's charge on the gallop up the hill. We stopped at the crest, about on a line and 300 yards from the enemy's works; we fired across an intervening depression. As Gen. Chamberlain charged across this in order to reach their line of works opposite us, they received a raking fire from a masked battery in a clump of trees. Some of them became demoralized and fell back; many came in through

our battery. I tried to find out from the stragglers whether any infantry remained in our front to protect us against a counter charge, as the railroad cut in our rear prevented our getting away. They were too frightened to reply. I called Lieut. Milton, and together we stopped over 100, made them lay down and load up; with these we held our position till dark. While engaged in stopping the infantry, word was brought to me that Gen. Chamberlain lay in our front, badly wounded. I sent word to the ambulance to take the stretcher and bring him in, my informant acting as guide. When they reached the General, he told the men to let him go, he was too severely wounded to live, and to take some of the others about him more fortunate. Our men replied (he told me), "We cannot do that, sir; Capt. Bigelow's order to us was to bring you back, and that is what we must do." This scene was enacted under a heavy musketry fire, and a life of great subsequent usefulness saved.

Signed, JOHN BIGELOW.

Also, I received a letter from Sergt. J. H. Manning, of which this is an extract:—

ARGYLE PARK, CHICAGO, March 5, 1887.

In regard to the Petersburg fight, on the 17th of June, I believe [should be the 18th], I was given charge of some extra caissons to take to the rear. As soon as I got them put out of harm's way, I started for the front. Meeting an infantryman with rifle and ammunition, who was wounded, took them, went out in front of Lincoln's gun and stood up in the bushes doing a little sharpshooting at a gun under a tree in our front; as soon as the cartridge box was empty, I came back and found Lincoln was killed. I took his place, and filled it the rest of the day. The sharpshooter that hit him was in the same tree, but I could not get him. Several infantrymen in the vicinity of the gun were shot with small rifle balls, and the first time I sighted the gun a bullet split itself on the cap square, spattering minute particles of lead in my face.

Signed, J. H. MANNING.

The following letter was written by one intimate with Gunner Lincoln, and gives much of the last day of his life.

CROYDEN, IND., March 4, 1887.

Our night march from the pontoon bridge across the James River to the newly formed position in front of Petersburg, was without doubt one of the severest trials of the campaign of 1864. Weary and worn out, we arrived upon the soil which was to swallow, from that day (June 15th) on, so many precious lives. During the night we marched side by side conversing with each other in low, husky, muffled tones, as if the awful solemnity of the coming day, with all its terrors, were already upon us. Levi Lincoln marched alongside of me the greater portion of the night, discussing the probabilities of the near future of the Army of the Potomac. The first streak of daylight, instead of rest, brought unmistakable signs of coming strife. Occasional picket shots proved to us the sure forerunner of general action near at hand, and the lapse of another hour verified our most terrible expectations. Soon the whole line was enveloped in smoke. Our Battery, yet located upon the spot which terminated our night march, soon received orders to change position and was destined during a long midsummer forenoon to move to and fro under the iron hail of an infuriated foe; the bouncing and ricocheting of solid shot literally ploughing the soil; shells bursting in mid air, and bullets by the thousand whizzing around our tired and weary, yet fastly moving forms. Noon brought us an hour's rest. We had moved close to the line of action across the Norfolk Railroad; the roadbed was a deep cut, crossed by a wooden, rough-looking bridge. This bridge we crossed, to halt immediately upon the other side. Weary and exhausted, hungry and thirsty, I threw myself down upon the ground on the left and upper side of the crossing. Our group consisted of the members of the second detachment, of course, Levi Lincoln included in the number. My shot pouch was slung around my right side, ready for action. Weary and tired, sleep made itself visible upon several faces, that of myself not excepted. Levi Lincoln, who was

stretched full length alongside of me, noticing my drowsiness, said, "Goodnight, George, you will soon be roused again." I dozed awhile. When I waked up, my olfactory nerves were offended by a most pestiferous odor near or about my person. Levi Lincoln and Murphy were the first to detect the cause of my perfume dilemma, on my pouch, which happened to bear the marks of a very prominent constituent part of the bed whereon I rested. My whole detachment joined in boisterous laughter, but, alas! one of them laughed his last — it was Levi Lincoln.

To draw the general attention away from myself and rid myself of the bitterness of the joke, I passed a few remarks about the railroad alongside of which we were resting, saying, that it was "dead stock." While saying this, I took my watch out of my pocket, and finding it stopped, passed the additional remark, "and so is my watch dead;" whereupon Levi answered, "Perhaps some of *us* will be dead before many hours, or even minutes." Drawing his time-piece from his pocket, he said, "It is half past one o'clock." "So," I said, "your watch is alive yet; you had better will it to me in case you should be numbered among those you doom to such an early death by your conjectures." "You shall in such a case have it," he answered. "All right," was my cheerful reply, little suspecting that our jokes turned upon the stern pivot of truth, and only a very short time was to intervene between them and their verification. My last answer had hardly escaped my lips when Charley Reed's clarion notes called us to action.

Our piece during that afternoon's action stood almost upon the brow of a ridge. The slope to the rear caused our piece to recoil considerably. Coming up the hill from the ammunition chest, I saw Levi fall backwards in a continued straight line with the gunstock. Not knowing how far his injuries extended, my first fear was that another discharge of our piece would cause additional harm; I therefore warned No. 4 not to fire till we had him moved out of the reach of the next recoil; but, turning around, my gaze fell on the rigid form of our already departed gunner. He wore a light cream colored wool hat — it was half full of blood. As mentioned above, he had fallen straight back and was lying with his

head down hill; the back of his head held his hat, which had slipped off his forehead, in such a position as to render it a recipient of all the blood which flowed from his half-open mouth.

So ended Levi Lincoln, the gunner of Sergt. Nelson Lowell's detachment. He was a perfect pattern of morality, noble impulse and unflinching patriotism. A comrade full of fraternal love, he never to my knowledge wronged any one and was warmly loved and highly respected by all.

N. B. Levi Lincoln was interred close to the infantry breastworks in our immediate rear, wrapped in his india rubber. A few days afterward, we exhumed his body and buried him under a large tree, side by side with Sergt. Dawes, who fell about or near the same time.

GEO. H. MADER.

After Sergt. Dawes died, we brought him and Gunner Lincoln to near our camp and buried them under a large tree. Each of their graves was marked by a board with their full name on it; also a fence was built around their resting place. Their bodies were afterwards taken to Massachusetts.

After dark we go back about two miles, where we make camp, groom, feed, supper, sleep.

June 19, in the morning, we go to the same place of our fight the night before; find a good breastwork well filled with infantry; we use about twelve rounds during the day. We have to keep low as the minies are humming all the time. We also dig a place for our horses and limbers, as the distance was such that balls coming just over the breastworks skimmed the ground down the hill, and men were killed lying down ten yards back of the works.

Again we go to the rear for the night, and June 20, about 9 of a foggy morning, we go up to our old place in the breast-

works and quietly remain until about 6 o'clock. A heavy gun in the enemy's works, 600 yards distant, protected by a heavy earthwork, opened, and the shot went over and a mile to our rear, near where some trains were passing. We all sprang from the ground, and the order came, "Load with solid shot; don't fire without orders." The chief of the right gun had been watching this earthwork for two days, and wanted to try it; the embrasure seemed to be six feet deep. He went to Lieut. Milton and asked permission to shell it. He was referred to the Captain, who gave him permission. A couple of solid shot proved the distance correct, and as shell followed shell, the enemy only replied with musketry, which was answered by the regiments with Sharpe's rifles. The twelfth shell finished the embrasure, and it is said dismounted the gun. As shell after shell burst in the embrasure, the infantry cheered and enjoyed it as much as we did.

As this was the first time we had had a chance for nice work, we improved it. The gun detachment was compli-

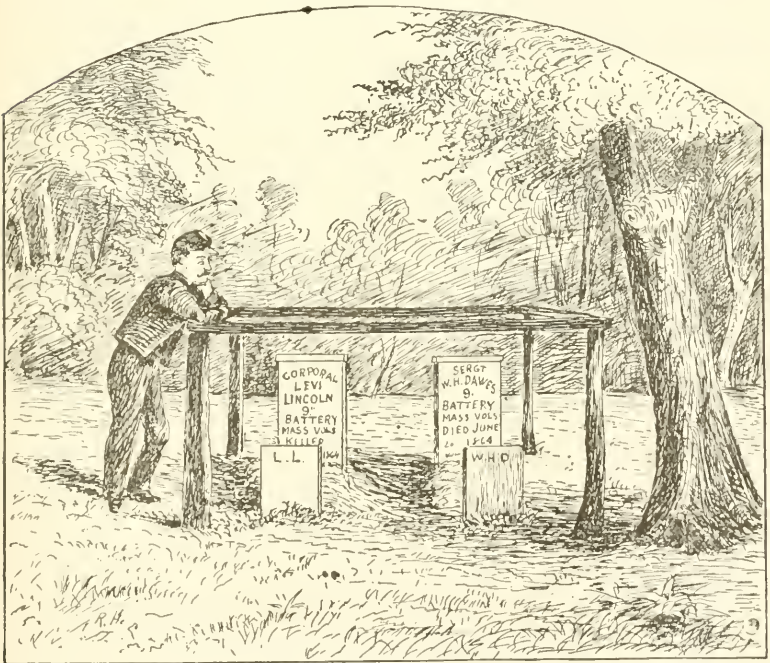
mented by both captain and lieutenant, and some of the infantry officers said it was the best firing they ever saw.

We returned to camp after dark, where we remain two days — welcome days, as our mail comes now quite regularly. We improve all our leisure in answering our letters, cleaning up,



washing and mending. We have to keep in readiness to move at a moment's notice. As an example: the 22d we were in a state of alarm; sharp skirmishing all night. About dark there was a heavy charge, and another at 11. We harnessed at 6 P.M., unharnessed at 8, harnessed again at 11, unharnessed at 1 A.M.

While we were here, one of our artists made a picture of the tree and spot where Sergt. Dawes and Gunner Lincoln were buried. It was afterwards photographed and many copies are preserved.



June 24, we haul out and take our line of march to the left. At 6 A.M. we cross the Norfolk Railroad, and soon come to the ground where the 2d Corps were engaged the 23d and lost a battery, also many prisoners. About 8 P.M. we go into a battery, and relieve the 6th Maine. Our horses were sent to the rear; our guns, with two extra chests of ammunition, were left in the battery.

In the morning we see where we are. The battery covers 500 yards of the Jerusalem plank road, a large range of picket lines, and one half mile of heavy earthworks, well armed. It was said that sixteen guns fired on this battery two days before. Five hundred yards in our front, and on the right of the plank road, was the celebrated "Fort Sedgwick," better known at that time as "Fort Hell." Our works were not very strong, but we strengthened them by night until they were seven feet high and strong in proportion.

The picket firing was pretty sharp for two days, then a truce was made between the pickets, who were in speaking distance in some places. They exchanged papers, traded tobacco for coffee. Said Johnny to Bucktail, "Let's go over to Petersburg on a time today." Said Bucktail to Johnny, "Wait a few days; then I'll go."

July 8. There was considerable shelling across our front, and occasionally a few would come over our way. One burst, striking Adolphus Schermer in the breast, making a severe wound. Also the pickets engaged in a little brush, just to keep their hand in, but we were not troubled further.

The evening of the 11th, the Pennsylvania Bucktails were relieved, and for two hours halted near our Battery. A sergeant came over to my tent, and kept me awake two hours telling stories of the picket line. Among others, said a negro picket to a Johnny, "I commence in de morning and fight you well till noon; den after dinner I fight you right smart till night; den, if I don't whip ye, I commence in de morning and fight ye hard all day; and ye had better bring y'r grub along with y'r."

July 13. Wednesday evening we move from our battery to a fort in our rear, about 300 feet square, called

FORT DAVIS,

after Col. Davis of the 39th Mass., who was killed a few days ago on our left. The parapet is at least twelve feet high, and broad in proportion, all of earth taken from the moat. Our guns are pointing south, on platforms eight feet high, but too small and soft to work well. A few trees are standing in the fort, and poles and brush are brought in, and we make an arbor that makes our tents more comfortable during the day; the days are hot, the mornings cool; we have to draw up our blankets around us and shiver.

Capt. Bigelow has gone to the rear, is sick; we hear Lieut. Prescott is sick; also that Lieut. Reed is trying to get discharged; only Lieuts. Milton and Foster are at the front now. We are having an easy time: drill one hour easily, guard six hours in four days; also we are getting some vegetables, which we sadly need.

Sunday, 17th. A chaplain held service in the fort; about fifty were present. The surroundings were peculiar, as a battery was firing off to our right, and the shrieking and bursting of shells are not parts of regular church service.

The enemy lets us know every few days where they are by throwing a few shell over us, but we have had no casualties, since we have been here. Our caisson camp is one and one half miles to the rear, but since we have had vegetables soup is made at camp and brought to the fort. Our water was not good, but a well has been dug in the fort, so we are better off now; also at camp of caissons, we dug a well about twenty-four feet deep.



Many of our men at the front are not well and are under the doctor's care, but choose to remain at the front and do the light duty, rather than to go to the rear or hospital.

July 19. From the 5th of June to the 19th of July we have not had rain enough to lay the dust; now a bountiful rain is falling. Our record also says, Gen. Warren is here every day; is not satisfied with the progress of fortifying. Col. Lyle is in command here, and no regular engineer in charge. Our duties are light, just enough to keep us ready for any emergency. Sutlers are establishing themselves about here, which is a good sign that the paymaster has left Washington for the army. As an example of prices we have to pay for the extras we sometimes buy, the following is a partial list at this time and place: Flour, .06 per lb.; potatoes, .10; onions, .06; cheese, .50; butter, .75; tea, \$2.40; shoe blacking, small size, .15.

July 29. The work of fortifying is done, and now the care of our quarters is impressed on us by the following order:—

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIGADE, 3D DIVISION, 5TH ARMY CORPS.

July 29, 1864.

General Orders. No. 17.

The following police and sanitary regulations for the command will be strictly carried out and regimental commanders will be held responsible for their thorough observance by the men.

Each regimental camp will be thoroughly policed every morning between the hours of five (5) and six (6) o'clock, under the personal supervision of a commissioned officer appointed for that purpose by the regimental commander.

The ground will be swept clean and all offal, garbage and dirt collected and carried outside of the fort and deposited in sink holes dug for that purpose by each regiment.

The sink holes will be at least one hundred (100) yards from the fort, and will be from six (6) to eight (8) feet deep, four (4) feet wide and six (6) feet long.

Every regiment will be furnished with boxes and barrels for each company, to hold dirt, slops, garbage, urine, etc.

No refuse matter whatever will be thrown on the ground, but will be placed in the boxes and barrels, which will be emptied into the sink holes twice daily, viz. : between the hours of five (5) and six (6) o'clock in the morning, and six (6) and seven (7) in the evening.

No officer or man will be allowed to urinate within the walls of the fort in the daytime. At night urinals may be used.

Each regiment will have sinks dug at not less than one hundred (100) yards from the fort. These sinks will be at least twenty (20) feet in length, and will be properly fitted up and screened. A thin layer of dirt will be thrown into the sinks and sink holes every morning, until they are filled, when new ones will be dug.

A sink for the exclusive use of officers of the brigade will be also furnished.

The colonel commanding the brigade, knowing that all officers and men must see the necessity of a strict observance of the above regulations in the present crowded state of the command, expects prompt and cheerful compliance with all measures he may adopt to promote comfort, cleanliness, and prevent disease.

This order will be read to each company in the command.

By command of Col. Peter Lyle, commanding brigade,

BYRON PORTER,

Capt. & A. A. G.

We do not see that much progress is being made in our work, yet we feel that some movement is coming soon.

July 30, at 2.30 A.M., we were called, and ordered to man our guns immediately; no fires were to be made. In ten minutes we were ready and officers and men waited for orders.

About 4 30 A.M. a low, muffled rumbling, or dull explosion, was heard and felt that shook the ground. Immediately a hundred guns opened with a crash, and for two hours the roar was incessant. The enemy in front of us opened in a few minutes, and threw their shot far off to our right; we were not troubled. The fire gradually slackened, till about 9 A.M., when it ceased, except a short artillery duel occasionally. Thus ended with us the famous mine explosion, The fort blown up was about 1,000 yards from our position, June 18, 19 and 20. Many of us visited the lines next day.

August 6, we were paid off, and money is plenty in camp now; some lost at the gaming table, some fooled
Aug. 6. away, debts paid, and many articles of comfort bought, and a little store kept for emergencies. A little money is handy to have, but a large amount is too troublesome; borrowers are too plenty. A few will drink too much, and a few will gamble, and some have got a taste for it since enlisting; but most want each man to have the full benefit of what money he earns as wages. Sunday evening, August 7, the acting orderly sergeant saw too many signs of gambling, and laid plans for a raid. When the lookouts were all quiet, and the streets of the camp were dark, he found it in full blast; and in sixty seconds had Lieut. Milton looking down on the board and ordering them to pass him that money and those cards, which was done; and he put them in his pockets with six dollars. Well, there were some strong words muttered, and that sergeant was remembered in them the remainder of that night, but sunrise and duties of the next day ended the matter. The money was spent for sani-

tary rations and distributed among all the men at the fort. Some would not take anything bought with that money. The next time rations were drawn, extra sugar was bought with some of the money; they all took their share and thought somebody had made a mistake.

August 11. Capt. Bigelow has gone home on sick leave. Last night there was considerable firing, and some over us; one shell struck the fort below the parapet, but did no damage. The provoking cause is a working party who are building a heavy battery on the right of the road in front of us, near where the picket line crosses the road. The enemy fear it will trouble them by and by, so they annoy them all they can.

August 14. The chaplains of the various regiments hold religious services every Sabbath near here; sometimes in the fort. Quite a number of our men attend.

Most of our work is fatigue duty. Nothing that may make the place unhealthy is left here. Night and morning we police our camp thoroughly, and all is carried out of the fort. We fear heavy showers, as many places have been filled with sand—that is, quicksand—when it rains.

August 15. Last night we had a heavy shower. The fort was flooded; the ground was covered one or two inches deep, and we lost many of our comforts, and some of our necessities of life, but we kept dry, as we had our bunks raised from the ground. At 10 P.M. we received orders to leave the fort, quite unexpected to us. There had been mistakes made in building the fort, and many of us got in the ditches, which were filled with quicksand; some men could not get

out alone. At 2 A.M. the Battery came to relieve us, and we hauled out. We had hard work; horses and guns got into the ditches, and had to be doubled up to get out, but about 3, we were in the camp of the caissons.

CAMP WELL IN THE WOODS.

It is a relief to be at the rear; we can rest some if we have to work more. We are again busy cleaning, repairing, getting ready for — what next?

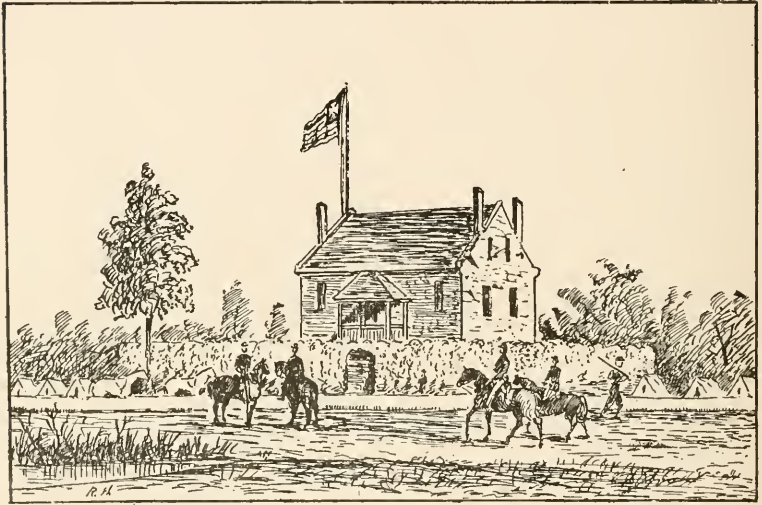
Tuesday, we had a shower which made our camp one sheet of water; again, August 17, Wednesday, a heavy shower. About midnight a cannonade opened and extended the whole length of the line. The roar was incessant, the bursting of shells sharp above the roar; for one hour it was kept up, then died away.

At 3 A.M., August 18, we were ordered out, at 5.30 broke camp, and at 7 joined the 5th Corps, a mile in our rear, and turned toward the left, on the plank road; about three miles again toward the west, by Dr. Guthrie's house, to Yellow Tavern, a station on the

WELDON RAILROAD.

We had heard skirmishing for half an hour. Now we hear the crack of the three-inch rifles, followed by the heavier boom of the brass Napoleons of the 3d Mass. About 2 P.M. we were ordered in position on the east side of the railroad, about 150 yards from it. As we advanced, a sharp shower

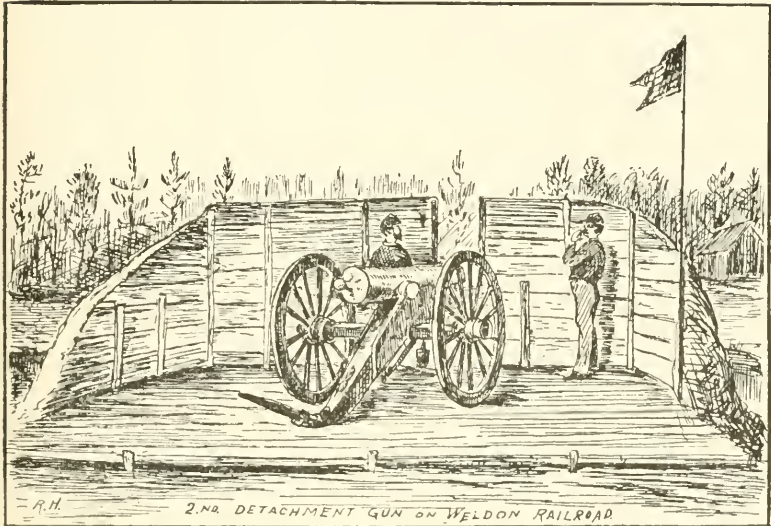
came over and made the ground soft. One of the 3d Mass. cannoneers was carried by us, with his arm shattered by premature explosion of his piece. It did not seem pleasant,



but it made us more careful. We went in battery in a corn-field, and threw twelve solid shot towards the enemy. It was so soft we could not direct our fire, and we were ordered forward; went through the field and went in battery on a plain 600 yards from the woods in front, occupied by the enemy's skirmishers.

There were five or six batteries in line with us; we shelled the enemy's position at the Allen house behind the woods; we could only see the smoke of their firing. We shelled them till they stopped, then took our spades and threw up a lunette for our guns; also we got planks from a tobacco house

in our rear and made platforms for our guns, and at 9 P.M. turned into our rubber blankets. Our casualty was one man slightly wounded, Cornelius F. Sexton. The rain continued through the night and part of the next day.



August 19 dawned and we were early astir, and found a good breastwork in front of us. We got what lumber we wanted, and made our platforms large and comfortable. About 3 P.M. skirmishing began. We shelled the woods far to our right to dislodge the skirmishers of the enemy, but we did not effect much as our skirmishers were forced to retire. Also the line in front of us broke or were flanked and retired. Soon we saw a column of the enemy marching by the flank toward the rear of the brigade

on our right. Gen. Griffin, a little ways in our rear, first saw them, and rode up, saying: "See those Rebs? Fire on them, — shell, case, solid shot, anything; ricochet them in, give it to them!" And we did, as fast as we could load. There was probably a brigade, as they carried two flags; soon not one was to be seen. Some of the 1st Brigade, 3d Div., 5th Corps were captured, some of the 39th Mass. and 16th Maine. So ended the second day.

We have been so busy that we do not know our neighbors, but when we visit them we find the situation as follows: We are nearly at the right of the 5th Corps, our right gun is at the right of the front line of works; the 16th Maine Regiment continues the line towards the rear, and about 400 yards to the rear the 9th Corps joins our right. On our left, the 5th New York Regiment carries the line towards the rear about 100 yards to Battery D, 5th U. S.; then another regiment continues the line towards the front, where are Batteries B and H, 1st New York, on a line with us pointing north toward Petersburg; and then the line turns south, with Capt. Hart's 15th Independent New York Battery, and one other facing west. The railroad was about the centre of these works between Batteries D, 5th U. S., and B, 1st New York. The irregular shape of the works was because of the depressions of the ground.

August 21, Sunday morning. A quiet day was yesterday; fair weather again. We are anticipating a quiet day, and many are preparing to write letters, as it has been so wet we could not do so. About 8 A.M., there was some commotion on our left. We jumped on our breastworks and saw a line

of battle advancing. The enemy were met by a heavy fire from two batteries facing the left, or west; they soon broke and we saw two battleflags moving to the woods. Then a line of batteries opened in their rear, and for an hour we were under the heaviest enfilading fire we ever experienced; but most fortunately but few shell burst. A large number buried in the ground between our limber and guns; one struck immediately under Lieut. Milton and buried in the soft wet ground; he passed on, saying, "a miss is as good as a mile." One shell passed through the tarpaulin of the first gun on the left; cutting a sleeve out of an overcoat near the next gun; cutting the prolonge off the next gun; yet no one was hit, and no other damage was done. Considerable talk was made because the enemy fired railroad iron at us. A piece was picked up near our front, but it proved to be a piece broken out of a rail by a cannon ball striking it sidewise. Very soon after, the enemy made another attack still further to our left, but were repulsed with considerable loss.

About 10, we were again startled by their appearing in our immediate front; coming out, forming line of battle for a charge, and lying down while the second line was forming. Gen. Griffin, of the 1st Division, was near; being a regular artillery officer, said, "Give them case shot; ricochet them right in!" Our canister were brought up and laid beside the guns, and soon we had case shot skipping along to their lines. They were cut so as to burst in front of them, and eighty-four rounds was all they could stand. Batteries B and H, New York, had an oblique fire on them, but Battery D, 1st U. S., could not see them.

The lines of battle never advanced, but threw out skirmishers about 300 yards, with orders to pick off the gunners of that battery (ours). The fire was so severe that the line broke; the skirmishers were covered by a ditch, and could not retire nor show themselves. Some of them came in as prisoners and told us of their orders.

When the enemy's line appeared, most of our guns had no case shot, but orders had gone to the caissons for fresh limbers, and in the excitement some of the guns fired canister. Some of the officers in the 5th New York Regiment were worried because the left gun did not fire. They were told, "We shall not waste our canister now; they will not go half way there, and we shall want them by and by; a solid shot will do no more good than a musket ball, and will embolden them more." Just then the limber came up, and the case shot were cut one second time.

Later in the day, the 9th Corps were engaged, and a brigade, in which were the 57th and 59th Mass. Regiments, suffered severely and lost some prisoners.

For some time we have been troubled with diarrhœa, and some cases of chills. It was reported among us that the enemy had got us now where they wanted us, and that soon malaria would carry us off faster than the fighting had done. Our water was bad, but soon we had wells that gave us good water, and quinine and whisky was served pretty regularly through August and September, and some of us were served with quinine pills.

September 2. We have been quietly lying in battery in
Sept. 2. the same place; our caissons came up, and we
were all together. At midnight we were ordered
to be ready to march. At 2 A.M. we hauled out, went
across the railroad and down the pike towards Reams Station.
The 3d Division, 5th Corps, filed in before us, the cavalry
being in the advance, and made a reconnoissance toward the
west, through forests which were supposed to cover the
enemy. Scarcely a shot was heard all the morning. About
two miles below, the infantry massed in an opening on the
right of the road, and the cavalry advanced into a piece of
woods, but found no enemy. We returned to near the left
of the front line, and another reconnoissance was made, but
no enemy found.

Those who were mounted saw a beautiful sight at sunrise.
A low-lying fog covered the ground; as we passed over a rise,
a camp of our own came in sight, and we saw it over the fog.
It seemed to be a great way off, and the tents looked as
large as houses, and some standing chimneys twenty feet
high seemed to be one hundred feet. We were all puzzled at
first about it.

About 7 o'clock, we had orders to go back to camp, but we
did not go in battery there; we remained in park. About 2
P.M., orders came to break camp, and we took our line of
march south, by Yellow Tavern, one mile to a new, square-
bastioned fort, which commanded the southwest angle of our
lines.

We find the fort about one half done; one bastion only
was finished. We placed our guns in the best positions in

the fort, the right gun in the salient of the bastion, commanding from northwest to southwest, and the second in the other angle to the southwest. The sand was so soft that we could not work our guns. The next morning, Lieut. Milton saw the difficulty, and, at the suggestion of one of his sergeants, ordered a floor of poles to be laid. The first detachment commenced the platform for the gun, and before it was done, Gen. Warren came around, and seeing our work, asked the sergeant if the platform was large enough, who said the gun would recoil off of it. He then ordered the engineers to make it larger. Hardly a day passed without his visiting the fort. It was a fine, strong work, but they were slow about it. The General found fault with the engineers because they were so slow. Said he, one day, "You don't know how soon you will have to drop the spade and take your guns; we may be attacked any moment, and here you sit around and do as little as you can. I don't believe a man will stand up and fight that will not work at a time like this." At another time, he was passing near, when one of our men was told to relieve another; he said he had been at work all the morning. Gen. Warren said, "Before the war a man had to work ten hours a day."

The fort seemed to be a rendezvous for officers; Gen. Grant was there several times. At one time I saw Gen. Grant and his father; another, Gen. Grant and Gen. Wallace met Gen. Warren on the parapet for half an hour.

In the current news of the day, we frequently see something to connect us with something we saw a quarter of a century ago. The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* of January

20, 1885, has the following interview with Gen. Wallace, in which he says: "In July, 1864, after I was restored to the command of the Department of Maryland, by telegraph from Gen. Grant, I received by mail a private note from him, inviting me, when my department was clear of Rebels, to visit him at City Point for a couple of weeks, bringing my horse; which I did, spending two weeks there as his guest."

Sunday, the 25th of September, at about 3.30, Gens. Grant, Mead, Humphreys, Warren, Senator Washburn of Illinois, and Secretary Seward, came to the fort and appeared to be in consultation for an half hour.

September 28. There was a flag raising in the fort, called

FORT DUCHESNE;

named after a colonel of a New Jersey regiment killed near here. We have a fine magazine here, bomb proof; first, logs, then railroad iron, then earth and logs outside.

In the afternoon we signed the pay rolls for two months. At night had orders to be ready to march at 4 A.M.; at midnight, were called to be paid; at 3 A.M., called to breakfast of baked beans; 4.30, horses came to fort; at 6.30, Gregg's cavalry began to file past down the Halifax road; about one half mile below, formed en masse, part going towards Reams Station, and were engaged till after dark. The enemy used artillery and blew up one caisson. We unharnessed at 7 P.M.; quiet all night. We now feel uneasy, not knowing whether we are going to stay here or go; we only stay here; our home is broken up.

October 5. About 4 P.M., we had orders to pack up, and
Oct. 5. in forty minutes we were hauling out and went
about two miles to the right to

FORT HOWARD,

relieving the 11th Mass. Battery, which is to join its corps, the 9th, which has gone to Poplar Grove Church. We much prefer going into new works and camps, as they are much cleaner. This was much better than the average, but we were glad to get out.

We have been living pretty well, and as the weather grows cooler we can thrive on our rations. Our health is better, and we do our work easier; the water does not hurt us so much; malaria has disappeared, and only a few men are in the hospital now. By reference to data, we find that at this time we had to pay five cents for small apples; twelve cents per pound for potatoes; onions, fifteen cents; cheese, fifty to sixty cents; butter, eighty cents, etc.

October 15. Five recruits came; one of them was discharged from the Battery for disability in the spring of '63.

October 19. An old man was discharged. He was too enfeebled to do our duty, and the commanding officer sent for the surgeon to examine him. Surgeon came; old man was sent for; appeared, hat in hand, white head uncovered; officer said he was of no use as he could not do duty. "How old are you?" — "Sixty-two." — "How old did you enlist for?" — "Forty-three."

October 22. The Battery was reorganized today; six detachments; expect to have two more guns.

There are lookouts all along the lines from the James River to this place. There is one in front of this fort, a large, high pine tree; rough ladders are made on it, and we go up sixty or seventy feet; can see the enemy's works from it. We sometimes go out there and look around; can see movements quite a distance, and the picket lines for a mile or more.

October 25. Orders were received about 2 P.M., to haul out and go to camp of caissons. In the morning, orders came to put everything in marching order to move the next night. At 9 P.M., we were ordered to be ready to move at 5 A.M. At daylight we started; went to the yellow house, where we joined the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 5th Corps, and moved toward the South Side Railroad by Fort Cummings, occupied by the 11th Mass. Battery. We were in the woods all the way; only small clearings, not a half mile across.

We halted at Armstrong's plantation, near the mill on

HATCHER'S RUN.

We went to the bank of the run, and built a bridge and causeway, but did not cross, but covered the 3d Division, 5th Corps. The 2d Corps recrossed during the night and morning after their disaster. We went in battery and covered the crossing, and retired by sections for about a mile, until we gained the cover of the woods. A short distance beyond the run was said to be a gallows, on which a Union man was hung with a grape vine.

Mr. Armstrong, a typical resident of the country, outside the lines, was a man over sixty; too old and feeble to be of use in the army, but whose sons were there. He said he bought a barrel of flour in Petersburg a few days before, paying \$400 for it in Confederate money.

Just before we gained the cover of the woods, the enemy came out in a skirmish line to the other side of the run, and shouted, yelled; tried to frighten somebody.

We followed the 3d Division home, going in camp about 2 o'clock. The Battery wagon, forge and baggage wagons, with the men of the two other detachments which had been sent to City Point, soon rejoined us.

ISLAND CAMP.

Our officers chose a knoll, almost surrounded by a run, for our camp. It contained about two acres and was one of the best sites we ever camped on.

November 5. We received two guns today. Only Lieuts. Milton and Foster are with the Battery; do not
NOV. 5. hear from the other two lieutenants, whether they are coming back or not.

November 6, Sunday. We had a mounted inspection today; two of the sergeants are acting chiefs of sections.

The following letter was written by one of the sergeants at this date:

I was on guard last night: the air was heavy and cold; the moon was in its second quarter and bright; not a breath of air was stirring; the monotonous sound of the clank of the guard's sabre

was distinct ; the crack of the picket guns was dull but continuous ; withal it was a night for sitting close to the campfire and keeping wide awake. About 11 o'clock, one half hour before the moon disappeared, I heard a drum beat far to the right. In about one half hour, suddenly a dull crackling roar commenced, a sound that the soldier well knows means work.

It was a charge on one side or the other, and in about five minutes the artillery opened, and for more than two hours each half minute was broken by the booming of cannon and mortar, and the bursting of shell, and frequently by a volley so rapid that they could not be counted. In addition to this, the echo was so perfect that it seemed as if the whole heavens were full of thunder, as I never heard before the rattle and roar so incessant. All this was underlaid by the rattle of musketry, and so continued the remainder of the night. The cause I do not know, but the next day about 1 P.M., about 100 prisoners went by.

November 8, was election day, and was observed here. An informal vote for President was taken ; result, Abraham Lincoln, 98 ; Gen. McClellan, 22 ; S. A. Douglas, 1 ; total, 121. The election passed off quietly. It has rained some for a week past, but our camp is excellent.

November 13. We are drilling all the pleasant weather, and we find it necessary to do so to keep our old men in working order, besides the recruits that have come. We commenced stables, but we do not know whether we shall use them or not. We have to build a wind-break 250 feet long of pine boughs.

November 15. We have thirty men in the woods cutting timber for stockades. We are in a fine growth of
 Nov. 15. long leaved pine, which we are cutting up eight feet long and splitting in planks ; we are at work with a will,

as we have some cold days and we wish to get housed before Thanksgiving. Many are making preparations for it ; boxes are coming from Massachusetts with goods for a Thanksgiving dinner.

November 16. We have our monthly inspection today, and it was a terror to some of us. Lieut. Dresser of the regular army was "up and dressed," with some commissary inside, but it was the best inspection we ever had. The battery drill was "with a rush," and some of the boys were thrown off ; one order could not be executed before the bugler was giving another. He kept us on the trot or gallop for thirty minutes. We were making a countermarch in line ; one of the caissons got tangled, and some traces unhitched, and was about 150 yards behind. As he turned to give another order, still on the trot, he saw it and started for it with the query : "What in hell are you doing away there ?" and he was there before he was through with the remark. But he was not done with us ; he gave us some lessons in harnessing and unharnessing and hanging up, that we never had before.

November 26. We have Thanksgiving today, Saturday. We have an abundant supply of turkey, potatoes, pies, bread, doughnuts, apples, etc. Most of it was a special donation to the 9th Battery from West Roxbury ; it lasted two or three days.

We have considerable rain, and rumor says it has prevented another movement. The rank and file do not know much of plans till they are executed, but Dame Rumor knows everything.

There was some growling at our large fatigue parties, but before winter we were glad of it. Our camp was laid out and built before the 30th of November. Our huts, or houses, were the best we have had, and thanks to our officers, who planned and had them built.

On the north side of our park were the officers' quarters; next south, two rows of houses, eighteen in each row, facing each other, running east and west. Each house was ten feet by six feet six inches inside, five feet six inches high, built in pairs, with chimney between, and fireplace in each in the centre of the sides, two tiers of bunks across the back, and a door in the front end, made of cracker boxes, and each house covered with four shelter tents. Our planks were about three inches thick, set on end in a trench, well fitted together so as to need no calking with mud. Most of the tents had a table, and were supplied with stools, boxes, blocks, according to the fancy of the occupants. At the east end of the street, were the guard tents; at the west, the guns were parked. South of the quarters of the men was the stable, and west, the quartermaster and commissary tents, and artificers, teamsters, etc. I am thus particular about our quarters, because of the contrast with our quarters of the first winter, and its consequent effect on us.

December 4. The following is recorded at that date:

Dec. 4. "I hear that the Battery stands at the head of the batteries of the Corps, in health, general appearance, and efficiency, and I know that the Battery has improved 100 per cent. since we left Fort Warren, August 15, in general appearance and health. As for efficiency, we have

done all we have been asked to do in any place we have been put, and are always ready for service. I have heard many times that we were thought much of at headquarters, and if Gen. Crawford needs a battery for anything the 9th Massachusetts is ordered out. We are full of men now, and recruits are refused because we are full. Men are coming back from the hospitals every week."

December 6. Again we are under marching orders, and the camp is full of rumors: That the 3d Division is going to Washington as the nucleus of a new corps; that we are going south; that we are going to the left; that we are going to the rear as a reserve, and it does not make much difference to us where we go. One thing is certain, some movement is going on, as the 5th Corps is going to the rear, being relieved by the 6th Corps. At night our orders were to march at 6 A.M.; four guns, six caissons, forge and two baggage wagons. Our two guns remaining relieve two of the 5th Massachusetts in a fort.

December 7. Daylight. Orders received to report to Gen. Ayers, 2d Division, 5th Corps. On joining his division, we found the 5th Corps, one division of the 2d Corps, four batteries of four guns each, the 2d Division of cavalry, with two or three batteries moving southeast. We were with this division during the entire expedition. We struck the Jerusalem plank road one and one half miles below our lower line of works, three miles east of the Weldon Railroad, and followed it for about fifteen miles; turned to the right about 4 P.M., and camped in a cornfield not harvested. We fed our horses from the field, but got no water fit for man or

beast ; the best was from a swamp near by. During the day it rained, but at night cleared off. We had plenty of rails, and there was no lack for fires.

December 8. At 2 A.M., we fed, got coffee, and at 4 covered the mile and a quarter to the

NOTTOWAY RIVER ;

crossed on a pontoon bridge. It was so dark we had to trust our horses more than ourselves, but we crossed safely, and went up a steep bank, covered with trees, to a field, where we halted till the whole army was across. We made about three miles before sunrise ; soon we turned south. There were in the corps many men who were recruits and convalescents, and their light marching order was too heavy, and here, as they halted to get breakfast, they lightened their load ; but I don't think one of our men threw away anything, but some brought home more blankets than they started with.

The 3d Division had the advance, and at Chambers' plantation, struck the railroad. They were met by the enemy's cavalry, and charged, routed them, took and destroyed the railroad bridge across the Nottoway, and also the railroad. The rear of the column struck the railroad about four miles below.

About sunset it grew cold and began to freeze. We had got considerable forage, pigs, turkeys, chickens, sorghum syrup, and apple-jack ; we had plenty to eat that night, but slept cold.

December 9. This was an easy day with us; while the infantry were tearing up the railroad, we slowly marched along with them, making about ten miles that day. We got one or two small cattle, so at night we were supplied with beef. About 3 P.M. we halted on the bank of a small creek, an affluent of the Meherrin River. Here the cavalry met more opposition; a body of the enemy with one gun disputed their progress, but were finally driven in. There the country was swampy. One division crossed the creek, and made a demonstration toward Bellfield and Hicksford; found a chain of forts covering the river, armed with eighteen guns, and this side several miles of swamp. Gen. Warren's mission was completed, and the road was so thoroughly destroyed that here he halted and prepared to return.

From a house near by a lieutenant of cavalry was shot, and the fine buildings were soon in flames, and 1,000 bushels of corn were carried off or burned, and a large pile of new rails kept us comfortable until morning. As a storm was coming on, we pitched tarpaulins to the windward of the fire and slept warm.

In the small hours of the morning, cavalry officers gathered about the fires, having been on picket all night. The night was severe, rainy and cold; the rain froze as fast as it fell; in the morning the horses were all blanketed with ice, everything covered. Soon after daylight we were ready to move, and it was very uncomfortable for the first few hours. The cavalry covered us as we marched toward Sussex Court House.

It was said that we found many men murdered who had left the column for foraging or straggling. At Sussex Court House it was said a safeguard was left and found murdered. I saw many buildings on fire, and it was said that we burnt everything we came to. One thing is certain, the burning was approved by the commanders, and there was some cause for it; probably murders were the cause of it. We believed it at the time. We camped near corps headquarters about three miles from Sussex Court House, and passed a very comfortable night; got quite a lot of rice. During the day there was some skirmishing in our rear, and the light guns of the horse artillery were in action, but there was no serious hindrance to our march.

At 8 A.M., December 11, we resumed our march, and at 9.30 passed the Court House, and at 2 P.M., crossed the Nottoway on our return. We found a division of the 9th Corps on the farther bank to cover our crossing, and there was some shelling after we were safely across. We went up on the plank road about two miles and camped. It had been growing cold all the afternoon, and as we passed between two houses on fire we found quite a contrast in the temperature. We were dry and did not suffer. The command did not wait long for stragglers, and many had to swim the river to escape the guerrillas.

We pitched some tents and were quite comfortable, although the ground was freezing. About dark an infantryman came to one of our fires, wet through, minus gun, ammunition, knapsack; said he was pursued by guerrillas and swam the river

to save himself. He stood by the fire most of the night to keep from freezing.

December 12. About 8 A.M., we pry up the wheels of our guns out of three inches of frozen mud and resume our march and it was a hard march for many. Some of the infantry who prided themselves on being well shod when we started, were seen with a pair of grain or calf top-boots on their backs, slung over musket or sword, and picking their way along so carefully barefoot or in stockings that mounted men and gun teams had to turn out for fear of toppling them over, and we again see the value of Government boots and shoes.

We arrive home at 3 P.M., and happy are we. It is the coldest day so far, we were cold riding; glad to walk. Our cannoneers were footsore but wore their boots home. No man was sick, no horse gave out; and in two days' time we look back with pleasure on the expedition, having got rested and cleaned up. Capt. Bigelow came back while we were gone.

Our stories are told, and we resume our camp life; but we do not enjoy our fine situation and nicely arranged quarters long, as the Corps has gone in camp about three miles below here, and we shall have to go there too.

WINTER QUARTERS, 1864-65.

December 15. Orders came to move our camp back to the 5th Corps, and in three days, with about fifteen teams, it was done, all but our fireplaces. Our camp was laid out and we

were just beginning to put up our stockades, when Gen. Wainright, chief of artillery, said there was a prospect we should move again, and we stopped work, pitched our shelter tents, and awaited orders.

Again we note Lieut. Foster has gone home. We have
Dec. 19. marching orders, our guns only; go to garrison a fort, and December 19, about 3 P.M., Capt. Bigelow, Lieut. Milton, two sergeants, six gunners, forty-two men and six guns start for Fort Rice, about three miles to the right in the 9th Corps lines, a little to the left of our position the 18th to 20th of June. We filed over the railroad bridge on to a plateau in sight of the enemy's lines for two miles, and a quarter of a mile back from our own works.

We soon found out what was the meaning of those cannonades we have been hearing for four months, but did not see or take part in. We were halted, and Capt. Bigelow and bugler rode to the fort to find the position we were to occupy. The enemy had seen us and began to throw shell from a mortar battery on to us. It was something new for us, but not for them, to see a battery outlined against the sky. It was a beautiful sight to see those eight and ten-inch shells cutting their parabola of fire against the darkening sky. Most of their shot fell short, and none fell on us, although it seemed as if they would. They came nearer; one of the swing drivers, who had never been under fire, became nervous. As it came farther overhead, he began to slide off his horse, ran to a little hollow and stooped down in it; finding it did not mean him, he got up and mounted again, amid the laughter of his comrades.

Capt. Bigelow reported to the commander of the battery there, who said, "Well, you cannot come in till after dark; they will see you and shell you." Capt. Bigelow told him if he would get his battery out of his way, he would come in; which he consented to do. He took his battery out by a covered way. Ere his last gun was out, we were trotting over the plain under the fire of all the enemy's mortars and a large number of guns. Probably all the guns that could be brought to bear were opened on us; some said 100 guns were opened on us.

We place five guns in battery in the fort, and one in a battery on the railroad bed where the lines cross it. In the morning we find ourselves in an irregular earthwork about seven feet high, well built and full of cabins built of cracker boxes, covered with shelter tents. We find the 36th Mass. Regiment camp just back of us; they are doing picket duty in front of us.

Our stay in this fort was quiet and dull; abundant time to study, read or write. Once during our stay the enemy made it lively for us, and shells fell thick around us, one striking within a few feet of my tent, but doing no damage.

December 25. Our two weeks' garrison duty is ended and our relief arrives, also our horses from our camp at winter quarters. In the gathering twilight we limber up and go back to our camp, arriving about 7 P.M. Find we have to sleep under shelter tents again; the camp is laid out, but the stockades are not done. Our quarters here are much larger than we have had, and are arranged for eight men each, and December 30 we occupy them.

There is not much beauty to our camp; it will do for a winter camp, but not summer. It is in the edge of pine woods, and we soon have a stable floored and shingled with pine cut three feet long and split very well. Our artillery is parked on a knoll; next west is a row of eighteen stockades; south of them, orderly sergeant's tent; north, artificer, quartermaster, commissary sergeant, stable sergeant, teamsters, etc.; next west is stable; west of orderly sergeant, clerk; next west, officers' quarters, and north of those, cook-house.

January 4, 1865. Lieut. Reed is in camp again, but not on duty. He has been away from the Battery so long that we (the men) do not know anything about him. Neither Lieuts. Prescott or Reed have done any duty in the Battery that I have any record of since we arrived at Petersburg. Sometimes we hear of their being sick in camp, at the rear, then are away; so that we are none the better off, and it will put us in more effective shape when they are discharged, and men put in their places who are on duty.

The paymaster is abroad again; always welcome to the soldier, officer or private.

January 10. We have mounted inspection, complimentary to Maj. Bigelow, who is discharged and goes home soon. He issued a farewell address to the Battery as follows :

WINTER QUARTERS, VA. January 10, 1865.

To the 9th Battery Massachusetts Vols.

Now that the command is comfortably settled in winter quarters, having received an honorable discharge on account of disability, I take my leave of you.

To me the past is filled with pleasant memories and it is hard to say the word, "Farewell."

We first met nearly two years ago within the fortifications of Washington, when as yet, you were untried soldiers.

Today we part in the field, and you are veterans, who have won an enviable name by your gallantry and blazoned your colors by your valor.

Many valued comrades, that started, are no longer with you. From the battlefield and the hospital, they have spoken their last "farewells." Ever cherish their memories and emulate their virtues. Guard well the reputation they have helped you to establish. This can only be done by strict discipline and ready obedience.

You have yet a brilliant future before you under my successor whom you have long known only to respect.

That you may be safely returned to your friends with a record ever creditable alike to yourselves and your State,

Is the earnest wish of your late Captain,

JOHN BIGELOW.

Lieut. Milton is now captain; First Sergt. Geo. Murray, lieutenant; Sergt. Park, first sergeant.

One of our men wrote home as follows: "It is pretty dull here now, but only 200 days more of service, of which thirty-three are guard duty and the same of regular fatigue; three times mustered for pay, marching — miles, fighting — battles, perhaps; 2,000 hard tack, 75 pounds of pork, 125 pounds of beef, to eat, 72 gallons coffee to drink, part of it every day, and it will soon be done."

January 11. Brevet Major Bigelow leaves today for home. One year and eleven months ago he arrived at Upton's Hill and took command of a "thoroughly demoralized body of men" (according to Gov. Andrew), the 9th Mass. Battery,

and today he leaves the Battery full well equipped, in the command of his youngest lieutenant, whose work with the Battery at Gettysburg, Weldon Railroad, Hatcher's Run and Rowanty Creek, has made him a name with the 5th Corps and the whole army. Our banners now are inscribed with Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Tolopotomy Creek, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad; then we had only Annandale. Many of them were bloodless, but all made work for us.

January 22. As our guns go in Fort Rice, all is quiet when we go in this time.

January 27. General order, No. 126, for promotion; Second Lieut. Murray to be first lieutenant; First Sergt. Park to be second lieutenant, and George Booth, a civilian, to be second lieutenant; L. W. Baker to be first sergeant, and Stable Sergt. Knight to be sergeant.

February 4. We go to Fort Rice for our guns, and as soon as we return to camp an order comes to prepare to march in the morning with four guns, six caissons, with eight horses on each, ten pairs coming from the 5th Battery. Capt. Milton is at home on leave, and Lieut. Foster is in command now, and will be in command if we march.

HATCHER'S RUN.

February 5. At 6 A.M., we are ready and file out of park and go toward the left; we find the 5th Corps in motion, and our place in the column; march down the Halifax road to

near Reams Station. Some of the time we are on the Weldon Railroad roadbed; anywhere to get along. We turned to the right and west on the old military road running to Dinwiddie Court House; two or three miles brought us to Rowanty Creek. The crossing of the creek was defended by a breastwork, a small force and one or two small guns; they were quickly dispersed and about twenty prisoners taken.

We lost no time, but pressed on till about 8 P.M., when we suddenly countermarched and went back about a mile, and were ordered by an aid-de-camp to park in a field on our left. The forward gun and caisson turned into the field, and soon were in the mud to the axles, and to the bellies of the horses; the second gun also plunged in. There was no officer near, and the orderly sergeant halted the caisson and turned it into a road in the edge of the woods, and as the other guns came up turned them in there also, and rode to find the commander and reported. On his arrival he approved of the action, and we at once took measures to get out our stalled guns. Soon the horses were all unharnessed, and after some struggling they were all got out; and by putting three prolonges together, we manned them with sixty men, and drew the guns out. It was the worst "stick in the mud" we ever got.

There were rumors that we were close to the enemy's pickets, but we saw our own pickets in the edge of the woods, and were not attacked.

About 4 A.M. we hauled out and went back about one half mile, turned to the left, and about daylight came to Hatcher's Run, and went in park on the southeast side of the stream, in rear of a bridge built by the engineers, and

in rear of the 1st Brigade, 3d Division, and lay quiet till toward night.

There had been some skirmishing all day ; in the afternoon, it became heavier and some charges were made near our front. Between 4 and 5, the enemy massed a force, trying to break through the right of the 5th Corps, and the left of the 2d Corps. The assault was quite heavy and fierce. They succeeded in breaking the line and forcing it back ; there was a panic in our front, and our infantry came back through a field in sight of us.

Fifth Corps and Army headquarters had been established near our right. An aid came up and ordered us to go in battery where we stood, and it puzzled the chief of the line of caissons to countermarch six caissons behind four guns. Our position covered the crossing of the creek and the field beyond. Our guns were shotted and ready for the appearance of the enemy ; for thirty minutes we waited, but the enemy had been checked before they appeared in our front. We remained at our posts till about 4 A.M., when we unharnessed.

During the panic a great many infantry came back across the bridge and sought the cover of our battery. Lieut. Booth, in command of the left section, drew his sabre and ordered them to halt, saying, " You shall not come through my section."

February 6. But very little sleep we get. At 6 A.M. our guns were ordered across the bridge into a line of breastworks, our caissons remaining where they were at first. Gen. Warren laid out a new line of works, from the left of

the old line, crossing through our park of caissons, crossing Hatcher's Run some distance below.

While Gen. Warren was running the line, with two or three orderlies, having passed his headquarters tent 200 yards, and having 200 or 300 yards more to stake out, Gen. Meade and staff rode up to his tent. An aid, seeing him at a little distance, rode to him and told him of the arrival of Gen. M. He continued his line till the last stake was driven, when he mounted and rode to his quarters to meet Gen. Meade.

About 10 A.M., the morning of February 10, we were relieved and returned to camp, having been gone six days.

February 21. A number of men from the 1st Mass. Battery are assigned to this Battery, and twenty-two of them came today; also two recruits, making 190 men now on our rolls. We have to build more quarters to accommodate them. Whenever we get any pleasant weather and good going, we improve it by battery drills, and February 23 was one of those days.

Just as we went in park, orders came to be ready to move at a moment's notice. We remained harnessed till 9 P.M., when we unharnessed and turned in, although we were to be in readiness to march at short notice, but no orders came. About 3 A.M. it commenced to rain. Capt. Milton came back last night.

We were paid February 27. Also forty-seven men came from the 1st Mass. Battery. Lieut. Murray went home on furlough two days ago.

March 4. The guns go to Fort Rice today. All is quiet.

March 12. The consolidation of Battery A's men with the 9th was completed today, and there are 219 men in camp for duty now; one first sergeant, six sergeants and eight corporals will be mustered out soon, I suppose. Some of our men are away yet, but they are returning every day, and bringing pretty things, which make us who do not go home uneasy.

March 19. The orders are issued reducing the batteries of the 2d, 5th and 6th Corps to nine batteries of four guns each; and our battery is too large to handle in quick movements, and we are ordered, when the army moves, to report to the artillery reserve of the 9th Corps. Our guns are in the 9th Corps lines already. The other battery sent from the 5th Corps is B, 1st Pennsylvania.

March 21. Lieut. Park left for home on leave of absence, and the enemy celebrated the event by shelling the fort. More than thirty six and eight-inch mortar shells dropped about the fort; only two fell within the fort, but they were quite harmless, as none burst. We are expecting to move.

March 23. We pack our surplus clothing to send to Massachusetts, all that we can get along without through spring and summer campaign.

March 25. While we were in line for roll call at reveille, the attack on Fort Steadman commenced. The fort is six or eight miles from us, and four or five miles to the right of Fort Rice, yet the attack was heard very distinctly, and our officers dismissed the line immediately. Before we got to the stables, orders came to harness, and soon our limbers and caissons started toward Fort Rice. About half way

there, they were halted and remained there till about 10 o'clock A.M., when they returned to camp. There were about eighty men in camp unassigned to any detachment.

March 27. Orders came to break camp and report to the

NINTH CORPS.

It has been quiet here for several days; we know that the army is being prepared for a final grapple with the enemy. Like an enormous boa constrictor, the folds have been drawn tighter and tighter, and reaching farther and farther toward its vitals (source of supplies), and the time is coming soon when one great, crushing blow will be struck. We break camp March 28, a pleasant morning, and go to near 9th Corps headquarters. There is not much mud; the strong winds of March have brushed out the marks of winter, filled up the ruts, dried up the pools, and dust is everywhere, except when rain is falling.

We are camped on a knoll a mile in the rear and in sight of Fort Rice, where our guns still are. There is plenty going on here, as the troops are passing in our front.

March 29. Wednesday morning, from 1 o'clock to daylight the bugles were sounding "boots and saddles" and a large body of cavalry is in motion toward the left, also the Army of the James under Gen. Ord; and Thursday night the ball opened. A large number of mortars on both sides were in action. The track of the shells was plainly seen from our camp; a curve of light, sometimes terminating in a flash, as the shells exploded in the air; sometimes eight or ten were

in the air at one time. Tuesday night at 11 P.M. we had to detail a guard to go to 9th Corps headquarters. While there we heard that 120,000 men were to march the next morning. Our camp is not very regular; our shelter tents are pitched and we make ourselves comfortable.

March 30. A great deal of heavy cannonading today. Last night it rained hard, but did not check any movement; the firing has been heavy all day. A very rainy day; a shower this afternoon and the thunder of the guns blended with the thunder of the heavens.

April 1, Saturday. We have had a detail out for the last two nights of twenty-eight or thirty, and at 11 P.M. a detail of sixty men left for the line of battle to work as engineers in cutting and turning breast-works, etc. Also orders came to harness at 2 A.M., the 2d of April, and break camp. About 10 A.M. the attack commenced by a heavy artillery fire, followed by a charge. From a knoll a half mile in front of our camp, we saw part of the line advancing on the right of Fort Rice.

Our battery has been engaged all the time, but not heavily; we have had no casualties. The only incident I have heard was of one of the gunners, who had seen some wagons moving, sent a shell, which caused quite a stir among them.

April 3. Monday morning, we take our guns from the fort back to camp, and prepare for the march. At noon, Tuesday, the 4th, we go to the left to the plank road and turn toward Petersburg. We pass Fort Davis, where we were in

July, the battery in front in June, up past Fort Sedgwick and through the enemy's works where the tents were underground, and on till we came in sight of the "Cockade City," so called, looking not much the worse for war, but rather seedy. Near the heart of the city, we turned to the left, and, passing the smouldering ruins of the railroad buildings, we pass out and toward Sutherland's Station on the South Side Railroad, near which we camp for the night. While passing through the city, one of our boys confiscated a pretty sorrel mare, which followed us out and back to City Point.

The next morning, April 5, we countermarch and take another road, keeping near the railroad, as we are with the 3d Division, 9th Artillery Corps, which is repairing the railroad, and every night the cars run to our camp. We make about six miles, and camp at Stewart's Tavern. Our marches are uneventful. Our short marches are not hard enough to keep men from straggling, and the sergeants report five men missing. We camp the 6th at Ford's Station; April 7, Mellville; 8th, in the woods near Nottoway Court House.

We are getting into a section where the colored people's imaginations were cultivated to believe that the Yankees were devils, cannibals, had horns, and many other equally grotesque ideas; and the, "W'y, massa, don't see your horns," was not unfrequently heard. Many the negro song we heard in our camp, and dance we saw whenever a board could be got. One song is a sample of many sung by a quartette; one singer, one clapping with both hands, one

with one hand and one foot, one dancing. The words sung, as I remember, were :

“ Mouse in de corn,
 De round top corn ;
 Mouse in de corn,
 De round top corn ;
 Mouse in de corn,
 De round top corn ;
 How shall we get him out
 De round top corn ?
 Rouse 'em out, and
 Shuck 'em out
 De round top corn.”

And as long as we would look on and encourage, they would sing this verse, clap and dance.

About one mile from camp, a well-stocked smokehouse was found, and bacon seasoned our hard tack for some time. Also we saw a sawmill with the saw in the middle of the log—a pit-saw, and the motive power, black men working without pay; their holiday came when the board was half done, and they took the holiday.

About 5 P.M., April 8, we break camp and march two miles; halt beside the road, and a column of prisoners passed us, from 5,000 to 7,000; they marched in double column, and were one hour in passing. We were beside the

NOTTOWAY COURT HOUSE,

and I think their records were somewhat mixed before we left. I have before me now two papers taken from there :

one a bill for tax on slave property; the other a record of a poll for commissioner of the revenue, made May 24, 1860, which declares by the certificate of the commissioners of elections, the conductor and clerk, "that at a poll held at Nottoway, Nottoway Co., Va., Francis L. Moseley and Richard Hyde have thirty votes," while the accompanying list of polls contains only twenty-seven names.

The column is past, and we take our line of march two miles farther, and camp near the railroad and carriage road. Our first day in this camp was April 9, Sunday, and our camp was thronged with negroes, old, young, male and female; some in whole, but coarse clothes, some in patches; one man had twenty patches on his pants, by count, and wooden bottom shoes, the uppers nailed on with shingle nails. Some came nine miles to see the Yankees. They say, "Glad to see you, massa; been specting you long time." Several told me they had one pint of meal a day, and a piece of meat as large as two fingers.

Four of the stray boys came in camp today, all mounted, some on horses, some on mules, and with more or less plunder. They are celebrating the prodigals' return by carrying a rail on their shoulders an hour.

Trains come from Petersburg, and are pressing on to Burkeville, ten miles farther. We have no particular duties, only to care for our camp. Our shelter tents are pitched on a good piece of ground 100 yards from the railroad.

April 10, news came in camp of the surrender of Gen. Lee and the Army of Virginia, and April 11, about 10
Apr. 10. A.M., we were ordered to fall in; when the line

was formed an order was read, announcing the surrender of Gen. Lee, of which the following is a copy :

BY TELEGRAM FROM HEADQUARTERS APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE.

April 9, 1865. 8 P.M.

To Col. Loring, Chief of Staff:

Gen. Lee this afternoon surrendered his entire army to Lieut. Gen. Grant. Officers and privates to retain private horses, arms and baggage. Officers and men to be permitted to return to their homes, but not to be disturbed by U. S. authorities so long as they observe the laws where they reside. All public property to be turned over to the ordnance and quartermaster's depots. Remnant about thirty thousand men.

April 10. Surrender is complete; this morning munitions of war, etc., turned over to the U. S., and Gen. Grant leaves for City Point this morning.

Signed, — TENNYMAN,

A. A. Adj. Gen.

Signed, (SCHEMERHORN) Operator.

We are hopeful now. The work is accomplished that we have been laboring for since the beginning, and now our whole thought is turned toward home. A few have been home since we started in '62, but most of us have not; but now we all anticipate going home before our three years are up, our term of enlistment, qualified by the term "or the war," which means something now.

For four days we labor to get ready. We wash and mend our clothes, clean our horses, harnesses, guns, accouterments; our Government property to be ready to turn in, our private property to carry home. We will not hinder ourselves when the time comes for us to be discharged.

April 15. After "taps," a messenger arrives with the intelligence that the President has been assassinated.

It is impossible for my pen to write of the feelings we experienced, but we expected more work to do, and were ready to turn our guns on traitors there. We had kept an account of the cost of the victory achieved, and it was too large to have it wrested from us by assassins. Many men we all loved had given up their lives, others were still suffering from wounds or carrying disabled limbs; many others remember the weeks and months of hospital life, longing for home or their comrades in camp. We all know how we have suffered from heat, cold, rain and mud, the bivouac on the frozen ground, and the all-night march. All these must not go for naught. We have faced all this—a fire in the rear we cannot bear.

Lieut. Park was at home when the assault on Petersburg took place; he at once started for City Point, but we had gone before he arrived. He found no communication with the front; he found the 5th Mass. Battery there, and was constrained by them to stay there till the Battery was heard from.

Many of us visit Burkeville Junction; see the parks of captured artillery, and the ten cords of muskets piled up like so much cord wood. On my trip up there I met three South Carolina soldiers going home on foot; they were very anxious to get home.

We remained here till April 20, when we started on our return, passing through Petersburg and arriving near City Point April 23.

We are in a brigade of the

ARTILLERY RESERVE NEAR CITY POINT,

of which Maj. Phillips of the 5th Mass. Battery is commander, and Lieut. Park, adjutant. Everything now has to be done by brigade orders, and at night we have brigade dress parade, a new thing for us; never have seen one before of light batteries, and as we have 254 officers and men on our rolls, and 252 in camp, we make as much show as two of the other batteries of the brigade, and as we have no duties but stable and guard, our work is light.

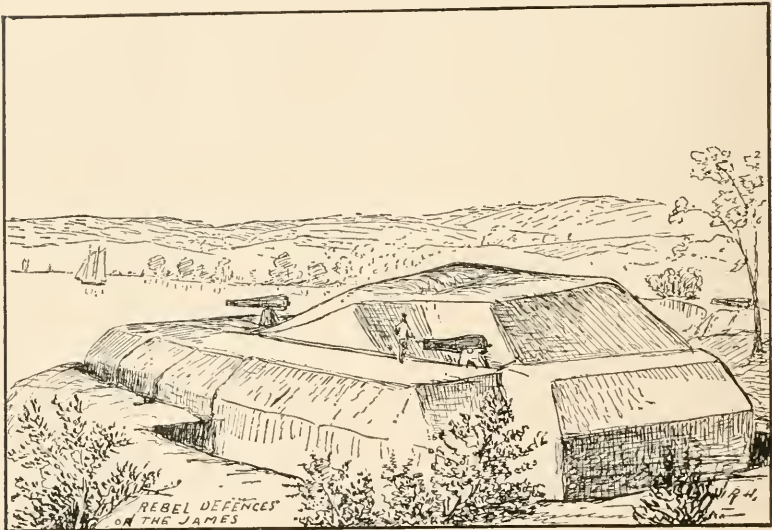
April 26. The non-commissioned officers of the 1st Mass. are discharged today, and they leave for home. They were a fine body of men and had seen considerable service; the last engagement they were in was in the Shenandoah valley, in the 6th Corps, October 19 and 20. First Sergeant Chase, who commanded a section there, says: "I saw Gen. Sheridan as he rode up the valley, and all that was said of him and his rallying the stragglers was true."

When we were at Nottoway Court House, Gen. Sheridan established his headquarters in a house beside our camp, and an artist took a sketch of the famous horse of that Winchester ride, a dark chestnut, Morgan built horse. I saw him several times there.

There is some sickness here from some cause, and as we expect to stay here only a short time, we do not fix up our quarters only to be comfortable. Nothing of interest occurred here; our stay was short. Orders were received for

the Artillery Reserve to march overland to Washington, being the first movement of the withdrawal of the army from Virginia, and their discharge.

May 2, we take our ammunition chests, battery wagon, forge, and all our heavy baggage to City Point and ship by water; Lieut. Booth and twenty-two men go with them. Our limbers and caissons are loaded with grain and light baggage, and May 3 we start on our 140 miles march. This is our first step homeward; we feel that now we are going home, and not to meet an enemy.



We cross the Appomattox at Broadway Landing, and the James at Akins, and march to about seven miles from Richmond and camp near the line of works lately occupied by the Confederate Army. We went into and examined one

battery of two ten inch guns commanding the river above Dutch Gap. It was small, having a good magazine and bombproof, and very neatly kept.

The next day we enter Richmond from the east, passing up till we come to the street leading to the Mechanicsville road; we go about two miles and camp about 11 A.M. Some of the officers and men go back and spend a few hours in Richmond. We camp near Hanover Court House, May 5,



and go through the Pamunky River so near its source that we did not wet our grain, camping beyond at night.

May 7, we reach Bowling Green, where Booth was captured, and our horses get a good feed of clover; and the next day we go over some of the corduroy roads built by Sedgwick at the time of the Chancellorsville campaign. A citizen

joined us for several miles in our march, and discoursed on the trials and prospects of farming in Virginia. We camp about two miles east of Fredericksburg.

May 9. We are on the road betimes, and pass through Fredericksburg, a city built of brick, showing the marks of war, and an impoverished country. We cross the Rappahannock on a pontoon bridge, and are soon climbing the Falmouth hills, and find our hardest marching this day, as the mud is heavy, as usual for this part of the country. Our camp at night is near Aqua Creek, and the next day's march brought us to Dumfries. Headquarters of the brigade pass us during the day.

May 11. We cross Wolf Run Shoals, a name familiar to readers of news early in the war; a wide, rocky, shallow stream. Later we passed through Fairfax Court House, where we met the 16th Mass. Battery, and were hailed by the bugler, a fellow townsman, Charlie Warren, whose familiar face reminded us of home. We camp near Annandale, the scene of our first campaign, of thirty-six hours duration, an all night march under Capt. De Vecchi and the gallant Erickson and Whitaker.

A shower came up just as we went in camp; a fine rail fence was near and we proceeded to help ourselves. A guard came running down, saying: "You must not take those rails," and was very energetic to save them. Quartermaster Whitmore told him: "You do not understand guard duty; you must not see anything only in front of you." He soon understood and marched the whole length of the fence. As soon as his back was turned, we cleaned out the whole fence.

May 12. We remain in camp all day. It is twelve miles to Alexandria, the end of our march of 140 miles. It has been rather hard on our men. In thirty-eight days we have marched about 190 miles, and most of the men have done the entire distance on foot; today eight are barefoot. Before our last march we had no opportunity to replenish our clothing, and if we had we should have tried to have got along without any new, as we felt our work was done, and we wanted to get out of quartermaster's into store clothes.

May 13. We move our camp to

NEAR ALEXANDRIA.

We are in camp on the bank of a small stream of good water. Across the valley to the northeast on a hill is a large fort; also southeast, another. Our camp is in the midst of the defences of Washington. We lay quietly here, waiting for, what next?

May 23. A large number of men and officers go to Washington to see the review of the Army of the Potomac, and they all report it a grand affair.

The next day a number went in to see the review of the army of Sherman, of which number was the writer. Our party struck the column of Sherman before we reached Long Bridge, and we kept our place in it in crossing, then swung off to the left and scattered. A few put our horses up the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, and on foot went to see the sight. Going on to the avenue in advance of the head of the column, we took a position to see it as it turned the

corner at the Treasury, going toward the White House, and secured a fine position for seeing it. Promptly at 9 A.M., Gen. Sherman led the column, and they wheeled to the left around the corner, marching by regiment in line, the four-gun batteries of each corps following in line at close order. It was a fine sight; all the lines so perfect; men so stalwart looking. We readily recognized Gen. Logan by the pictures we had seen of him.

The peculiar feature of the column passed down Pennsylvania avenue, about 1 P.M.: that organization known as "Sherman's Bummers." They were organized under a command by themselves, and seemed to be by brigade and regiment under commanders. Every man led a pack horse or mule, and various was the make-up of those packs. About the middle of the column was a brigade in which every one had a game cock standing on their pack, and at intervals of a few minutes one would crow, and immediately he would be answered by every one in the brigade. It was amusing, and many were the cheers they got from the sidewalks.

At 4 P.M., when I went for my horse, the rear of the column had not passed around the Capitol, and they were in motion all the time. My pass required me to be in camp at 6 P.M. at dress parade, and as I learned that Gen. Sherman's trains were coming over Long Bridge, I found I would have to go out by Aqueduct Bridge, and should have to ride five to seven miles farther. I called for my horse and started; a few steps showed me something was wrong, and dismounting, I found a forward shoe gone. I could find no blacksmith at work. Now I could not ride to camp in two hours without

that shoe; I was in a dilemma. I suddenly thought of the Alexandria ferry boat, feeling sure that my pass would take me that way. I mounted and rode to the boat, went on board, and in five minutes was sailing down the river. In about one hour I landed, and a gallop of four miles over a soft road brought me to camp on time.

May 25. A small party of us went to Mt. Vernon. The day was fine, the roads good, distance about nine miles; an excursion enjoyed by all. There were many visitors, and the party was quite large that went through the house. It contained a few articles used by Gen. Washington in his campaigns, and some of the furniture used by him in the house. We rambled about the place three hours and leisurely rode back to camp.

Orders have been received to turn in our ordnance and quartermaster's stores, which is a much easier task than it was to draw them. It had been impressed on the non-commissioned officers, the importance of being able to account for everything in their care, and the result had been that we kept our ordnance stores up and gained on our quartermaster stores; so we had enough of everything, and the receipt could be signed at once.

May 29, we turned in our battery, and May 30, our horses to another battery. We have some saddles, bridles, sabres, belts and blankets; and many things we gave away to another battery that was short in their accounts.

June 1. Our shelter tents are struck for the last time; our knapsacks are packed for our homeward march, and our drivers' valises have become bundles.

Our officers have only their private horses ; all of us are on foot now. In the morning sun (6.30) we commence our six-mile march. Many of us have not marched two miles for two years and nine months, but we are going home and we don't mind it now. At the order "Fall in for home," all were present ; none had to be accounted for ; none excused from duty ; last night's guard were in the ranks. We are the first ones off ; the batteries cheer us as we leave.

The batteries loan our officers horses and wagons for our baggage and knapsacks. We carry our haversacks and the march is leisurely, and the morning finds us halted at the foot of Capitol Hill for an hour or more, as the train is arranged and our baggage loaded. Capt. Milton takes home his own horses ; one he brought out, and one he bought from Petersburg.

About 12 M., most of us are on platform cars, steaming out of Washington for Baltimore, and about 3 P.M. we leave Baltimore, and are at Havre De Grace at 7 P.M. ; at Philadelphia about 12.30 A.M. There we find a supper awaiting us at the "Soldiers' Rest."

Our trip here is without incident, except a few cases of a little too much whisky, and an affair of a stolen pipe at Havre De Grace, which was found and returned from Philadelphia.

June 2, 12.30 A.M. We are not used to eating at this hour, but we can make an exception this time, as we file into the old cooper shop whose doors have been always open, and the veteran and recruit have alike shared its hospitality. Those of us who came out in '62, well remember our reception and the "God speed you" of those dark days ; others of

us who were in those trains filled with maimed and suffering ones, those hot days of July, '63, when gentle and tender hands ministered to our wants. But now all is different; faces wear another look, and joy and congratulation. We are bringing home one battle-torn battery flag and one national bordered with crape. But few are present, scarce half a score, but we have to guard our flag zealously to save its tatters.

The fresh sandwiches and coffee refresh us, and soon we are bowling along on the Camden & Amboy road, and about 8 A.M. we are aboard the boat for New York, and land at 10.30, where we remain till 5 P.M., when we go on board a propeller for Providence. More whisky shows itself. We are on the main deck, and locked out of the cabins and saloons. A few of the men wanted the whole boat, but the sergeants were cool, and after the boat got under way, things were quiet. Some rations were found that we did not bring, which helped pacify some of the boys.

We made our beds amidst the freight, or wherever we could find a place large enough to hold us. We were not very warm or comfortable, and at daylight, when we landed, were pretty tired and very sober. Soon we enter on the last stage of our journey, by rail to Boston, and 9 o'clock A.M., June 3, found us stepping from the cars in the Providence depot, Boston — home to many of our company, almost home to all of us.

Across the common we march to near the front of the State House, where we halt and await orders, which do not arrive till after midday. Fifty hours ago we were in Wash-

ington, at the foot of Capitol Hill, awaiting transportation home; now so near, but we must be discharged from

GALLOUP'S ISLAND.

We are all here but two: Lieut. Booth stopped in New York, and one in Baltimore, who came to us from Battery A, under sentence of court martial.

Officers and men feel rather sore; we were in hopes we could have forty-eight hours' furlough, and Capt. Milton applied to the authorities, Col. Clark, for that privilege, or to be sent to camp at Readville, where we started from; but not a favor was obtained, and not a State officer did we see. But few knew we had arrived; a few friends came to see us. Several had strayed away, the temptation to go home was so strong; some had verbal leave from the Captain, and at 1 P.M., when we arrived at the boat, a score or more were absent. Capt. Milton and Lieut. Park went home; Lieuts. Foster and Murray were with the company. We marched to the wharf and went on board the boat. The company had not breakfasted, and as yet no dinner, except the hard tack we brought from Washington. In one hour we filed off the boat at the island, and were met by the provost marshal and a guard.

It is but justice to the company, officers and men, to say we were disappointed. When we went out there were plenty to say "God speed" to us, but now not one to say "God bless you." At the front we knew our business, but in this new campaign of being mustered out we were on untried ground. Our impressions of Galloup's Island were not the

best, and those of us who had been in the hospitals of Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark or New York, did not have a very high opinion of the Veteran Reserve Corps, as we about all had a chance to join it there. After we went on the boat we did some growling, and some liberties were taken; but our officers had been too long in the army to see everything that was done, or hear everything that was said by the men under aggravating circumstances. Almost all of us were on our honor, and all officers refrained from giving any orders for show or parade.

The island had been used as a draft rendezvous by the Government, was well furnished with barracks, and was garrisoned by part or all of the 13th Regiment V. R. C. After a conference between Lieut. Foster and the provost marshal, Lieut. Foster ordered the orderly sergeant to bring the company in line for inspection of knapsacks. It was done in the usual manner, two ranks, face inward. The sergeant reported that one man refused to take his place in detachment (Ligal). Lieut. Foster said, "Let him be."

A detail from the island guard, V. R. C., of a sergeant and two privates, commenced a search for contraband articles (liquor). Soon I saw Ligal, who was twelve or fifteen files from the right, drinking from a canteen hung from W. H. Isaacs' shoulder. The officer of the day, seeing it, stepped up and tried to take it away by force. They resisted, Isaacs being forced by the strap around him. In the scuffle they passed out of sight in a crowd of V. R. C. soldiers, and towards the water. In a few seconds I heard the report of a pistol, and Isaacs staggered out of the crowd and fell on his

knapsack. By order of Lieut. Foster, I detailed some men and carried him to the hospital; but before we arrived he was dead. No one was apparently under the influence of liquor. A few men left their places during the excitement, but most remained as they were; the search or inspection stopped. Lieut. Foster said he would be responsible for any infraction of rules, and we were assigned to our quarters.

The officers were some distance from their command, and their influence was not apparent among the men, who were in charge of the orderly sergeant; but thanks to Sergts. Huntress, Knight and Manning, and some others, their influence helped keep down the deep indignation that prevailed. A few by loud talk made themselves trouble, but only John Ligal and Robert S. Reed were kept under arrest after the company was discharged.

June 4 was the Sabbath, and we had no duties, either guard or fatigue. The Battery records show what **June 4.** was done by us. The following petition was sent to Col. Hendrickson, of which no notice was taken :

GALLOUP'S ISLAND, B. H., MASS., June 4, 1865.

COL. JOHN HENDRICKSON, Commanding Post.

Respected Sir: — As a fitting expression of sorrow for the untimely death of our lamented fellow soldier, and one of more than usual worth, having been promoted from the ranks for bravery at the battle of Gettysburg, while serving in the 11th Mass. Infantry, we respectfully request that the flag be lowered to half-mast from 9 A.M. till sundown. In behalf of 9th Mass. Battery,

LEVI W. BAKER, *First Sergt.*

Also request for leave of absence for twenty-four hours :

HEADQUARTERS 9TH MASS. BATTERY, June 4, 1865.

TO CAPT. JOHN E. SMITH, A. A. A. G., Galloup's Island, B. H.

Captain.—I respectfully request leave of absence for twenty-four hours to visit Boston.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE MURRAY,

First Lieut. 9th Mass. Battery.

Approved and respectfully forwarded,

GEO. W. FOSTER,

First Lieut. commanding 9th Mass. Battery.

(ENDORSEMENT.)

HEADQUARTERS DRAFT RENDEZVOUS, GALLOUP'S ISLAND.

B. H., MASS., June 4, 1865.

Disapproved. By order of Col. John Hendrickson, Commanding Post.

J. E. SMITH, *Capt. and A. A. A. Gen'l.*

June 5. Capt. Milton and Lieut. Park and most of the others came down by the early boat, and on arrival received the following :

HEADQUARTERS DRAFT RENDEZVOUS,

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, GALLOUP'S ISLAND,

B. H., MASS., June 5, 1865.

COMMANDING OFFICER, 9TH BATTERY MASS. VOLUNTEERS.

Sir.—I have the honor to inform you that the following named enlisted men of your command have this day been confined at this Post, by order of provost marshal, for disorderly conduct and using threatening language to their superior officer :

George H. Golliff, George A. Bernard, John W. Lord, Patrick Conlan.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ANDREW BAZNE,

Capt. 13th Regiment, V. R. C., Provost Marshal.

We do not know just what occurred or was said at headquarters after Capt. Milton arrived, but suspect there was some plain talk; but the four men arrested for using threatening language were soon released.

There was some kind of an investigation among the officials of the island, but our officers had no part in it except as witnesses, and the officer of the day was acquitted of all blame in shooting Isaacs. The trouble delayed our muster out a day or two, but soon several men were at work on the rolls, and we got furloughs for twenty-four hours.

Most or all of the Boston papers contained notices of the tragedy. The Boston *Herald*, *Journal* and *Advertiser* contained notices of the affair, receiving their information from the officers of the Post, and it was rather one-sided.

June 6. John Lugal and Robert S. Reed were sent to Fort Independence.

June 7. In the afternoon the company were called together informally, and the feelings of the Battery embodied in resolutions, and a committee chosen to carry them into effect, and to act as guard at the funeral.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of the members of the 9th Mass. Battery, held at Galloup's Island, June 7, 1865, of which First Sergeant L. W.

Baker was president and Private Isaac F. Eaton secretary, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Preamble: As in the Providence of an all-wise God, our beloved friend and comrade, Wm. H. Isaacs, has been taken from us in a manner so sad and sudden, therefore, be it resolved, by his comrades of the 9th Mass. Battery:—

1st, That we will ever cherish his memory with affection and pride. His uniform kindness and unassuming manner won our affection, and his history as a soldier in the 11th Mass. Regiment, in which he first served, and where he won deserved promotion for his daring bravery in battle, is our pride and admiration. During his service of over four years he has ever shown himself worthy of a proud position in the list of those who loved honor and country more than life; and

2d, We can only think with feelings of the deepest sadness on the circumstances of his removal from us at such a moment, and with the greatest condemnation and shame for the arm nerved to do no braver deed; and

3d, That our sincerest sympathy be tendered to the wife and mother of the deceased, accompanied by our prayer that in this great sorrow they may resign their will to His who controls all in love as well as wisdom; and

4th, That we will, as a token of respect for the memory of the deceased, wear the usual sign of mourning on our left arm for the period of ten days; and

5th, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and friends of our deceased comrade, and three of the daily journals of Boston.

A committee consisting of the following members—Willard Chaffin, Sergt. J. H. Manning, Sergt. N. Lowell, Sergt. H. C. Knight, and James N. Dunn—was unanimously chosen and empowered to carry into effect the objects of the meeting.

ISAAC F. EATON, *Secretary*.

N. B. \$500 have been raised by the members of the Battery, which, after paying the funeral expenses, will be conferred upon the wife of the deceased.

I find the following in a file of the Boston *Herald*, dated June 7, 1865 :

The funeral of W. H. Isaacs, who was shot by an officer at Galloup's Island on Saturday, took place yesterday afternoon from St. Matthew's church, South Boston ; the service being performed by Rev. J. T. Cooledge, who also delivered a funeral address. The remains were escorted to the grave in Mt. Hope Cemetery by a detachment of the 9th Mass. Battery, under Corp. J. H. Wiley ; and eight members of the old 1st Battery, in which the deceased had formerly served, acted as pall bearers, while a large delegation of the past members of the 11th Mass. Regiment, comrades of the deceased, showed their respect for his memory by following him to the grave.

Slow progress was made in making the rolls, a second set having to be made ; but finally, June 9, we were paid off and discharged, so we were able to take the boat at 5 P.M. for Boston, landing about 6, and a few hurried handshakings and "Good luck to you," and we scattered, never to meet all together again.

The following correspondence is on file :

FORT INDEPENDENCE, B. H., August 3, 1865.

Respected Sir:—Having received a copy of my charges, I very respectfully forward the same to you for your perusal, and also to inform you that my trial comes on next Monday, Aug. 7. I would very respectfully ask you to procure for me, if possible, some witnesses to substantiate my innocence. John Lugal's charges are the same as those. We would respectfully ask you to find, if possible, Frank Patrick, as he is a witness that would be of vital moment to us, also ask Corp. McCarty if he will please to appear there as a counsel in our case.

We would, if possible, request the attendance of all our officers, or as many of them as could appear, and also as many men as you can find. Trusting that you will oblige us in this,

We remain very respectfully yours,

ROBERT S. REED,
JOHN LIGAL.

TO CAPT. R. S. MILTON.

Charge and Specification preferred against Private Robert Reed, 9th Battery, Mass. Volunteers :

Charge : Offering violence against his superior officer.

Specification : In this, that he, Private Robert Reed, 9th Battery, Mass. Volunteers, did offer violence against his superior officer, Andrew C. Bazne, Capt. 13th Regiment, V. R. C., provost marshal, with intent to kill, and did by speech and gesture incite others to join him in said assault, he, Capt. A. C. Bazne, 13th V. R. C., provost marshal, being in the execution of his office. This at or near Galloup's Island, Boston Harbor, Mass., on or about the 3d day of June, 1865.

Witnesses : Capt. A. C. Bazne, 13th V. R. C., provost marshal.

Capt. J. W. Jordan, 13th V. R. C.

First Lieut. E. T. Armstrong, 13th V. R. C.

Corp. James S. Coombs, " "

Corp. Louis Roberts, " "

Signed, ANDREW C. BAZNE,

Capt. 13th V. R. C., provost marshal.

MAJOR GENERAL DIX, Commanding Department of the East.

General :— We, the undersigned, late commissioned officers of the Ninth (9th) Massachusetts Battery, which was mustered out of the service of the United States June 6, 1865, respectfully represent that at the time of the aforesaid muster out, two privates belonging to the command, John Ligal and Robert Reed, were and are held under arrest at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, to await court martial for alleged mutinous and riotous conduct at Galloup's Island, in connection with the affair which resulted in the shooting and killing of Private Isaacs of the Battery.

Both Lugal and Reed are veterans in the service, the former having been a member of the 9th Battery since its organization, August 10, 1862, and Reed having been originally a member of the 1st Mass. Battery, a three years company; at the expiration of his term of service re-enlisted, and was transferred to the 9th Battery some five months ago, upon the breaking up of the 1st Battery. Both, while with the 9th Mass. Battery, have ever been faithful in the performance of their duties, quiet, obedient and soldierly in their department, and never before this affair have been under arrest. Private Lugal has always served as a cannoneer, been present in all the engagements of the command with the enemy, and always been conspicuous for his gallant conduct. Private Reed has an equally creditable and even longer record.

Being the first command of the Army of the Potomac to arrive home under the late orders for discharge, much to their disappointment they found no arrangements provided for their disposition. After much delay, they were finally ordered down to Galloup's Island, a place associated in their minds with substitutes and bounty jumpers. Their long delay in the city enabled a few to obtain liquor, of which they had long been deprived, and so easily became intoxicated. Immediately on arriving at Galloup's Island, the colonel commanding post ordered *his* provost guard to search for liquor, virtually relieving the Battery officer in command of the company of his authority, and treating his command as if they were bounty jumpers, and not veterans, who had won an honorable name for themselves on the battlefields of the Army of the Potomac, whose orderly conduct had become a by-word among their associates; for they had never had a comrade court-martialed, and who had never before beheld men belonging to another military organization, armed with bayonets and muskets, ordered among them to perform what they knew to be only a proper military precaution, and would gladly and quietly have submitted to from their own officers, or even corporal's guard. This we say was an additional annoyance to the command already mortified and disappointed with their cavalier treatment. To make matters still worse, the provost guard was under the charge of a rash and inconsiderate officer, who, though having an ample force armed

and equipped under his orders, became excited over improper conduct of several drunken men, and instead of ordering his guard to make arrests, joined in a *mêlée* with them and personally tried to deprive them of their liquor. Thus forgetful of his own rank and position in the service, allowing his passion full sway, he placed himself on a level with drunken privates, got throttled and punished, and finally prefers charges, where he might have drawn valuable inferences for future guidance. At this time, General, an officer of the day rushed out from his quarters, and, without waiting to see what was going on, or give any orders, shot Private Isaacs dead, and then, with the brand of Cain upon him, though *officer of the day*, leaves the island at midnight, only to return after days had elapsed.

Such was the reception of the command at Galloup's Island, worse even than their liveliest fears anticipated.

We have recurred to the above facts, though imperfectly, to show that this unfortunate and discreditable affair has at least two sides to be considered. We do not wish to excuse drunkenness nor urge it in palliation; but feeling as we do, that the responsibility rests to a great degree with the officers stationed at Galloup's Island for what occurred, and in consideration of the previous good conduct, as well as faithful services on many battlefields, of Privates John Lugal and Robert Reed, and their punishment by already two weeks confinement,

Your petitioners respectfully ask that you will regard them with leniency, and order their release from arrest, and issue such other orders as may insure their early discharge from the service, to which they are entitled, and which their arrest has delayed.

Signed,

R. S. MILTON, *late captain*.
 GEO. W. FOSTER, *late first lieutenant*.
 GEO. MURRAY, " "
 GEO. BOOTH, *late second lieutenant*.
 WM. PARK, JR. " "

BOSTON, June 20, 1865.

Of the fate of the two prisoners, we learn that Robert S. Reed was discharged, as there was not evidence to hold him. John Lignal was confined some time at Fort Independence, was finally tried by court martial and found guilty, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, dishonorable discharge, loss of all pay and allowances. One strong circumstance was against him. He got in Boston a light summer cap and wore it down on the boat, and he was recognized by that. It is said that the Judge Advocate was favorably impressed that the sentence should be light, but he said, "He was a private soldier, the other was an officer, and the circumstances required that some notice should be taken of the affair, and he must be convicted, or the officer would be placed in a bad situation as to killing Isaacs."

When Lignal was returned to the fort, he was all broken up; said he had rather die at once than go to prison. All of us who had marched with him for nearly three years, gave him credit for many virtues. Large hearted, generous, ever ready to do his share of work, always at his post in battle, or on guard, not knowing fear, he was a good soldier. Like many others of us, whisky was his enemy and got him into trouble. An Italian by birth, little education, no friends of influence, his case was a hard one.

On going to the guardroom from supper, he concealed and carried a bread knife with him.

When prisoners were convicted and sentenced to be confined in any other prison, they were confined in a casemate opening into the guardroom, with an iron door. Instead of the usual custom, Lignal was left in the common prison or

guardroom where they all slept. There was a prisoner there, confined as a bounty jumper; he was a smart, ingenious man, and had much to do about the fort; he had not been tried, and had made preparations to escape, if sentenced. Feeling a sympathy for Ligal, he approached him and tried to calm him; told him to go to bed and pretend to go to sleep; that after the others were asleep, he would tell him something of advantage to him. After all was quiet, he came to him and told him of a stone cut in two, one half movable, that would let him out of the room, and where he would find a rope long and strong enough to let him down outside the fort; of a certain chimney to put it around; of the beat of the guard on that side, long and partly out of sight; and when he was going from him, to lower himself down; at the hour of low tide, the channel would be narrow toward South Boston flats, and he could swim it easily. Ligal carried out the programme, escaped, and made his way to a town near Boston, where a comrade cared for him, and friends aided him in leaving the country.

Comrades, you are now so scattered that we shall never all meet again here. I have the address of only eighty-eight. The deaths of forty-eight have been reported, and they are recorded in the records of the Associates. There are sixty-three comrades who enlisted in '62, whose address we do not know.

Forty-eight of our comrades have died since we enlisted, and perhaps others we do not know of. The first was :

Pri.	Geo. W. Stafford, 1862.	Pri.	Henry Fen, Gettysburg.
	Edwin H. Babson, 1863.		Adolph Lipman, "
Lieut.	C. Erickson, Gettysburg.		Austin Packard, "
"	A. H. Whitaker, "		Nathan H. Brand, 1864.
Sergt.	C. E. Dodge, "	Corp.	L. J. Sanderson, "
"	J. L. Fenton, "	Sergt.	W. H. Dawes, "
Pri.	John Crosson, "	Corp.	Levi Lincoln, "
	C. B. Nutting, "	Pri.	Byron Porter, "
	Jas. F. Gilson, "		Wm. H. Isaacs, 1865.

DATE NOT KNOWN.

Lieut.	Geo. W. Foster.	Pri.	John H. Kelly.
"	Geo. Murray.		John A. McCarty.
"	Geo. H. Prescott.		Jas. McDavitt.
Corp.	Zimri Whitney.		John R. Marten.
"	W. L. Tucker.		M. L. Martin.
Pri.	John Buckman.		Geo. McFarlin.
	Ralph C. Blaisdell.		H. F. Nash.
	Jos. Bailey, Jr.		E. A. Noyes.
	John H. Clark.		S. N. Parker.
	Geo. Doherty.		Orin Reynolds.
	M. E. Fay.		Edward Rouse.
	Chas. A. Guinn.		Reuben B. Rice.
	S. H. Goodwin.		C. F. Sexton.
	J. A. Harvey.		Wm. W. Snelling.
	Orin C. Hussy.		John Ligal.

The following letters are of interest to all. From the *Weekly Times*, Philadelphia, June 14, 1877 :

THE ARTILLERY AT GETTYSBURG.

Capt. Bigelow corrects an error in Col. Osborn's recent paper.

To the Editor of the *Times* :

I have read with interest Col. Osborn's account of the part taken by the artillery under his command at Gettysburg, published

in the *Weekly Times* of May 31, but am compelled to take exception at what he says regarding Capt. Winslow, Battery D, 1st New York Light Artillery, who fought on another part of the field from himself, and about whom he cannot speak of his own knowledge. In referring to Gen. Howard's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1876, Col. Osborn calls attention to what he is pleased to suggest as "the mistake of writing Bigelow for Winslow, doubtless owing to the similarity in pronunciation," and afterward he makes a quotation, substituting the name Winslow where in the original the name Bigelow occurs. Gen. Howard was correct, and Col. Osborn is in the wrong. The battery referred to was the 9th Massachusetts, commanded by myself, and I bear on my side the scars of the wound mentioned therein. Major McGilvery commanded the 2d Brigade Artillery Reserve, Army of the Potomac, to which my battery, the 9th Massachusetts, was attached. When the 3d Corps (Sickles') became hard pressed by Longstreet, on the afternoon of July 2, McGilvery's brigade was sent to his support. The 9th Massachusetts Battery was first placed in position on the left of Sickles' line, not far from the Peach Orchard, and alone remained after the 3d Corps had been driven from its position—both infantry and artillery. Being ordered by McGilvery to retire, I fixed prolonge, and with my left section scattering canister to keep off a line of skirmishers which were pressing me on my left front, and with my centre and right sections sending solid shot against a line of Confederate infantry which, having defeated Sickles, were re-forming near the Peach Orchard for a further charge, I allowed the recoil to retire my guns to the corner of the stone wall, near A. Trostle's house. Just as I was limbering up to get through the stone wall and back on the line of Cemetery Ridge proper, Maj. McGilvery came to me and said: "There is not an infantryman back of you along the whole line from which Sickles moved out. You must remain where you are and hold your position at all hazards, until, at least, I can find some batteries to put in position and cover you. The Rebels are coming down on you now." I immediately ordered my guns unlimbered and the ammunition taken from the chests and laid by the guns. Hardly were the guns double-

shot before the enemy appeared above a swell of the ground about fifty yards in my front, and I became heavily engaged.

Owing to large stone bowlders interfering with my left section, I ordered Lieut. Milton to take it out and to the rear. In accomplishing this, most of the horses were shot, and one of the pieces was drawn off by hand, but the right and centre sections remained until overwhelmed by the enemy, who came in on their unprotected flanks. While we were thus engaged, McGilvery succeeded in placing the 6th Maine (Dow) and 5th Massachusetts (Phillips) Batteries in position on the high ground in my rear (Cemetery Ridge proper). When I was raised from the ground, the enemy, who had come in on the flanks of the battery, were standing on the chests shooting down my cannoneers, who were still serving their guns; but McGilvery was ready. I ordered my men to stop firing and get back to our lines as best they could. Dow and Phillips immediately opened fire on their positions, and the enemy's advance in this direction was stopped, although there were no infantry on our line for some time afterward. Later in the evening my guns were re-taken, and I kept them until the end of the war.

In this engagement, of four officers on the field, one (Erickson) was killed, and two wounded, one (Whitaker) mortally; six sergeants and twenty-two enlisted men were killed or wounded, and eighty horses killed or disabled. Besides other ammunition, ninety-two rounds of canister were expended, mostly at close quarters.

JOHN BIGELOW.

PHILADELPHIA, June 2, 1879.

FROM "THE SOUTHERN REVEILLE."

Port Gibson, Clairborne County, Mississippi, May 19, 1877.

The Blue and the Gray — Unpublished Letters Across the Chasm.
Reminiscences of War and Gettysburg.

It has been our good fortune, after persistent efforts, to get control of the following letters, which we had the pleasure of

reading last summer. These letters refer more particularly to the great battle of Gettysburg, but they are so full of noble expressions, and so illustrative of the sentiments of the soldiers, as contradistinguished from the narrow contractedness of political demagogues, that it is pleasant to read them, and to see in them the magnanimity that characterizes the soldier and the hero. The first is from Col. John B. Bachelder, a distinguished Federal officer during the war, and author of several popular works touching the war and its incidents, known as "The Gettysburg Publications." The letter to which the following from Col. Bachelder is a reply, has been mislaid, but the published letter shows the drift of the missing one :

LETTER FROM COL. BACHELDER TO GOV. HUMPHREYS.

"CHELSEA, MASS., May 7, 1876.

GEN. B. G. HUMPHREYS, VICKSBURG, MISS.

My Dear Sir:—On returning from Philadelphia this morning, I found your esteemed favor of the 1st instant awaiting me. This completes the chain of description along that portion of Longstreet's line. I shall be glad to find a few intelligent officers from Semme's and Benning's Brigades, who can explain their movements a little more fully. I now have all the positions to complete my contract with the Government, but the history, upon which I have spent years of study, is yet to be written, and in completing that, I shall avail myself of your courteous offer, and write you sometime in the future in more detail. You will see the necessity for this when I tell you I have the official report of every Union regiment and brigade, and also battery commander, in your front. Each has his story to tell, and I desire to meet each with as full statements as possible. I wish you would make out a list of officers from each regiment, at your leisure, and send to me, that I may get as complete data as possible of the movements. When I get ready to take up that part, I will write you again. I think you are right in placing Watson's Battery a little farther to your right. I knew pretty well where the flank regiments were engaged, and by

analogy supposed the line continuous, but your letter explains why a vacant space occurred.

Recurring to your letter, I will briefly say, the four guns you captured at the foot of the hill were from Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts Battery of six guns. This was its first action. It, with others, had been engaged with three of Kershaw's regiments. When you appeared on his right he retired with *fixed prolonge* until entangled in an angle of stone fence. At that moment Maj. McGilvery, his brigade commander, dashed up to him and ordered him to stay at that point as long as possible, *and sacrifice his battery, if need be*, to enable a new line to be formed on the opposite side of the ravine. You know how well the order was obeyed. Capt. Bigelow was wounded twice. Lieut. Erickson, already wounded, was killed. Lieut. Whitaker was mortally wounded. Six out of seven sergeants were killed or wounded, with one third of the men of the battery, and eighty out of eighty-eight horses placed *hors de combat*. There was no colonel of artillery killed, and I think Lieut. Erickson must have been the man you speak of. I know Capt. Bigelow intimately, but don't know whether he is in Boston now; I will ask him about his horse when I see him; I had the impression his horse was shot. Two guns were saved by tearing down a portion of the stone wall. Three of the four were regained that night, and the fourth next day. Gen. Sickles was wounded a few minutes later, on the east side of the ravine, while riding towards Watson's Battery. First Lieut. Watson, commanding the battery, was wounded in the knee, from which his leg was amputated. At this critical moment of the battle, Willard's Brigade, of the 2d Army Corps, came down from the direction of Cemetery Hill. The 39th New York (Garibaldi Guards) was detached as reserve, and the other three regiments (111th, 125th and 126th New York) charged Barksdale's left. Willard was instantly killed, and Barksdale fell mortally wounded. His troops were repulsed and Willard's command followed nearly up to Alexander's guns, which had been advanced to the Emmitsburg road. At about this time, two regiments of Slocum's (Lockwood's Brigade) came up on Willard's left, and participated slightly. Capt. Fassit, of Gen. Sickles' staff,

who had guided these troops, while returning, saw Lieut. Peeples, of Watson's Battery, standing on a rock gesticulating wildly and pointing to his guns, just being reversed by your men. Capt. Fassit knew of the Garibaldi Guards being detached, and at once brought them up, Lieut. Peeples leading with a musket. These were the troops you met last.

Not having witnessed these scenes, and being entirely dependent on the statements of others, I can only get at the truth after careful study, knowing full well the natural tendency to exaggeration. This is why I have so long delayed writing. There is much of interest connected with the engagement of your brigade, and I hope I may get full letters from officers of each regiment. I am particularly desirous of hearing from the 18th, and what they know of the engagement of Wilcox on their left. Wilcox's and Perry's Brigades moved after Barksdale had advanced to the attack. After a few yards they moved by the left flank in the valley, then by the front, crossed the Emmitsburg road, and continued to the ravine, but I have an impression that their final movement was after Barksdale's repulse, as Col. Forney, 10th Alabama, says there were no organized troops on his right, and his was the right regiment of Wilcox's Brigade. He was wounded and captured.

Write for any further details you want.

Yours,

JNO. B. BACHELDER."

From the foregoing letter it will be seen that Capt. Bigelow (a historic name) of the 9th Massachusetts, ascertained information and facts of which he had long been in pursuit, that is, who fought him and destroyed his brave and gallant command at Gettysburg.

LETTER FROM CAPT. BIGELOW TO GEN. B. G. HUMPHREYS.

"40 WATER ST., BOSTON, July 13, 1876.

Dear Sir:— I happened to meet Col. Bachelder, the encyclopedia of the battle of Gettysburg, yesterday, with whom I am well acquainted, and his first greeting was, 'I have found out who were

fighting you at Trostle's house.' He gave me your address, as former commander of the 21st Mississippi Regiment. Now, sir, I entertain the highest regard for the gallantry and bravery of the men who so fearlessly faced my guns, double-shotted with canister, though of course it was my exposed flanks and lack of infantry support that caused the destruction of my command. I suffered severely from a party of sharpshooters on my left front, who followed me across the field. My only good view of your command was as they were forming just outside the Peach Orchard to come down on me, and I was greatly surprised when Col. B. said there was only a regiment. The line seemed very much too long, and my recollection is that there were a number of regiments forming. I could easily have got through the wall before you struck me, and have reached the high ground in my rear, but was urged to await your assault there at all hazards, and hold the point as long as I could, because there were no troops in my rear, and nothing but my battery remaining to fill up the gap in our lines left by Sickles' Corps. My command suffered, of course, but you were delayed long enough to get the 6th Maine and part of the 5th Massachusetts Batteries in position. For half an hour or more they filled the long gap on the rising ground, front of the wood, opening on you when I stopped firing.

The horse which you got probably belonged to one of my lieutenants, Erickson, who was killed. My horse, when I fell from him, was wounded at the same time, leaped the wall and went back into our lines. Recovering, I saw our guns coming into position, and your men on my limber chests, shooting my cannoneers, still hard at work, when I gave the order to cease firing and fall back. I was taken over the wall. One of my officers, Whitaker, though mortally wounded, rode up and gave me some whisky. I was then lifted on to my orderly's horse, and slowly taken back into the front of the 6th Maine Battery, while it was firing.

Besides other projectiles, my command distributed among Ker-shaw's men, who charged from Rose's house toward Round Top, and your own, the very extraordinary number of ninety-two rounds of canister.

While, however, others may have suffered, we were in no way exempt ourselves. Of four officers, two were killed and one wounded. I lost six of seven sergeants, twenty-two men, and eighty out of eighty-eight horses on the battlefield. As I recall the exciting scenes of the late war, they seem like a dream; but the twinges of broken bones substantiate their reality. No bitterness remains among the people of this section, but all unite in wishing for many returns of our National Centennial as a great united people. May it not be in name only, but in heart as well.

I remain very truly,

JOHN BIGELOW.

Late captain of the 9th Mass. Battery.

To EX-GOV. HUMPHREYS, VICKSBURG, MISS.”

The following is the “old stem-winder’s” reply:

“VICKSBURG, MISS., Aug. 4, 1876.

Dear Sir:—Your esteemed letter of July 13, reached me a few days since. I feel profoundly grateful for the kind notice you have taken of the noble command I followed at Gettysburg, and recognize the accuracy of your description of our advance. You are doubtless aware that Barksdale and Kershaw moved out together, but when we broke Sickles’ line, Barksdale inclined to the left and Kershaw to the right, and when Barksdale emerged from the Peach Orchard, his right flank was on your right flank 200 yards off. I saw at once our peril in leaving you to enfilade our line. I promptly wheeled the 21st Mississippi Volunteers to the right, and charged down on you, and as you were unsupported, my task in silencing and capturing your guns was comparatively easy, but afforded infinite relief to Kershaw’s Brigade, with whose sharpshooters on your left front you were engaged. The 21st Mississippi Regiment captured a battery on the slope in rear of your guns, but was driven off. Was this battery ‘the 6th Maine and part of the 5th Mass.’ you speak of, and was it commanded by Col. Watson? Was it Gen. A. A. Humphrey’s Division that checked and killed

Barksdale, or was it a line of reinforcements from Culp's Hill? What troops checked and drove back Kershaw on your left?

You well say, my dear sir, 'The exciting scenes of the late war seem like a dream.' I can add, your kind letter is a most pleasant reminder of the 'unpleasantness' that has long since passed away, as between the true soldiers of the North and South, who met in fratricidal strife in the front of battle. They feel they only did their duty, and ask no forgiveness of each other. When the South laid down her arms, if the issues of the war had been submitted to them, amicable relations and cordial peace would long since have existed throughout our borders. But, by the death of Lincoln, our destiny was placed in the hands of a corps of wrangling demagogues, who 'vaunteth in war,' but like the war horse of Job, 'paweth in the valley and snuffeth the battle afar off.' Feeding on the feuds of the nation, and fattening on the woes of the South, their 'reconstruction' has engendered a bitterness that can only be cured by the magnanimity and justice of the North. May it not be long delayed! And even now I beg to assure you, the soldiers of the South unite with you 'in wishing for many returns of our National Centennial as a united people, not only in name but in heart as well.'

Please present my kindest regards to Col. Bachelder for his attention to my request, and accept for yourself my sincere respects. Hoping to hear from you again,

I am truly yours,

BEN. G. HUMPHREYS.

TO CAPT. JOHN BIGELOW, BOSTON, MASS."

It would seem from the foregoing letters that "Old Ben" had one horse too many, and was endeavoring to find the owner. But the charm in this correspondence is the magnanimity that fills alike the hearts of the victor and the vanquished. Capt. Bigelow's orders commanded him to stand, even to the sacrifice of his command, and the brave officer who lost his battery commands equal admiration with the man who captured it. In all the history of

that dreadful war, we scarcely remember such carnage as befell Capt. Bigelow's battery, and his heroic command deserved a better fate, though they could not have won greater prestige even in victory. Old Ben, "the old stem-winder," went into the fight with elegant impudence, and comes out of it, as his letter shows, with sublime magnanimity. He rode at the head of the old 21st with the same nonchalance that he offered "to go the gal's security."

NOTE. GETTYSBURG, JULY 2.

Among the incidents that filled the closing hours of the day and brought us in connection with other organizations, the 118th Pennsylvania Regiment has a place. Soon after we commenced firing from our first position, a few sharpshooters took position on our left, near the edge of the woods, between us and the Wheat Field, and kept actively engaged on our flank, till we were driven to the corner near the house. The historian of the 118th Pennsylvania Regiment, J. L. Smith of Philadelphia, gives the names of the men as Sergt. Augustus Luker, Sergt. Joseph Turner, Corp. DeWitt Rodermel, James J. Donnelly.

Smith says he saw a cannon shot go through the body of one of the men in or with our Battery. He claims the 118th assisted by their fire in crowding the 21st Mississippi over on our right flank, and they suffered considerably from the fire of the Rebels around Trostle's barn and yard, when they were filing away by the edge of the wood on our left and going to the rear.

Gen. McLaws (Confederate) wrote him that any command that faced the 21st Mississippi may well feel proud, as that

regiment was the very "flower of Southern chivalry;" (*sic*) one of its companies had four men pledged to remain always privates, who were worth \$4,000,000. The 118th Regiment pride themselves very much on the assistance they rendered us. Strangely enough they were in Gen. Chamberlain's charge that we supported at Petersburg.

ARTILLERY HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

June 21, 1865.

CAPT. R. S. MILTON, 9TH MASS. BATTERY.

Captain:—I have received your letter of the 5th instant, informing me that your battery was to be mustered out of the service. I regret that it has been decided not to retain any portion of the volunteer field artillery, and that under this decision, yours, and other excellent batteries which have done so much to elevate the character of our arm of the service, and to aid the great cause in which we have all been engaged, must now terminate their public career. Their reputation and what they have done still remain to us, however. To me, the breaking up of this army, and the separation from those I have long commanded is very painful. I shall, however, long remember them and recall with pleasure the services they have rendered under my orders.

Amongst the organizations serving under me, the 9th Mass. will be associated, in my mind, with some of the hardest service of the army. Upon first joining under Capt. Bigelow, it went immediately into battle at Gettysburg, and bore a distinguished part, as the reports and its list of killed and wounded, headed by the gallant Erickson, will prove. Its subsequent history is not less glorious, and the history of the campaign and battles of the Army of the Potomac will be incomplete, which does not mention with honor, amongst other batteries which rendered distinguished services, the 9th Massachusetts Independent. The record of its battles is made, and not less honorable is its reputation for discipline, instruction, good conduct, and the deportment of its men and

officers, under both Bigelow and yourself. I trust that your future may be as successful as your career in this army, and that both officers and men will feel, as they have the right to do—proud of their Battery.

A pressure for time, as I am under orders for distant service, prevents my writing more fully and carefully what I would wish to say of the Battery itself, yet I could not say less as to my own feelings in connection with it.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) HENRY J. HUNT,

Major General, Chief Artillery, Army of the Potomac.

A few years after our discharge an attempt was made to form a Battery association, as was the fashion then, and a meeting was called, through the public prints, at John A. Andrew Hall on Washington street. A large number responded, and an organization was started, but owing to discordant elements among the promoters, it failed.

A few years later, as we began to see that one after another were falling and our number growing less, a few comrades started the 9th Battery Associates, who have met the first Monday of February each year, and spent an evening socially together.

February 7, 1870, the first meeting was held. There were sixteen present; the Associates were organized; Major John Bigelow was chosen president, and held the office four years, followed by F. C. Tucker, Wm. Park, Jr., B. E. Murray, E. A. Noyes, J. V. Huntress, Chas. W. Reed, J. H. Sullivan, and J. K. Norwood.

February 8, 1886, the name was changed to 9th Battery Association; there were thirty-seven present.

At the annual meeting of the Associates holden the first Monday of February, 1884, at Young's Hotel, Boston, the matter of a monument at Gettysburg was brought up and discussed. All being in favor of action, a committee of six were chosen to take charge of the matter, as follows: Chas. W. Reed, John K. Norwood, Jos. A. Chapin, Wm. Park, Jr., B. E. Murray and J. Howard Sullivan. They met and organized as follows: Chas. W. Reed, chairman; J. K. Norwood, treasurer; J. A. Chapin, secretary; and issued the following circular:

BOSTON, April 17, 1884.

COMRADE:

Dear Sir:—In view of the National importance of the Gettysburg Battlefield, making it forever historic, and to commemorate the conspicuous service of the 9th Battery, Mass. Vols., it was conceded by all present at the annual reunion, Feb. 4, that we must not be behind the other organizations who have, and are marking their relative positions on this field where the tide of the Rebellion was turned. It was unanimously voted "that we erect a suitable monument of granite and bronze upon the ground held by our Battery during this engagement."

Voted, "That we raise the sum of One Thousand Dollars for this purpose."

Voted, "That the 9th Battery Associates compose a committee of the whole to raise this amount."

Voted, "That a Working or Executive Committee of six have the immediate charge of securing the above amount, obtaining designs for said monument, and locating correct sites."

Major John Bigelow urges this, and starts the subscription with \$350. John K. Norwood follows with \$100. It is hoped that every man connected with the Battery will take pride in contributing according to his ability to this very worthy object.

Money subscribed to this fund will be taken charge of by the committee and properly deposited.

Checks may be sent to the order of John K. Norwood, Lawrence, Mass.

Copies of this circular may be had, or will be mailed to any address on application to

J. A. CHAPIN, *Sec'y*,

106 Franklin St., Boston.

BOSTON, Sept. 17, 1886.

MY DEAR BAKER :

Comrade and Friend:—In answer to yours of 13th inst., would say, that in October, 1883, I went to Gettysburg with Col. Bachelder and Carleton Coffin and others to look over the ground where our Battery fought, which I had desired for years, being the only representative of our Battery present. After looking over the ground with the above named, with the addition of Gen. Underwood, we located the position of the Battery practically where afterwards, in May, the committee located or verified it. My first impulse at that time in October, was to put up a neat tablet at a cost of \$100 or thereabouts, at my own expense; but after coming home and going to the State House and finding it was settled that at the coming session of Legislature, \$500 should be appropriated to each regiment and battery, I changed my purpose and thought the best course was to bring it before the Association at its next meeting in February. At that meeting I explained the matter to the comrades, and the \$1,000 was voted to be raised. Having never seen or talked with any of the comrades about the matter, the matter came to a head nicely, as Major Bigelow's letter and check came to hand at that meeting without any concerted action, so far as I know.

I have just returned home after a week's absence, consequently the delay. I am glad to hear from you, and if I have not covered the ground fully, please let me know.

J. K. NORWOOD.

In 1883, a large excursion went to Gettysburg and with them J. K. Norwood, the only representative of the 9th Battery. Col. Bachelder, the Government historian, in locating the position of the different organizations, had marked our position in Trostle's field so far to the left that it would have been impossible for us to have shelled Rose's barn or done the execution on Kershaw's Brigade that we are reported to have done. Mr. Norwood disputed the location, and placed a stake where he thought the true position was.

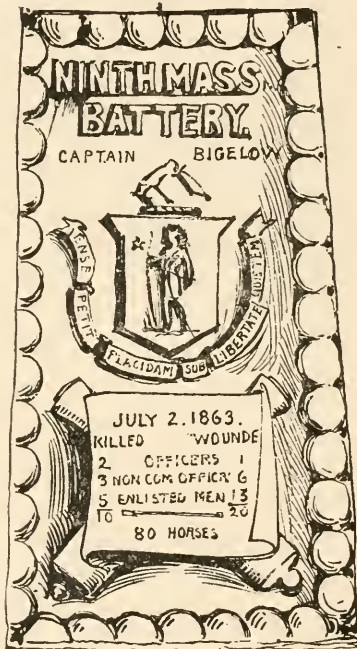
The committee thought that the true position should be found, and accordingly an excursion was arranged by C. W. Reed and J. K. Norwood for the 19th of May, 1884, for five or six days, and the following persons arranged to go, viz.: C. W. Reed, J. K. Norwood, Wm. Park, Jr., Francis M. Shaw, Richard Holland, B. E. Murray, Kendall Norwood, and L. W. Baker, and at Philadelphia Maj. Bigelow joined us. We were delayed, and only reached Carlisle Tuesday evening, and Gettysburg Wednesday about 10 A.M. Having already secured the services of Mr. Holtsworth, the well known guide, we started for Spangler's field, where the reserve artillery went in park in the morning of the 2d of July, 1863. Arriving at the house we dismissed our carriage and proceeded on foot to find the field and the spot of our stay there; then followed the way we went to Trostle's field, all of which we identified.

After stopping at the house and rear of the field, we separately went up to the cross road, selecting the position of our several guns, there being four represented. Our positions corresponded very well. We were well satisfied that we

were on the right spot. We had a lunch sent out from town, and bivouacked at the foot of Little Round Top, and enjoyed our dinner. After spending some time in surveying the field and fixing a spot for our monument, we returned to our hotel.

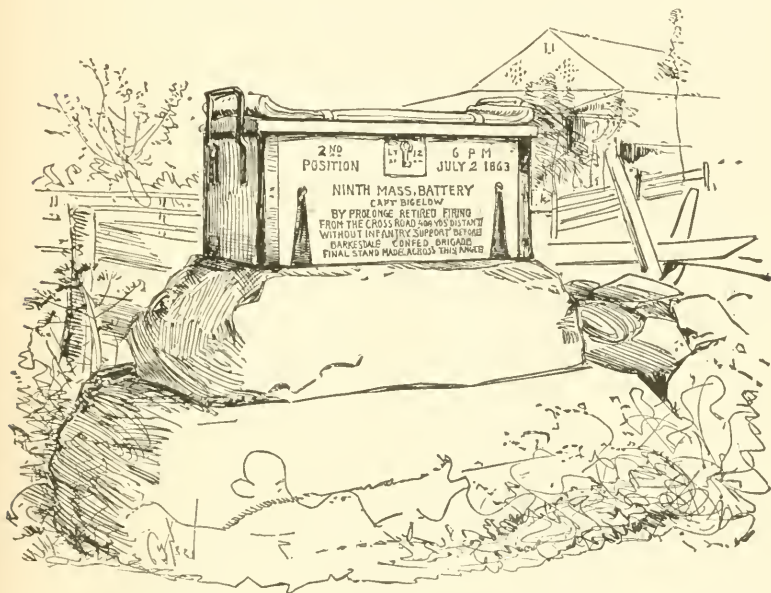
In the evening we met the officers of The Gettysburg Battlefield Association, and heard their plans, rules, and results they had achieved. We were promised a piece of land twenty by forty feet on the road as a monument site, they to fence it and care for it forever.

The committee decided to obtain a shaft of Quincy granite, and a general design was suggested by Maj. Bigelow, C. W. Reed and J. K. Norwood, which was finally adopted. The design was elaborated by C. W. Reed, a well known artist of Boston, and early in the spring of 1885, a contract was made with Boston Marble and Granite Company of Worcester, for a main shaft nine feet high, three by four feet square at base; one side worked as shown. Also an ammunition chest for the rear of Trostle's field, and stone with an ammunition haversack cut on it to be put on Cemetery Hill. These were all erected in October, 1885, and on the 19th of October a party of our comrades went out with the excursion of Massachusetts Veterans of about 175 gentlemen and ladies, representing about thirty-five organizations, and a large number of monuments were dedicated and turned over to the Governor of Massachusetts, through his chief of staff, and by him to the Battlefield committee. Our organization was represented by Maj. Bigelow of Philadelphia, Comrades Reed, Norwood, C. H. Hall and wife of Manchester, John Stowe, Saco, Me., J. H. Sullivan and L. W. Baker.



W. Reed
dss

The location of large shaft is in Trostle's field, at the spot where the left gun was in position beside the road; the ammunition chest is beside the gateway leading into the field,



on a large boulder; the tablet representing a haversack, is on Cemetery Hill, where two guns of the battery were the third and fourth day.

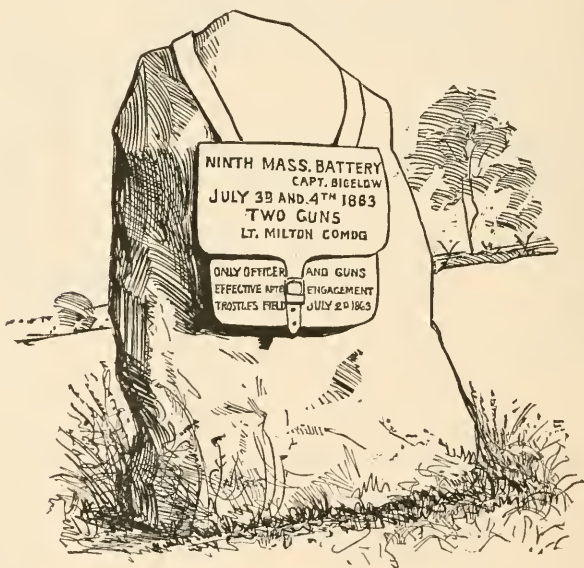
A visit to Gettysburg well repays all who were in the engagement, and all students of the history of the great Rebellion.

As a fitting close of the excursion, the graves of the Massachusetts soldiers were decorated with flowers in the afternoon of the last day. Our only comrades buried there,

whose graves are marked, are John Crosson and Arthur Murphy.

ADDRESS OF MAJ. BIGELOW AT DEDICATION OF
MONUMENT.

COMRADES:— A score of years have passed since you were soldiers; the echoes and passions of war have died away; there are no "Yanks," no "Johnnies," but the charm of your soldier-life, its bonds of friendship and its glorious memories, still linger.



With depleted ranks you have met today to dedicate three monuments erected to mark the different positions where the 9th Massachusetts Battery, to which you belonged, did heavy fighting and rendered efficient service on this historic field of Gettysburg.

This massive granite boulder, bearing the coat-of-arms of Massachusetts, and a table of your casualties, marks your first position.

An "ammunition haversack" your third.

On this spot, near the famous Peach Orchard and on the cross road leading from the Emmittsburg road to Little Round Top, which you have marked as your first position, you received your "baptism of fire."

Here you galloped forward "into battery" under the converging fire of eighteen Confederate guns. Before you could "open," Crosson was killed, and the gallant Erickson was severely wounded.

Amid the zip of bullets, the whiz of shot, and the explosion of shells, you maintained the steadiness of veterans. Your gunners aimed with coolness and accuracy, and you soon succeeded in silencing the fire of your opponents, exploding several of their limbers. Hardly had you accomplished this work before Kershaw's and Semmes' Confederate brigades appeared on your immediate right front, extending from the Peach Orchard parallel with the Emmittsburg road to and around Rose's house. These you shelled heavily. One of your shots, it is said, killed Gen. Semmes, and over one hundred dead bodies left around the Rose buildings again attested the accuracy of your fire. Nothing daunted, however, the Confederate line charged across your front toward Little Round Top on your left. Then, with an enfilading fire and easy range, your double-shotted canister tore through their ranks with terrible effect, until, apparently a mob, they disappeared behind yonder woods. They recognized the attentions you had paid them by immediately sending up against your left front a body of sharpshooters, that followed you as long as a man or a horse remained serviceable.

At this time Col. McGilvery rode up and ordered the battery to be withdrawn, as Sickles' line at the Peach Orchard had been broken, all of his artillery and infantry had been driven back, and you were left alone on the field. Your position at that moment was indeed critical. If you stopped firing, Kershaw's sharpshooters would quickly empty every saddle; while only two hundred yards on your right, extending to your right and rear, as far as one could

see, was Barksdale's Confederate brigade, flushed with the victory which their stubborn fighting had won at the Peach Orchard, and preparing to cut you off. You could not "limber up," but, connecting the trail of your guns to your limbers, with a rope or prolonge, in order to keep your alignment correct, with a slow, sullen fire you allowed the recoil to withdraw your guns, keeping the sharpshooters back with canister, and ricocheting solid shot through the ranks of Barksdale's men. Thus, one thousand yards in advance of our own lines, without infantry support or a single friendly shot from any of our batteries, with the enemy advancing on our front and flank, "by prolonge" you "retired firing" for nearly four hundred yards, until you reached your *second* position, which you have marked with a monument at the angle of the stone wall which borders this field near Trostle's house.

It was now six o'clock in the afternoon. So well had you kept the enemy in check, that you might have withdrawn through the narrow gateway in the wall and reached our lines, but Col. McGilveray again came up. He said, except the defence you were making, our lines were entirely open (left by Sickles' Corps) from the foot of Little Round Top to the left of the 2d Corps (Hancock), and he ordered that, *at all hazards*, you should continue to hold the position you were in, until he could establish a line of artillery behind you.

What a position then was yours for a light battery! Your retreat under fire was cut off by the stone wall; your flanks were exposed (for not an infantryman was near you), and a swell of the ground in your front allowed Barksdale's advancing line to approach within fifty yards. You had already been fighting steadily for two hours and a half, most of the time at close quarters, and had suffered heavy losses. Though delay meant that your sacrifice must be complete, you promptly obeyed the order to "Halt, double shot with canister and lay the contents of your limber chests by your guns for quick work."

Scarcely were you prepared before the enemy appeared above the swell in your front, and again you were actively engaged, firing canister and cutting the fuses of your case shot and shell so that

they would explode near the muzzle of your guns. The enemy kept re-forming and charging, but each time your heavy fire repelled them.

The left section, under Lieut. Milton, by its recoil became entangled among some large bowlders and was ordered to be taken out.

As soon as the fire of Milton's guns ceased, Kershaw's sharpshooters, being unchecked, quickly came up on your left and poured in a murderous fire. At the same time Barksdale's men (21st Mississippi) came in on your right flank, until finally the very unusual spectacle was witnessed of the enemy standing on your limber chests shooting down the cannoneers who were still serving their guns against those in their front, who continued to rally and charge.

Such fighting could not last long. Thus surrounded, men and horses were soon shot down and you were finally overcome, but not until the purpose of your sacrifice had been accomplished.

At 6.30 o'clock, P.M., just as your firing ceased, Col. McGilvery had his second line of artillery ready. This opened heavily and prevented, for three quarters of an hour, the further advance of the enemy at this point of the field. Only at 7.15 o'clock, P.M., were Willard's and a part of Lockwood's brigades brought up, and the long gap in our lines, to which McGilvery referred, filled with infantry. Well may you be proud of those three hours' fighting.

You expended over three tons of shot and shell, including ninety-two rounds of canister.

You lost, killed and disabled, eighty of eighty-eight horses taken into action.

You lost three of your four commissioned officers present; two, Erickson and Whitaker, being killed.

You lost six of the seven sergeants on the field; Dodge and Fenton being killed, and Reed, Baker, Murray and Hirst wounded. Privates Lipman, Nutting, Fen, Gillson, Crosson, Murphy and Packard were killed, and Gunner Hesse, Privates Norwood, Barnard, McCarty, Fisher, McDavitt, Langlier, Downing, Cate, Stowe, Noyes and Brett were wounded, while Dawes and Tobey were taken prisoners.

The statistics of the War Department show, I am told, that with the single exception of a battery which was captured by a sudden charge at the battle of Iuka, you sustained *heavier losses* in this engagement than any other light battery suffered in a single engagement during the *whole* war.

At the last, when surrounded by the enemy, you were ordered to cease firing and get back to our lines as best you could, your few survivors had to fight their way with hand-spikes and sponge-staffs.

Private Ligal, you will remember, with his rammer-head brained a Confederate who tried to capture him.

The four guns, which after this long struggle had finally lost all of their officers, men and horses, were retaken the same evening, returned to you the next day, and afterwards did good service at Kelly's Ford, Culpepper, Mine Run, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Tolopotomy, Bethesda Church, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Hatcher's Run, and in many minor engagements, never again leaving your possession until the close of the war.

Undismay'd by your fearful losses of July 2, on the morning of July 3, the guns which Lieut. Milton had brought off from the field were placed in fighting trim. When a call came for assistance in repelling Pickett's charge, you cheerfully responded, and under Milton's command rendered good service on the right centre of our line, at Zeigler's Grove, which is the position of your *third* monument.

Comrades, your services on this field were so important that they are imperishably a part of the history of the battle of Gettysburg. The reputation for reliability and steadiness which you gained here, you afterwards many times confirmed. There was the action of Jericho Ford, the hot Bee Hive at Bethesda Church, Petersburg, where you followed Gen. Chamberlain's (of Maine) gallant charge, dropped your guns "in battery" within two hundred yards of the Confederate entrenchments, and although the infantry were forced back by the fire of a masked battery, and you were for the second time during your military service left alone on the field, you stubbornly held your advanced position until the night fell, when you were relieved. There was the wild gallop across an

open field under the fire of an hundred Confederate guns to relieve a battery in Fort Rice, and there was the battle of the Weldon Railroad, where after firing to the front for awhile, you were obliged to reverse your guns and fire on the enemy who had gotten around to your rear.

But I must stop these reminiscences. Yours is a spirited, glorious record, and it is my proudest recollection to have been with you. And I will close my remarks with an extract from a letter written by Gen. Hunt, chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac, to Capt. Milton at the time of your discharge. He says: "Amongst the organizations serving under me, the 9th Massachusetts will be associated in my mind with some of the *hardest* service of the army. Upon first joining, under Capt. Bigelow, it went immediately into battle at Gettysburg, and bore a distinguished part, as the reports, and its list of killed and wounded, headed by the gallant Erickson, will prove. Its subsequent history is not less glorious, and the history of the campaigns and the battles of the Army of the Potomac will be incomplete which does not mention with honor, amongst other batteries which rendered distinguished services, the 9th Massachusetts Independent. The record of its battles is made, and not less honorable is its reputation for discipline, instruction, good conduct and the deportment of its men and officers, under both Bigelow and yourself."



LIEUT. CHRISTOPHER ERICKSON.

KILLED JULY 2, 1863.

Christopher Erickson was born in —— Norway, in the year 1835, and came to this country in 1854, at the age of nineteen. Having a taste for military, joined a company of artillery in the State militia as private, and was helped in the commencement of his service by the discipline and drill in the company. He was engaged in the furniture business when the war broke out. During the dark days of '62, he enlisted in the 9th Mass. Battery, was mustered as senior first lieutenant. He took his share of the labors of organizing, and attended to the detail drill in the early days of the organization. He was particularly at home at drill in the field; of nervous temperament, he was quick to execute orders and lead his section. The horse he rode partook of some of its rider's nervous energy. Riding with short stirrups, and foot well entered, sitting light, leaning forward, he was the personification of a Centaur, and horse and man seemed to be never tired.

Lieut. Erickson was a man of high moral character, and his religious life was bright; others felt its warming influence. He sought to have the Sabbath recognized in the command, and as we had no chaplain, he often led in religious service when in camp. His Bible was his pocket companion, and the much worn volume his son prizes as well.

On our going into the defences of Washington, November 21 and 22, the right section was ordered from Fort Ramsay

to Fort Buffalo, one half mile beyond; here he remained in command of this outpost till January 26. When Capt. DeVecchi resigned, he assumed command of the Battery. He encountered some difficulties; for five weeks he did not know what was in the future: whether the command was to be filled by promotion or from outside the Battery. He took no extra measures to secure the captaincy himself, but exerted himself to keep the men and teams in good condition. The 15th of February he was told by some of the men that if he would prepare a petition to Gov. Andrew for the promotion, the men would sign it, and all but three signed one for that purpose.

March 1, he turned the Battery over to Capt. Bigelow in better shape, both as to discipline and health, than he found it.

He seconded Capt. Bigelow heartily in all his efforts to improve the Battery and fit it for the field.

Nothing of note occurred until July 2. I remember seeing him but once on that day; when we halted in the field near Trostle's house, I saw him ask Capt. Bigelow's permission to go to the line of battle. Both he and Lieut. Milton rode up to it, but were gone but a few minutes. As we filed through the gateway he led the first piece, and in the "Forward into line" he led the section straight up the slope, and put his guns in position under a shower of case shot and shell.

Capt. Bigelow writes as follows: "Lieut. Erickson was first struck in the chest by a piece of spherical case, shortly after Crosson was killed, and not long after the Battery began firing in its first position. After he was hit, he either came

or sent word to me; I think I saw him. I ordered him to go to the rear and have his wound attended to, which he did; at least he went back towards Trostle's house, but did not remain long. We were so far in advance of our lines, he probably could not find a hospital. Anyway, he returned and sent word to me that he would again take charge of his section. Supposing his wound to be less serious than at first anticipated, I was glad to again have his assistance, and replied, 'It is all right.' I did not meet him again. While we were retiring by prolonge the officers were attending to the service of their sections; I was clearing the way and looking after a multitude of details requiring attention."

R. L. Willis says: "I saw him after he was hit in the body. Bloody froth was in his breath; he asked me for water, and drank nearly a canteen full."

He retired with his section, by prolonge to the rear of the field; both his sergeants were wounded, five men killed, two more wounded; nearly all his horses killed or wounded. His section completely disabled, he saw one of Lieut. Whitaker's guns up the slope, not having retired so far as the others. He dashed up the slope nearly into the advancing line of Kershaw's skirmishers.

J. K. Norwood says: "Blaisdell and I were trying to limber up the gun when Lieut. Erickson rode up and asked if he could help us. Just then a bullet crashed through his head, and he fell dead, his horse going into the lines of Barksdale's Division."

When his body was found, it was robbed of everything but underclothing.

The first shock of battle to any organization which loses heavily, tends to deaden our feeling of personal loss, and it is some time before it comes home to us in its reality; then the changing scenes and the bustle of active operations do not give time to dwell on our losses. Every man in the Battery lost some friend, or some one with whom we came in contact more or less, and our griefs are divided as well as shared by many.

Lieut. Erickson was a true friend to all the men, and his influence was always for good, and every man mourned his loss. Capt. Bigelow sent for his body, which lies buried in Salem.

LIEUT. ALEXANDER H. WHITAKER.**WOUNDED JULY 2; DIED JULY 23, 1863.**

Lieut. Alexander Howland Whitaker was born in Boston, November 21, 1841. He was educated in Boston's Grammar and High Schools, and at the close of his school life chose the mercantile profession and entered the employ of Iasigi, Goddard & Co., who were in the Mediterranean trade. His aptness as a scholar, and his connection with them, gave him a practical knowledge of French that was of use to him in his after connection with Capt. DeVecchi.

When the war broke out, he was not of age; he made an attempt to enter the service for nine months, but was unsuccessful. In 1862, under the call for 200,000 men, he was aided in procuring a commission under Capt. DeVecchi, in the 9th Mass. Battery. He at once entered upon the duties of recruiting, and by his business tact, aided very much in early completing the enlistments. His even temperament was of great value to the Battery in its early days, as Capt. DeVecchi was very impulsive, and Lieut. Whitaker's cool head restrained him many times.

He was mustered as first lieutenant, and on the completion of the organization, commanded the left section. His thorough business education enabled him to understand the importance of the system called in burlesque "red tape," also routine of army regulations, and saved both Capt. DeVecchi, when he resigned, and Capt. Bigelow, when he assumed command, much trouble. His requirements were reasonable,



and he required prompt obedience to all rules; he had entered the service for business, and sought to make himself and men most efficient for that service. His even, everyday life did not make many incidents of note; a few that the writer knows are recorded.

In June, 1863, at Centerville, there was some long-continued punishment of a man in his section that was making some annoyance. A non-commissioned officer, in whose gun detachment the man belonged, went to the Captain and interceded for the man, and pledged himself for his good behavior. Lieut. Whitaker reprimanded the officer because he did not come to him first (as he should have done), and on his acknowledging the mistake, he entered heartily into the guarantee, and both Lieut. Whitaker and the sergeant were pledged in the special order of release that was read at dress parade. In a few days the battle of Gettysburg was fought, and the man was faithful at his post.

I saw much of Lieut. Whitaker during the march to Gettysburg, and his part of the command being the rear of the column, had much harder work to keep their place and closed up, but he brought them up in good condition, losing only one man who was sick when we started.

About 4 P.M., July 2, as we were going to the front, we were halted in a field near Trostle's house, and doubled up. The roar of battle was increasing in our front. Lieuts. Erickson and Milton asked Capt. Bigelow if they might ride to the front to the line of battle. Capt. Bigelow, bowing assent, turned to Lieut. Whitaker, who sat beside him, and said, "I think they will see enough before night."

Soon the order came, "Forward," and we filed into the field, and he led his section into a position that was swept by the enemy's artillery. One of his sergeants was wounded at first, and was told by Lieut. Whitaker to go and take care of himself; but he chose to remain, as he was not disabled, and fight his gun.

Lieut. Whitaker directed the firing coolly, and with good effect. During the shelling of Rose's buildings to dislodge the skirmishers, he thought the shells were not bursting quick enough, and ordered the fuse cut to one and one half seconds. One of the gunners answered, "It will burst before it is half way there," but it was cut as ordered, and the effect satisfied him that the gunner of the sixth gun knew his business; and soon after, when the sixth sergeant was hit the second time and disabled, the gun still held its place in line, and sent its share of case shot and shell into the enemy's ranks.

At about this time, he had lost both sergeants, one gunner, two men, and several horses, and as the Battery retired by prolonge to the rear of the field, his right flank was attacked by the 21st Mississippi Regiment. His right gun lost all its horses and had to be abandoned; the next gun was overturned near the gateway, where our monument of an ammunition chest is now standing, and according to a letter written July 30, 1863, by F. C. Tucker, gunner of the sixth gun, "at about this time Lieut. Whitaker was wounded."

Capt. Bigelow writes as follows: "While I was being taken to the rear, Lieut. Whitaker rode up to me, said he was wounded in the knee, and offered me his whisky flask. I

took three small swallows (all that I took in the service), which strengthened me very much. I told him to remain with me, and we would look out for each other. The Confederates were shelling the road along which we were passing, and I could be moved only at a snail's gait; he probably got nervous and allowed his horse to trot. I thought it was too bad to stop him, and he disappeared. The next day, 3d, riding on a small mule led by Barry, I was, under the heavy shelling, visiting, as best I could, the different hospitals trying to find him, but failed to do so."

Up to the time of Wednesday, July 8, we do not know about him; but the 9th, one of his wounded sergeants, heard of a 9th Battery officer in a hospital near by at Baltimore. He found him badly wounded in the knee and very feverish; his servant was there with him, and at his request, I sought and found a brother Mason and sent to him. Soon the train was ready and I journeyed on to hospital at Newark.

His brother writes me as follows: "What follows up to Gettysburg, of course you know better than I. Wounded then, I did not hear from him for nearly a week, when he telegraphed to me from West's Hospital, Baltimore, where I found him wounded in the knee. I brought him home as soon as possible, but he lived only one day after his return, dying on the 23d of July, 1863." He was buried at Forest Hill Cemetery.

Capt. Bigelow writes: "Lieut. Whitaker was taken from Baltimore in a special tug by the inland route to Boston. When he arrived, Dr. Bigelow was sent for, and said an amputation would be necessary. He made several incisions,

but found that the suppuration had worked up into his body, and his life could not be saved. It seems that an examination had not been properly made, or it would have been found that the knee joint had been shattered; besides, because it was more comfortable, the surgeons had allowed the limb to be swung up. When I got back, I was called upon to make a report about the officers lost, and said, 'Whitaker died from bad treatment at the hands of army surgeons.' This caused, of course, a great breeze, and considerable correspondence ensued, but without result. Probably the active campaign, and perhaps the loss of some papers was the cause."

This correspondence was about September 26, 1863.

SERGT. CHARLES E. DODGE.

KILLED JULY 2, 1863.

Sergeant Charles E. Dodge was born in Bridgeton, Me., in 1837. He passed his childhood and youth much as others in a country town, improving his school terms of probably about eighteen weeks a year to the best advantage, and in 1856, at the age of nineteen, came to Boston, where he was clerk in a grocery store for some time. But, feeling that this business was not for him, he went to Virginia and engaged in lumbering operations, and the year 1861 found him there, a Union man in a secession State. His known character and loyalty to the Union could not be endured by the secession element, and he fled for his life, escaping on an oyster vessel. He soon arrived home in Boston. Feeling that his country needed his services, enlisted in the 9th Mass. Battery, and at once entered upon the duties and education necessary to make him an efficient soldier. He was from the first more intimate with Lieut. Erickson than others, and the friendship continued through their lives, both being men of principle and high character.

At the organization of the Battery, he was appointed sergeant, and assigned to the second gun from the right in the first section, that of Erickson. He at once had the confidence of the men under him. He diligently set to work to fit himself and them for their several duties, and his detachment was always well drilled and well taken care of. He was not of a fiery, dashing nature; he did not anticipate



orders, but was prompt to execute. He was a good rider, and on the drill ground always led his detachment. I well remember at Upton's Hill, on drill, his horse turned the guard of the curb bit upon his nose, and ran across the field, unmanageable; he coolly kept his seat and gave him the rein till it turned back, when he brought him under control and resumed his place.

He had full sympathy with any one sick, or homesick; in sorrow or trouble of any kind. Kind words had he for those, when others jeered. Of kindly nature, trusted and respected by all, and loved by many. During the dark days at Upton's Hill, he was one of the sergeants to be relied on, and punishments were rare in his detachment.

During the battle at Gettysburg, his was the fourth gun from the right, and was well served, keeping its place in line despite his losses, and retiring by prolonge with the Battery in the face of Kershaw's skirmishers. He lost all his horses by the charge of Humphrey's 21st Mississippi, and was shot at the same time, between 6 and 7 P.M., July 2, 1863.

His remains were brought home and were buried under arms in Bridgeton, where a neat marble tablet marks his resting place, where

"No braying horns or screaming fifes
At morn shall wake him more."

It bears the Massachusetts coat-of-arms, a piece of artillery, stand of cannon balls, and is a fitting tribute to his memory.

In losing him the Battery lost one of its most promising warrant officers.

Following is a copy of the Adjutant General's reports for 1863-65:—

ROSTER OF NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, 1863.

NAMES.	RANK.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	RESIDENCE.	DISCHARGED.	REMARKS.
Achille De Vecchi.	Captain.	July 31, 1862.	Boston.	Jan. 26, 1863.
John Bigelow.	Captain.	Feb. 11, 1863.	Brighton.	Dec., 1864.
Christopher Erickson.	1st Lieut.	July 31, 1862.	Boston.	Killed in action, July 2, 1863.
Alexander H. Whitaker.	1st Lieut.	Aug. 6, 1862.	Boston.	Died July 20, 1863; wounds received July 2, 1863.
Richard S. Milton.	1st Lieut.	July 2, 1863.	W. Roxbury.
George W. Foster.	1st Lieut.	July 20, 1863.	Charlestown.
Alexander H. Whitaker.	2d Lieut.	July 31, 1862.	Roxbury.	1st Lieut. Aug. 6, 1862.
George W. Foster.	2d Lieut.	Aug. 6, 1862.	Charlestown.	1st Lieut. July 20, 1863.
Richard S. Milton.	2d Lieut.	Aug. 6, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	1st Lieut. July 2, 1863. For gallant conduct at Gettysburg.
George H. Prescott.	2d Lieut.	July 2, 1863.	Boston.	Dec., 1864.
James W. Reed.	2d Lieut.	July 20, 1863.	Roxbury.	Jan., 1864.

This company was recruited chiefly at Camp Meigs, Readville, though for a portion of the time it was encamped at Camp Stanton, Lynnfield. It left the Commonwealth for Washington, September 3, 1862, and arrived at that city on the 7th, when they reported to Gen. Casey, in command, and were ordered to Camp Seymour on Capitol Hill, D. C. My report of last year brought the narrative of the Battery up to November 18, 1862. The following is its record from that date to December 13, 1863, at which time it was at Brandy Station, Virginia.

November 19, 1862. Moved from Camp Barry, Bladensburg toll gate, to Hall's Hill, Va. 20th. Right section, under command of Lieut. Erickson, moved to Fort Ramsay, Upton's Hill, Va. 21st. Remainder of the Battery moved to Fort Ramsay, and the right section was ordered to Fort Buffalo, one mile from Fort Ramsay.

December 28. Moved in the night to Annandale; remained in battery until the evening of the 29th, when it returned to Fort Ramsay.

The Battery has been engaged with the enemy during the late campaigns only at the battle of Gettysburg. On the afternoon of the 2d of July it assisted in supporting the 3d Corps, Gen. Sickles commanding. When the Corps was obliged to fall back, the Battery was the last of five batteries to leave its position, and retired 400 yards, firing by prolonge at a Rebel brigade advancing on its right front, and skirmishers on its front. Arriving at a point where two stone walls met at an obtuse angle, it was ordered to halt and hold the position at all hazards, until a new line of batteries could be placed covering the point. While doing so, without infantry support, it was charged by the Rebel brigade before mentioned, which had secured a near approach by an inequality of the ground. Canister could be brought to bear only on the centre of the Rebel line, while its wings, comparatively unhurt, closed in on either flank.

After suffering the losses enumerated in the following table, with fifty horses killed, the enemy firing from our limber chests, and the exit through the stone wall blocked up with dead animals, the

command was ordered to fall back, and necessarily left four of its pieces on the field (horses being killed). Covered, however, by the efficient fire of the 5th Massachusetts Battery, Capt. Phillips, the guns were all afterward secured.

July 3 and 4, the Battery, having but one of its officers and one of its sergeants fit for duty, was lightly engaged on Cemetery Hill, losing five horses.

Number killed, wounded and missing, July 2, 1862 :

Commissioned officers, killed, or died from wounds,	2
Enlisted men, killed, or died from wounds,	9
Commissioned officer, wounded,	1
Enlisted men, wounded,	15
Enlisted men taken prisoners, since returned,	2
	<hr/>
Total, killed, wounded and prisoners,	29

Until June 24, 1863, the Battery was attached to Abercrombie's Division, 22d Army Corps, since which time to the 1st Volunteer Brigade, Artillery Reserve, Army of the Potomac.

Total killed in action or from wounds received from August 10, 1862, to December 13, 1863 :

Commissioned officers killed,	2
Enlisted men killed,	9
Commissioned officer wounded,	1
Enlisted men wounded,	15
Missing (but since returned),	2
Died of disease,	3
Discharged by order,	4
Discharged for disability,	17
Dropped by order,	13
Deserted,	6
Resigned,	1
Commissioned officers gained by appointment,	1
Commissioned officers gained by promotion,	2
Recruits gained,	8

ROSTER OF NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, 1864.

NAMES.	RANK.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	RESIDENCE.	DISCHARGED.	REMARKS.
John Bigelow.	Captain.	Feb. 11, 1863.	Brighton.	Dec. 16, 1864.
Richard S. Milton.	1st Lieut.	July 2, 1863.	W. Roxbury.	Captain, Jan. 1, 1865.
George W. Foster.	1st Lieut.	July 20, 1863.	Charlestown.
George H. Prescott.	2d Lieut.	July 2, 1863.	Boston.	Dec. 16, 1864.	Orderly Sergt. to July 2, 1863.
James W. Reed.	2d Lieut.	July 20, 1863.	Roxbury.	Jan. 16, 1865.	Q. M. Sergt. to July 20, 1863.

ROSTER OF NINTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, 1865.

NAMES.	RANK.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	RESIDENCE.	DISCHARGED.	REMARKS.
Richard S. Milton.	Captain.	Jan. 1, 1865.	W. Roxbury.	.	2d Lieut. Aug. 6, 1862. 1st Lieut. July 2, 1862. Capt. Jan. 1, 1865.
George W. Foster.	1st Lieut.	July 20, 1863.	Charlestown.	.	2d Lieut. Aug. 6, 1862. 1st Lieut. July 20, 1863.
George Murray.	1st Lieut.	Jan. 1, 1865.	Boston.	.	Sergt. 4th piece, Aug. 6, 1862. Sergt. right piece, Apr., 1863. Orderly Sergt., Dec., 1863. 1st Lieut., Jan. 1, 1865.
George Booth, Jr.	2d Lieut.	Jan. 1, 1865.	Boston.	.	Commissioned from civil life.
William Park, Jr.	2d Lieut.	Jan. 18, 1865.	Boston.	.	Corp. to July 2, 1863. Sergt. to Jan. 1, 1865. 2d Lieut. Jan. 18, 1865.

After the engagement of the battle of Gettysburg, the Battery continued with the Army of the Potomac through all its marches until December 13, when it went into winter quarters with the artillery reserve of the army near Brandy Station, Va.

February 14, 1864. Capt. Bigelow was placed on detached duty, commanding 2d Volunteer Brigade, Artillery Reserve, and Lieut. R. S. Milton assumed command of the Battery. Capt. Bigelow was relieved April 12.

May 4. The Battery broke camp at Brandy Station, and crossed the Rapidan River at Ely's Ford. During the battles of the Wilderness, the command was not actively engaged, but was continually in position, covering the reserve camp and the army trains, losing but one man wounded.

May 16. It rejoined the reserve from which it was temporarily detached, at Aldrich's Crossroads, in anticipation of a cavalry raid at Fredericksburg, Va.

May 17. Agreeable to orders from headquarters Army of the Potomac, the command was reduced from six to four guns, in common with all the light batteries of the army, and reported to the artillery brigade, 5th Army Corps, near Spottsylvania Court House, the same day.

May 18. Was in position near the Anderson House.

May 19 and 20. Occupied works before Spottsylvania Court House, but did not, however, engage the enemy.

May 21. Was withdrawn from position and crossed the Mattaponi River near Guinness Station, the same day.

May 22. Accompanied the 1st Division, which had the advance of the corps, to the North Anna River. On the 23d, crossed the North Anna, near Jericho's Ford, and was engaged in the action of that place, having one corporal killed. Remained in position until the 25th, and recrossed on the 26th, at Quarrel's Ford.

May 27. Again resumed the march, crossing the Pamunky River. May 28. Near Hanover Town. May 30. Crossed Topotomy Creek, and was in the action at that place, near the centre of the corps line. May 31. Advanced and was in position near

Bethesda Church. June 2. Was placed in position with Crawford's 3d Division, on the Mechanicsville road, where it kept silent an enemy's battery that enfiladed our line. June 5. Was withdrawn, and moved to Cold Harbor during the night. June 11. Started for Wilcox Landing, the corps covering the movement of the army to that place. Reached the landing June 13. Crossed the James River, June 16, and reached the vicinity of Petersburg, Va., (by a night march,) on the 17th. June 18. The Battery engaged the enemy near the Avery House, on the Baxter road, while the corps line was being advanced. At 4 P.M., followed Chamberlain's Brigade, 1st Division, and Hoffman's Brigade, 4th Division, on the charge of the corps, to within 480 yards of the enemy's inner line of works, and silenced a battery that had canister range on our lines as they continued to advance. Retained the position secured after the charge failed, and the line withdrew. Occupied it the 19th and 20th, each day being engaged with the enemy. On the 18th, lost a sergeant and corporal killed, and five men wounded.

June 21. Was assigned to the 3d Division, 5th Corps, and on the 24th was placed in position in a small redoubt on the Jerusalem plank road. Did not engage the enemy from the position, as a heavy working detail was employed throwing up Fort Davis, (named after late Colonel Davis, 39th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers,) immediately in rear of the position. July 8. Had one man seriously wounded by spherical case. July 12. Occupied Fort Davis, covering the ground to the left of the plank road, and was not actively engaged.

August 10. Captain Bigelow received a leave of absence on account of sickness, and Lieut. R. S. Milton assumed the command. August 14. Was relieved from position at Fort Davis.

August 18. With Crawford's Division marched to the Weldon Railroad. Was placed in position between the 2d and 3d Divisions, and became heavily engaged at 3 o'clock, P.M., losing, however, only one man wounded. Strengthened the position during the night. On the 19th, assisted in repelling two attacks

(about 10 A.M., and 4 P.M.). On the 21st, the line was heavily attacked, and the Battery engaged about three hours.

Sept. 2. Accompanied 3d Division, 5th Army Corps, and Gregg's Cavalry, on a reconnoissance toward the South Side Railroad. September 3. Was placed in position in Fort Duchesne.

September 30 and October 1. Accompanied the corps to Preble's Farm, but was not engaged, as the nature of the ground prevented the use of artillery. October 2. Returned to Fort Duchesne. October 6. Relieved the 11th Massachusetts Battery, Capt. Jones, at Fort Howard.

October 27. Accompanied 3d Division to Hatcher's Run, and was in position at Armstrong's Mill, covering the withdrawal of the 2d Corps across the run. October 28. Returned to camp near the Yellow House, Weldon Railroad.

December 2. Was assigned to Ayer's 2d Division, 5th Army Corps. December 7. Moved with the division to Nottoway River. December 8. Crossed the river and marched, *via* Sussex Court House and Coman's Well, to Chambliss Farm. December 9. Moved to Hicksford's Ford, the division being engaged in destroying the railroad. December 10. Returned to Sussex Court House. December 11. Re-crossed the Nottoway River. December 12. Returned to near the Yellow House, Weldon Railroad, and reported to artillery brigade, where Capt. Bigelow resumed command. December 18. Commenced building winter quarters near the Red House, and, December 19, was placed in position in Fort Rice.

In conclusion, the Battery which was reduced to four guns, May 17, was again increased to six, October 28. Notwithstanding the severity of the campaign during the past season, in all of which the command has been a sharer, it has continued uniformly healthy, losing none by disease. The recruits, of whom a large number have been received, are generally well fitted for the duties required of them as artillerists. The command has ever rendered cheerful obedience to its officers, and it is hoped its record will receive the approval of the commander-in-chief.

RECAPITULATION OF CASUALTIES IN THE NINTH BATTERY.

	1862.	1863.	1864.	TOTALS.
Original muster, enlisted men,	146	.	.	146
Recruits,	3	5	69	77
Discharged for disability,	7	10	10	27
Discharged by order,	2	2	2	6
Desertions,	5	1	.	6
Deaths,	1	2	.	3
Killed in action,	9	3	12
Transferred to navy,	4	4
Total belonging Dec. 19, 1864,	58
Wounded in action, commissioned officers,	1	.	1
Wounded in action, enlisted men,	15	8	23
Enlisted men taken prisoners,	2	.	2
Commissioned officers killed,	2	.	2
Commissioned officers discharged,	1	.	1
Commission officers gained by appointment,	1	.	1
Commission officers gained by promotion,	2	.	2

The 9th Battery took part in the following engagements previous to Dec. 13, 1864: —

Gettysburg, Mine Run, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Tolopotomy, Bethesda Church, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Hatcher's Run.

My last annual report brought the history of the Battery to December 13, 1864. The following is what followed to the date of discharge: —

December 13, 1864. The Battery, upon its return from the raid of the 5th Army Corps, which it accompanied to the Weldon Railroad, was ordered into winter quarters near the Red House to which place it moved December 19, and same day the pieces were ordered into position at Fort Rice, on the 9th Corps line, in front of Petersburg. December 22. While here, Capt. John Bigelow, then commanding the Battery, was promoted to the brevet rank of major for meritorious service in the battles before Yorktown, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, and the engagements attending the advance of the Army of the Potomac, from Brandy Station to Petersburg.

December 25. Second Lieut. George H. Prescott was discharged on account of sickness, and under the same order, (Special Orders, No. 450, A. G. O.,) Brevet Major John Bigelow, was honorably discharged at his own request, his health not admitting of his remaining in the service without the danger of permanent disability. He gave up the command of the Battery December 30, and all connection with the same the following day. The resignation of Brevet Major Bigelow occasioned a loss to the service of an experienced and zealous officer, while the members of the Battery experienced the withdrawal of a kind and humane commander. The Battery was withdrawn from position in Fort Rice, December 25, and moved to the camp of the caissons then in permanent winter quarters.

January 1, 1865. First Lieut. R. S. Milton was promoted to captain, *vice* John Bigelow, honorably discharged. 11th. First Sergt. George Murray discharged to enable him to accept of promotion to second lieutenant, *vice* George H. Prescott, discharged; the same to date from January 7. 16th. Second Lieut. James W. Reed, Jr, honorably discharged. 22d. The Battery

moved into position in Fort Rice. 27th. George Booth appointed from civil life, as second lieutenant, *vice* J. W. Reed, Jr., discharged. Second Lieut. George Murray discharged to enable him to accept of promotion as first lieutenant, *vice* R. S. Milton, promoted. George Booth appointed from civil life, mustered as second lieutenant, *vice* Murray, promoted.

February 4. The Battery was relieved from position in Fort Rice, and the following day, under command of Lieut. George W. Foster, accompanied the 5th Army Corps to Hatcher's Run. While there, they were not actively engaged, although the continued severe inclemency of the weather made the raids an arduous undertaking. It returned from Hatcher's Run, February 10. 23d. A portion of Battery A, 1st Volunteer Light Artillery, (Capt. McCartney,) reported for duty to the Battery, under instructions from the War Department, and the final consolidation was effected March 11, 1865.

March 4. The Battery moved to Fort Rice, and remained there until March 27, at which time it was relieved, and reported for duty in the Artillery Brigade, 9th Army Corps, General Tidball commanding. In the final assault and surrender of Petersburg, the Battery was actively engaged during the 1st and 2d, and night of the 1st of April, meeting with no casualties in either day's engagement.

April 3. After turning in one section to the Ordnance Department, the Battery accompanied the 9th Corps to Nottoway Court House, where it remained about a fortnight. The Battery commenced its march on the return to City Point, April 22, passing over the same route traversed in reaching Nottoway Court House, passing through Petersburg, Wellville, Ford's Station, etc., arriving at City Point April 23, and was immediately assigned to the Artillery Reserve of the Army of the Potomac, with all batteries not permanently assigned to corps. 27. Second Lieut. William Park, Jr., detailed as adjutant general of the 3d Brigade of the reserve, under Brevet Major Phillips. Soon after, the Battery moved near to Washington, preparatory to being mustered out, passing through Fredericksburg and Richmond.

Under provisions of instructions from the War Department, permitting all volunteer batteries to be mustered out in their respective States, the organization left Washington, June 1, *en route* for Massachusetts, where it arrived June 3, and immediately proceeded to Galloup's Island, Boston Harbor, to await mustering out.

On the arrival of the Battery at the island, owing to some slight disturbance between some of the men and the provost guards on duty there, private R. J. Isaacs was shot by the officer of the day, killing him instantly. The investigation of the case ruled that the officer was in the performance of his duty, and could not be guilty of murder.

After two years and ten months' service the Battery was mustered out June 6, by Capt. A. R. Kroutingier, U. S. A. ; but the men were not finally disbanded and paid off until June 9, at which date they left the island.

In closing the report, I have the honor to testify to the uniform good conduct, willing obedience and military bearing of the men composing my command, and trust that their record may be acceptable and honorable to the State from which they were willing volunteers.

The following is the muster roll of the Company, containing the names of all who were ever mustered in. The adjutant general's report gives a few more names as being enlisted, but they never joined the Battery. In this roll I have given name, rank, date of muster, place of enlistment, date and cause of discharge, with such notes as may complete their military record.

	NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF DISCHARGE.	CAUSE OF DISCHARGE.	REMARKS.
1	Achille De Vecchi.	Captain.	Aug. 4, 1862.	Lynnfield.	Jan. 27, 1863.	Resigned.	Brevet Major.
2	John Bigelow.	"	Feb. 14, 1863.	Boston.	Dec. 31, 1864.	Disability.	2d Lieut. to Aug. 3, 1863; 1st
3	R. S. Milton.	"	Aug. 9, 1862.	Lynnfield.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	Lieut. to Jan. 1, 1865.
4	Christopher Erickson.	1st Lieut.	Aug. 19, 1862.	"	July 2, 1863.	Killed.	Battle of Gettysburg.
5	Alexander H. Whitaker.	"	"	"	July 26, 1863.	Died.	From wounds received at Get-
6	George W. Foster.	"	"	"	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	tsburg, July 2, 1863.
7	George Murray.	"	July 17, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	2d Lieut. to Aug. 16, 1863.
8	George H. Prescott.	2d Lieut.	July 22, 1862.	"	Dec. 26, 1864.	Discharged.	Sergt. to Dec. 15, 1863; 1st
9	James W. Reed, Jr.	"	July 26, 1862.	"	Jan. 16, 1865.	Resigned.	Sergt. to Dec. 17, 1864; 2d
10	George Booth.	"	Jan. 1, 1865.	Boston.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	Lieut. to Jan. 28, 1865.
11	William Park, Jr.	"	Aug. 7, 1862.	Boston.	"	"	1st Sergt. to Aug. 16, 1863.
1	Levi W. Baker.	1st Sergt.	July 31, 1862.	Marlboro.	"	"	Honorable discharge, special
2	John H. Whittemore.	Q. M. S.	Aug. 4, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	July 2, 1863.	Killed.	order No. 14, Headquarters.
3	Charles E. Dodge.	Sergeant.	July 25, 1862.	Charlestown.	July 28, 1863.	Died in Balti-	Appointed from civil life.
4	John L. Fenton.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Cambridgeport.	July 28, 1863.	more.	Private to Dec. 30, 1863; Corp. to
5	William H. Dawes.	"	"	Malden.	June 24, 1864.	Died.	Aug. 2, 1863; Sergt., Dec. 17,
6	John V. Huntress.	"	July 24, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	1864; 1st Sergt. to Jan. 27, 1865.
7	Nelson Lowell.	"	July 29, 1862.	Malden.	"	"	Private to Sept. 9, 1862; Corp.,
8	Augustus Hessie.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Weymouth.	"	"	April 10, 1863; Sergt. to Jan.
9	John H. Manning.	"	Aug. 4, 1862.	E. Cambridge.	June 9, 1865.	"	27, 1865.
10	Alfred Morse.	"	July 23, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	Sergt. to Aug. 18, 1863.
11	Horatio O. Knight.	"	Aug. 4, 1862.	"	Jan. 13, 1863.	Disability.	Battle of Gettysburg.
12	John Cortisus.	"	July 19, 1862.	Boston.	Mar. 31, 1863.	Disability.	Of wounds received July 2, at
13	Joseph Akerman.	"	Aug. 8, 1862.	Malden.	Sept. 29, 1863.	Wounded.	Gettysburg.
14	Joseph Hrst.	"	July 30, 1862.	"	"	"	Of wounds received June 18, at

	NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF DISCHARGE.	CAUSE OF DISCHARGE.	REMARKS.
56	Edwin Bolitho.	Private.	July 28, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
57	Samuel W. Barnard.	"	Aug. 1, 1862.	Malden.	"	"	
58	Charles H. Brickett.	"	"	Malden.	"	"	
59	George F. Boston.	"	"	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
60	John Buckman.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Charlestown.	"	"	
61	George A. Brummett.	"	Sept. 3, 1864.	Concord.	"	"	
62	William J. Brummett.	"	Sept. 3, 1864.	Concord.	"	"	
63	John W. Byrnes.	"	July 31, 1862.	E. Cambridge.	Sept. 4, 1863.	Disability.	
64	James A. Bailey.	"	Jan. 2, 1864.	Scituate.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
65	Joseph Bailey, Jr.	"	Jan. 1, 1864.	Scituate.	"	"	
66	John Bushel.	"	Jan. 28, 1864.	Boston.	"	"	
67	Charles H. Brown.	"	Jan. 29, 1864.	"	"	"	
68	Ezra Baxter, Jr.	"	Nov. 30, 1864.	"	"	"	
69	Edwin H. Babson.	"	July 29, 1862.	"	June 1, 1863.	Died.	Centreville, Va.
70	Ralph C. Blaisdell.	"	July 28, 1862.	"	May 17, 1863.	Disability.	
71	Nathan H. Brand.	"	July 31, 1862.	"	Mar. 6, 1864.	Died.	Washington, D. C.
72	Norman F. Cate.	"	July 22, 1862.	Meirose.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
73	Alfred B. Clement.	"	July 22, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
74	George W. Cartter.	"	July 19, 1862.	Boston.	"	"	
75	Edwin F. Currell.	"	July 23, 1862.	Charlestown.	"	"	
76	Eleazer Cole.	"	July 26, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	"	"	
77	James L. Clapp.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Stoughton.	July 3, 1863.	Disability.	
78	Joseph A. Chapin.	"	July 28, 1862.	Meirose.	Sept. 3, 1864.	Discharged.	Special order No. 224, Adjut.-Gen.'s Office, Aug. 29, 1864.
79	Fred A. Cummings.	"	Nov. 2, 1864.	Worcester.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
80	Shadrack B. Curtis.	"	Jan. 4, 1863.	Scituate.	"	"	
81	George Conway.	"	Dec. 29, 1863.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
82	John H. Clark.	"	Jan. 4, 1864.	Marlboro.	"	"	
83	Patrick Conlan.	"	Feb. 9, 1864.	Easton.	"	"	
84	John Crosse.	"	June 22, 1862.	Boston.	July 2, 1863.	Killed.	
85	Francis Conolly.	"	Sept. 3, 1864.	Concord.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
86	Daniel P. Doyle.	"	July 18, 1862.	Boston.	"	"	
87	George Doherty.	"	July 25, 1862.	Boston.	"	"	
88	Henry F. Dearborn.	"	Aug. 1, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
89	Nahum A. Doe.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Charlestown.	"	"	
90	William J. Doe.	"	Aug. 7, 1862.	Charlestown.	"	"	
91	Charles Downing.	"	Mar. 4, 1863.	Upion's Hill, Va.	"	"	
92	Silsen H. Dow.	"	July 5, 1862.	Charlestown.	"	"	
93	Isaac F. Eaton.	"	July 19, 1862.	Charlestown.	"	"	
94	Bartlett C. Edson.	"	July 26, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	May 30, 1863.	Promoted.	
95	Thomas Fisher.	"	July 25, 1862.	N. Easton.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	Enlisted in 3d Heavy Artillery.

96	Peter Fisher, Jr.	Private.	July 25, 1862.	N. Easton.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
97	Peter Fisher.	"	Dec. 26, 1864.	N. Easton.	"	"	Discharged, physical disability, 1863; re-enlisted Oct. 10, 1864.
98	Hiram W. Fay.	"	July 28, 1862.	Marlboro.	"	"	
99	John A. Fulson.	"	July 25, 1862.	Boston.	Jan. 20, 1863.	Disability.	
100	Michael Flanney.	"	Jan. 20, 1864.	Brookline.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
101	Wm. D. Forsythe.	"	Jan. 14, 1864.	Easton.	"	"	
102	Marcellus E. Fay.	"	Dec. 26, 1864.	Worcester.	"	"	
103	Henry Fen.	"	July 28, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	July 2, 1863.	Killed.	Battle of Gettysburg.
104	Stephen H. Goodwin.	"	July 26, 1862.	Newburyport.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
105	Samuel C. Glover.	"	Aug. 1, 1862.	Malden.	"	"	
106	Gardner S. Garey.	"	Aug. 1, 1862.	Charlestown.	"	"	
107	Chas. A. Guinn.	"	Aug. 7, 1862.	Malden.	"	"	
108	James V. Gurney.	"	Sept. 6, 1864.	Taunton.	"	"	
109	Samuel J. Geer.	"	Mar. 4, 1864.	Dedham.	Oct. 20, 1864.	Disability.	
110	Chas. A. Goldthwait.	"	Dec. 5, 1863.	Salem.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
111	Thomas Galvin.	"	Oct. 6, 1864.	Taunton.	"	"	
112	George Gardner.	"	Aug. 2, 1864.	N. Marlboro.	"	"	
113	James F. Gilson.	"	Aug. 1, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	July 2, 1863.	Killed.	Battle of Gettysburg.
114	James Gordon.	"	Mar. 16, 1864.	Somerville.	April 17, 1862.	Transferred.	To Navy.
115	John Gazzele.	"	July 19, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	Mar. 2, 1863.	Deserted.	
116	Melville Hatch.	"	July 23, 1862.	Charlestown.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
117	Richard Holland.	"	July 29, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	"	"	
118	James M. Howland.	"	"	Charlestown.	"	"	
119	Wm. H. Hanson.	"	"	F. Cambridge.	"	"	
120	David I. Harmon.	"	Aug. 4, 1863.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
121	G. F. W. Haynes.	"	Aug. 5, 1863.	Dennis.	"	"	From 1st Mass. Battery.
122	James A. Hurvey.	"	Aug. 7, 1863.	Boston.	"	"	"
123	Michael Harris.	"	Sept. 2, 1864.	Concord.	"	"	"
124	Henry Hussy.	"	Sept. 3, 1864.	Dartmouth.	"	"	"
125	Orin C. Hall.	"	July 28, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	"
126	Henry C. Hall.	"	Mar. 3, 1862.	Cambridge.	"	"	"
127	Sylvester Horton.	"	Mar. 4, 1862.	"	Mar. 4, 1864.	Discharged.	Expiration of service of Batt.
128	George Hawes.	"	Mar. 4, 1862.	"	"	"	"
129	Robert D. Haynes.	"	Jan. 4, 1864.	Somerville.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	"
130	Thomas Holohan.	"	Mar. 15, 1864.	Winthrop.	"	"	"
131	George L. Higgins.	"	Feb. 19, 1864.	Duxbury.	"	"	"
132	George Harris.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Malden.	Sept. 1, 1862.	Deserted.	Readville.
133	Herman Jansen.	"	July 28, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	"
134	Daniel B. Jennes.	"	July 30, 1862.	Malden.	"	"	"
135	Wm. Jenkins.	"	Oct. 20, 1864.	Lawrence.	"	"	"
136	James E. Kimball.	"	July 30, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	"
137	John H. Kelley.	"	Aug. 1, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	"	"	"
138	Fred L. Kenaston.	"	Aug. 1, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	"
139	Edwin R. Knapp.	"	Aug. 6, 1862.	Weston.	Oct. 3, 1863.	Disability.	Stable Serg't., Jan. 27, 1865.

	NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF DISCHARGE.	CAUSE OF DISCHARGE.	REMARKS.
140	William Kelley.	Private.	Jan. 19, 1864.	Cambridge.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
141	John Kelley.	"	Dec. 24, 1863.	Brandy Station.	"	"	
142	Peter Kelley.	"	Jan. 19, 1864.	Roxbury.	"	"	
143	Richard Kelley.	"	Mar. 15, 1864.	Winthrop.	"	"	
144	William Kelley, zd.	"	Aug. 2, 1864.	N. Marlboro.	"	"	
145	William Kell.	"	Dec. 4, 1863.	Salem.	"	"	
146	John Lugal.	"	July 28, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	Escaped from Ft. Independence.
147	Charles E. Lord.	"	July 28, 1862.	Charlestown.	"	"	
148	Enoch B. Lord.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Charlestown.	"	"	
149	Walter Lee.	"	July 29, 1862.	Malden.	"	"	
150	William W. Lincoln.	"	Sept. 6, 1864.	Taunton.	"	"	
151	Michael Lastrico.	"	July 18, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	Jan. 8, 1863.	Disability.	
152	Joseph Luetter.	"	Feb. 18, 1864.	Marlboro.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
153	Lewis Langleier.	"	July 39, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	Transferred.	To Veteran Reserve Corps.
154	Adolph Lipman.	"	July 17, 1862.	"	July 2, 1863.	Killed.	Battle of Gettysburg.
155	Charles F. Loring.	"	July 19, 1862.	"	Mar. 2, 1863.	Deserted.	Upton's Hill, Va.
156	James McDavitt.	"	Aug. 7, 1862.	Boston.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
157	Quincy A. Merritt.	"	July 18, 1862.	Boston.	"	"	
158	Marcenna L. Martin.	"	July 24, 1862.	Marlboro.	"	"	
159	Bernard E. Murray.	"	Aug. 7, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
160	John W. McDonald.	"	July 25, 1862.	N. Easton.	"	"	
161	John McCarthy.	"	Sept. 2, 1864.	Concord.	"	"	
162	Jeremiah McDonald.	"	"	"	"	"	
163	John Munroe.	"	"	"	"	"	
164	James Mahoney.	"	Sept. 3, 1864.	Marlboro.	Nov. 15, 1862.	Disability.	
165	Hiram Z. Miles.	"	July 24, 1862.	Boston.	June 6, 1863.	Disability.	
166	Thomas Murray.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Boston.	Sept. 30, 1864.	Transferred.	To Veteran Reserve Corps.
167	J. A. McCarthy.	"	July 23, 1862.	Roxbury.	Dec. 20, 1864.	Transferred.	To Veteran Reserve Corps.
168	Thomas McGinn.	"	Mar. 15, 1864.	Easton.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
169	George McFarlane.	"	Jan. 14, 1864.	Frammingham.	"	"	
170	Matthew Merrigan.	"	Jan. 7, 1864.	Cambridge.	"	"	
171	Benjamin F. Marsh.	"	Jan. 8, 1864.	Cambridge.	"	"	
172	Thomas Murphy.	"	Nov. 30, 1863.	Cambridge.	"	"	
173	Francis H. Mason.	"	Jan. 22, 1864.	Somerville.	"	"	
174	George Mader.	"	Jan. 26, 1864.	Marlboro.	"	"	
175	Joseph H. Miles.	"	Feb. 18, 1864.	Marlboro.	"	"	
176	Herman Meyer.	"	Feb. 13, 1864.	Somerville.	"	"	
177	Michael McCarthy.	"	Aug. 2, 1864.	N. Marlboro.	"	"	
178	Arthur Murphy.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Charlestown.	July 2, 1863.	Killed.	Battle of Gettysburg.
179	Michael McCarroll.	"	July 31, 1862.	Boston.	Mar. 7, 1863.	Deserted.	Upton's Hill, Va.
180	Emerson A. Noyes.	"	Aug. 7, 1862.	Malden.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	

181	John H. Nicholson.	Private.	Aug. 5, 1862.	Charlestown.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
182	Sylvanus M. Nash.	"	Sept. 6, 1864.	Taunton.	"	"	
183	William H. Nash.	"	Sept. 6, 1864.	Taunton.	"	"	
184	John K. Norwood.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Lawrence.	Feb. 1, 1864.	Wounded.	Battle Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
185	Henry F. Nash.	"	July 28, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	Mar. 29, 1865.	Discharged.	Order A. G. O., telegraphic instruction.
186	James A. Nutter.	"	Feb. 1, 1864.	Somerville.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
187	Charles B. Nutting.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Charlestown.	July 2, 1863.	Killed.	Battle of Gettysburg.
188	Henry Noble.	"	July 22, 1864.	Lynn.	"	"	Court-martialed; returned under arrest, Dec. 29, 1864.
189	Henry Packard.	"	July 23, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
190	Horace Prescott.	"	Aug. 1, 1862.	Methuen.	"	"	
191	Wm. B. Pearce.	"	Aug. 4, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	Company Clerk, Sept., 1862.
192	Stephen A. Parker.	"	July 26, 1862.	E. Cambridge.	"	"	
193	Henry A. Packard.	"	July 28, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	May 2, 1863.	Disability.	
194	James Pendergast.	"	Jan. 29, 1864.	Brookline.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
195	Royal W. Purney.	"	Jan. 19, 1864.	Cambridge.	"	"	
196	Frank Patrick.	"	Feb. 4, 1864.	Boston.	"	"	
197	Horace A. Park.	"	Mar. 12, 1864.	Boston.	Sept. 29, 1863.	Died.	Of wounds received at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
198	Austin Packard.	"	July 26, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	"	"	
199	Lewis Pinti.	"	July 19, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	Jan. 18, 1863.	Deserted.	
200	F. Quatrani.	"	July 17, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	Nov. 7, 1862.	Discharged.	Ignorance of English language.
201	Charles W. Reed.	"	Aug. 2, 1862.	Malden.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	Engler to Sept.; detailed Asst. Engineer, 5th Army Corps Headquarters, November 19, 1864.
202	Vincent Regalli.	"	July 19, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	Corporal to Jan. 14, 1863.
203	George H. Ransom.	"	Aug. 4, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	Jan. 26, 1865.	Disability.	Absent sick; July 2, 1863.
204	Reuben B. Rice.	"	July 36, 1862.	Marlboro.	May 29, 1865.	Discharged.	
205	Orin Reynolds.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Stoughton.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
206	Theodore C. Reed.	"	Jan. 1, 1864.	Cambridge.	"	"	Order A. G. O., April 28, 1865.
207	Thomas Reichford.	"	Aug. 1, 1864.	N. Marlboro.	"	"	
208	William Rigs.	"	Aug. 25, 1864.	Blandford.	"	"	
209	Albert B. Smith.	"	July 39, 1862.	Malden.	"	"	
210	Thomas Spaque.	"	Aug. 4, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
211	Charles Simmings.	"	Aug. 4, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
212	Charles L. Swain.	"	July 23, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	Dec. 30, 1862.	Disability.	
213	John S. Sobelbler.	"	July 36, 1862.	Malden.	Mar. 31, 1863.	"	Sergt. to Feb., 1863.
214	William W. Snelling.	"	Aug. 8, 1862.	Boston.	Mar. 14, 1863.	"	
215	Alfred A. Spaulding.	"	July 22, 1862.	N. Bridgewater.	Mar. 25, 1864.	"	
216	Jesse S. Sherburne.	"	July 28, 1862.	Boston.	Jan. 4, 1864.	"	
217	Francis M. Shaw.	"	Jan. 4, 1864.	Abington.	Apr. 23, 1864.	Transferred.	To U. S. Navy.
218	William H. Strong.	"	July 28, 1862.	Marlboro.	Apr. 17, 1864.	Transferred.	To U. S. Navy.
219	John B. Stowe.	"	July 28, 1862.	Malden.	"	Wounded.	July 2, 1863; Gettysburg, absent

	NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF DISCHARGE.	CAUSE OF DISCHARGE.	REMARKS.
220	Michael Sheehan.	Private.	Nov. 19, 1864.	Boston.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
221	Cornelius Shea.	"	Dec. 27, 1864.	"	"	"	
222	Cornelius F. Sexton.	"	June 17, 1863.	Weymouth.	"	"	
223	John Scully.	"	Dec. 26, 1863.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
224	Frank U. Smith.	"	Jan. 9, 1864.	Somerville.	"	"	
225	John States.	"	Jan. 28, 1864.	Somerville.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	Absent sick; May 5, 1864.
226	William Stahl.	"	Jan. 26, 1864.	Roxbury.	"	"	July 8, 1864; absent sick.
227	Adolphus Schirmer.	"	Feb. 23, 1864.	Lawrence.	Nov. 10, 1862.	Wounded.	Of disease in Washington.
228	George W. Stafford.	"	Aug. 2, 1864.	Newburyport.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
229	Charles A. Tibbetts.	"	July 26, 1862.	Malden.	"	"	
230	Samuel Tobey.	"	July 29, 1862.	Malden.	"	"	
231	Eugene Tufts.	"	July 30, 1862.	Stoughton.	Feb. 29, 1863.	Disability.	
232	Warren H. Trask.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Boston.	Dec. 31, 1863.	Disability.	
233	George A. Tucker.	"	Aug. 5, 1862.	Boston.	April 17, 1864.	Transferred.	
234	Thomas Turtle.	"	Jan. 28, 1864.	Brookline.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	To U. S. Navy.
235	Jeremiah Tenney.	"	Jan. 21, 1864.	Boston.	"	"	
236	Thomas Tynn.	"	Dec. 29, 1864.	Boston.	"	"	
237	Elbridge Wilkins.	"	July 30, 1862.	Malden.	"	"	
238	Joseph Wilkinson, Jr.	"	Aug. 1, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
239	John C. Woodward.	"	Aug. 4, 1862.	W. Roxbury.	"	"	
240	James Whitney.	"	Aug. 4, 1862.	Cambridge.	"	"	
241	George A. White.	"	Jan. 14, 1864.	Marlboro.	"	"	
242	Henry J. Watkins.	"	Feb. 18, 1864.	Marlboro.	"	"	
243	Samuel Whittemore.	"	July 21, 1862.	E. Cambridge.	Aug. 31, 1863.	Discharged.	By order Maj.-Gen. Schenck.
244	Charles White.	"	July 8, 1863.	Boston.	Jan. 3, 1865.	Disability.	

TRANSFERRED FROM 1st MASS. BATTERY, FEB. 28, 1865.

245	Erasmus Allen.	Private.	Jan. 19, 1864.	Boston.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
246	Edward G. Austin.	"	Jan. 15, 1864.	Chelsea.	"	"	Absent sick, June 4, 1864.
247	John Art.	"	Dec. 12, 1864.	Boston.	"	"	Returned by order court martial.
248	Joseph C. Barnes.	"	Dec. 24, 1863.	Brandy Sta., Va.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war	
249	Daniel Brown.	"	Jan. 25, 1864.	Boston.	"	"	
250	Charles Bird.	"	Jan. 26, 1864.	Roxbury.	"	"	
251	George A. Barnard.	"	Feb. 13, 1864.	Brandy Sta., Va.	"	"	
252	John Carter.	"	Dec. 24, 1863.	"	"	"	
253	Willard Chaffin.	"	Dec. 24, 1863.	"	"	"	
254	David M. Covill.	"	Jan. 2, 1864.	"	"	"	
255	Reuben P. Charters.	"	Jan. 2, 1864.	"	"	"	Detailed orderly for Major Thompkins.
256	James P. Cox.	"	Dec. 1, 1864.	Lawrence.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	

277	Jeremiah Clancy.	Private.	Aug. 15, 1864.	Lawrence.				
278	John W. Carroll.	"	Aug. 29, 1864.	W. Cambridge.				Absent, wounded; Oct. 19, 1864.
279	Joseph W. Dewhurst.	"	Dec. 1, 1864.	Lawrence.		June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
280	James H. Dunn.	"	Jan. 2, 1864.	Brandy Sta., Va.		"	"	
281	Patrick Doonan.	"	Dec. 5, 1863.	Ashburnham.		"	"	
282	O. H. Ellis.	"	Sept. 6, 1864.	Taunton.		"	"	
283	Chester S. Ellis.	"	Dec. 24, 1863.	Brandy Sta., Va.		"	"	
284	Edwin D. Eaton.	"	Dec. 12, 1863.	Belchertown.		"	"	
285	William H. Estabrook.	"	July 17, 1864.	Lynn.		"	"	
286	Joseph Fannin.	"	Sept. 9, 1864.	Lowell.		"	"	
287	Henry B. Fisher.	"	Dec. 28, 1863.	Natick.		"	"	
288	John V. Fitzgerald.	"	Jan. 13, 1864.	Charlestown.		"	"	
289	George H. Golliff.	"	July 28, 1864.	Boston.		"	"	
290	James S. Gordon.	"	Jan. 4, 1864.	Natick.		"	"	
291	William Gardner.	"	Aug. 30, 1864.	Blackstone.		"	"	Deserted the same day; arrested and deserted Sept. 25, 1864.
292	John Gardner.	"	Aug. 29, 1864.	W. Cambridge.		June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
293	Samuel P. Hatch.	"	Feb. 19, 1864.	Somerville.		"	"	
294	Edw. Huggins.	"	July 12, 1864.	Salisbury.		"	"	
295	William J. Hudson.	"	June 16, 1864.	Boston.		"	"	
296	William Herron.	"	June 17, 1864.	Princeton.		"	"	
297	William H. Hanscom.	"	Jan. 2, 1864.	Brandy Sta., Va.		"	"	
298	Charles B. Hewitt.	"	Jan. 12, 1864.	Ashfeld.		"	"	
299	James S. Holden.	"	Dec. 30, 1863.	Somerville.		"	"	
300	John Horrigan.	"	Jan. 12, 1864.	"		"	"	
301	Michael Horrigan.	"	Feb. 15, 1864.	"		"	"	
302	Charles O. Huntington.	"	Jan. 6, 1864.	Boston.		"	"	
303	Richard J. Isaac.	"	Dec. 24, 1863.	Brandy Sta., Va.		"	"	June 3, 1865; Galloup's Island.
304	William H. Isaac.	"	July 14, 1864.	Boston.		"	"	Deserted, arrested same day;
305	William Johnson.	"	Aug. 31, 1864.	Alford.		"	"	deserted again Sept. 24, 1864.
306	Peter Lemay.	"	Dec. 23, 1863.	Worcester.		June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
307	Michell Lawrence.	"	June 28, 1864.	Boston.		June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
308	Henry L. Marsh.	"	Dec. 24, 1863.	Brandy Sta., Va.		June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	
309	Joseph H. Main.	"	Dec. 30, 1863.	Chesterfield.		"	"	
310	John W. Main.	"	Dec. 29, 1863.	Northampton.		"	"	
311	Ira Moore.	"	June 28, 1864.	Boston.		"	"	
312	David S. Murphy.	"	Dec. 1, 1863.	Milford.		"	"	
313	John Murphy.	"	Sept. 9, 1864.	Lowell.		"	"	
314	John A. Neal.	"	July 15, 1864.	Lynn.		"	"	
315	Timothy O'Reagan.	"	Jan. 15, 1864.	Boston.		June 25, 1865.	"	
316	Charles O. Pike.	"	Jan. 27, 1864.	Boston.		June 9, 1865.	"	
317	Robert A. Prouty.	"	Mar. 31, 1864.	Sheburne.		"	"	
318	Charles A. Porter.	"	Dec. 19, 1864.	Boston.		"	"	
319	John S. Richardson.	"	Dec. 16, 1863.	Waltham.		"	"	
								Hospital at Alexandria, Va.

	NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF DISCHARGE.	CAUSE OF DISCHARGE.	REMARKS.
300	Horace Record.	Private.	Feb. 25, 1864.	Somerville.	June 9, 1865.	Close of war.	Absent sick; July 29, 1864.
301	John Right.	"	April 13, 1864.	Hingsale.	"	"	Absent sick; July 24, 1864.
302	Ansel Smith.	"	Jan. 12, 1864.	Ashfield.	"	"	
303	Frederick S. Stratton.	"	Aug. 15, 1864.	Springfield.	"	"	
304	Frank B. Smith.	"	Jan. 20, 1864.	Medford.	"	"	
305	Andrew Sturtevant.	"	Dec. 28, 1863.	Chesterfield.	"	"	
306	Alonzo F. Sackett.	"	Dec. 24, 1863.	Brandy Sta., Va.	"	"	
307	Edward Shannon.	"	Dec. 13, 1863.	Millford.	"	"	
308	Charles Schivant.	"	Aug. 29, 1864.	W. Cambridge.	"	"	
309	John H. Smith.	"	Sept. 9, 1864.	Taunton.	"	"	
310	Charles C. Whitelock.	"	Feb. 8, 1864.	Boston.	"	"	
311	Daniel G. Wilson.	"	Feb. 25, 1864.	Boston.	"	"	
312	William Ward.	"	Jan. 2, 1864.	Brandy Sta., Va.	"	"	
	Byron Porter.	"	"	"	"	"	Never mustered in.

APPENDIX.

FEBRUARY 6, 1888.

The eighteenth annual reunion of the 9th Battery Association met at Young's Hotel. There were present
Feb. 6, 1888. as follows: Maj. John Bigelow, Capt. R. S. Milton, Lieut. Wm. Park, J. K. Norwood, Nelson Lowell, E. B. Lord, Q. A. Merritt, David Brett, C. W. Reed, Eleazer Cole, J. R. Brown, S. B. Curtis, Geo. H. Ransom, J. F. Dalton, D. I. Harmon, R. Holland, J. B. Stowe, J. H. Sullivan, J. F. Eaton, Edwin Bolitho, F. M. Shaw, A. B. Smith, R. L. Willis, J. H. Whittemore, Thos. Murphy, D. P. Doyle, W. H. Strong, F. U. Smith, Albert Taylor and L. W. Baker; total, 30. Also there were seven of our sons present, viz.: K. S. Norwood, W. E. Park, C. F. Cole, E. C. Baker, F. C. Erickson, H. S. Whittemore, S. H. Whittemore, and F. W. Filloon, a grandson of David Brett. The invited guests were C. C. Coffin, the war correspondent and historian; Ebenezer Alexander, half brother of Lieut. A. H. Whitaker; Jas. H. Croft, President of the Gettysburg Pilgrims; F. B. Stuart and F. E. Park, two musicians, and two reporters.

At the business meeting, J. K. Norwood was chosen president, F. M. Shaw, vice president; Wm. Park, secretary and treasurer; supper committee, the president and J. H. Sullivan. Wm. Park and J. H. Sullivan were made committee on resolutions in memory of the dead of the year, also to send letter to B. E. Murray who was not able to be present.

The sons of the comrades were made associate members of the Association. At 6 P.M., supper was announced, and the well remembered assembly was blown by C. W. Reed, and we marched to the supper room. While standing at the tables, Maj. Bigelow entered, escorted by the president. He was received by three times three and tiger.

At 8 o'clock, the president rapped to order, and in a short address, welcomed the comrades and sons and guests, and called on Maj. Bigelow, who said:

Comrades, Sons of Comrades, and Friends:—

Many years have passed since we were soldiers. We have now forgotten the arts of war, but not its memories. Bonds of friendship, forged on battlefields, have assembled us together this evening; memories and friendships which cluster around the name of the 9th Massachusetts Light Battery.

Twenty-five years ago this month, I was appointed to its command. I found it stationed within the earthworks of Washington, and you, its members, untried soldiers. I left you, after nearly two years' service, in the earthworks before Petersburg, veterans indeed.

The many amusing incidents, which, for the first few months, attended the establishment of strict discipline, and the enforcement of a prompt obedience to orders, you will probably recall. Recall, too, please, the result, viz.: the record made at Gettysburg, and on every other battlefield of the Army of the Potomac, until the close of the war. Officers have said to me that, if at Gettysburg you had

been old soldiers, you never could have been held together for so long a time, so far in advance of our lines, in an open field, without supports, and suffering such fearful losses. I replied that you were *always equally reliable*.

That Gettysburg was duplicated at Petersburg, where you followed up Gen. Chamberlain's infantry charge until within 200 yards of the Confederate works, dropped your guns "in battery," and though the "charge" was repulsed and you were again left alone on the field, you held your advanced position, amid a hail-storm of bullets, for an hour and a half, until nightfall, when our infantry again advanced and you were relieved.

You were soldiers from a patriotic sense of duty. Army food, camp routine, the exposure and fatigues of the march, and the dangers of the battlefield you bore patiently, cheerfully. You were more anxious about the dangers that threatened your country, than those which surrounded yourselves. The great majority of your number were New Englanders, to the manor born; liberal in thought and of high moral courage. To illustrate:

Many of you will recollect that, when I joined the Battery, I brought a colored servant with me, and how, within a few days after reaching camp, he was prostrated with fever. At evening roll call volunteer nurses were asked for, when nearly every man offered his services. For a week the boy lay insensible, and yet your chosen representatives as tenderly watched over and cared for him as if he had been one of your own number; they administered his medicines every hour, night and day; checked all noises which might disturb the invalid, and finally restored him to perfect health. It has been truly said, "The tenderest are the bravest." One of those nurses who, from a sense of duty, had the moral courage to thus rise superior to his prejudices, at Gettysburg had his horse's head shot away by a cannon ball; he freed himself, "cut the dead animal loose," and then coolly mounted another, which in turn was soon shot, as were all of the others attached to his piece. He then joined the only cannoneer left with the piece, unhurt, and remained fighting it until he himself was well nigh fatally wounded. That man, of such great physical and moral courage, whom I have

selected as representing you all, is your worthy president of this evening, and his name is John K. Norwood.

I know too well the horrors of war to stand here as its apologist. Still I am sure you will agree with me, that a soldier's life, with its comradeship in weal and woe, with its self-sacrifices, made from a sense of patriotism or of duty, with its sudden changes from quiet and safety to that of thrilling excitement and danger, has a charm all its own. To the soldier the names inscribed on the battle flags, whether of friend or foe, mean something more than the victories or defeats of a fratricidal war, as sentimentalists of today would have us believe. They indicate fields on which all of the highest qualities and attributes of physical manhood have been tested, and *not* found wanting — qualities and attributes on which, in the future as in the past, in every great emergency, when the court of final appeal is reached, the safety of our homes, our liberties, our national honor and our country depends.

Comrades, I am not unmindful that you have, or should have, present with you this evening, many members of the 1st Mass. Light Battery, received by transfer at the time of the expiration of service of their own command, early in 1865. That Battery began its service with the war and took an active and prominent part on every battlefield of the Army of the Potomac, up to and including Petersburg. I felt that you were highly honored, when informed by Capt. McCartney of the choice of transfer, which his veterans had made. I was with them on the Peninsula, and I saw them at the battle of Fredericksburg. I know their mettle, although they joined you after I had resigned the command. I hope they will always attend these reunions and feel that they are ever welcome.

And what shall I say to you of the labor of love which Sergt. Baker has brought to completion and now presents to you as the History of the 9th Mass. Battery, illustrated by the skilful pencils of Reed and Holland. Within its pages you will *not* find experiences differing from those of any other command that saw hard service; but they will be experiences that are personal and of special interest to yourselves and your children. The sergeant's labor has been one of love and not for profit. I know the pleasure

which he has felt, when he has had occasion to give honorable mention to any of your names. I know the patience with which he has sought after facts, and I know, too, that his most satisfactory reward will be to feel that he has done justice to his subject and met your expectations. Let us extend to him our sincere congratulations and our hearty thanks.

Comrades, it is a long while since we have had a roll call. I need but to mention to you the names of the enthusiastic Erickson and the brave Whitaker, of Sergts. Dodge, Fenton and Dawes, of Corps. Lincoln and Sanderson, besides the many without "straps" and without "stripes," all of whom were taken from you on the battlefield, to awake an echoing response in every heart.

There, too, were the much loved Milton, who succeeded me as your captain, the impulsive Foster, the faithful Park, the patriotic Booth, the energetic Murray, and First Sergt. Baker, ever thoughtful of your welfare.

There was the whole line of sergeants, gunners and corporals, many of them bullet scarred, all good fellows and true.

There was Reed, who communicated every order to you, from early morning until "taps" at night.

There was Pearce, who looked after the correctness of your "details" and kept your records.

And last of all, there were your worthy selves, always prompt to every call of duty; *all heroes*, of whose record the State of Massachusetts may well be proud. While memory fondly recalls the names of those for whom

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo,"

and of those, with us in spirit, who are kept away by disability or by distance.

Let us congratulate ourselves that, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of twenty-five eventful years, so many of our number are permitted to assemble here this evening.

Let us also extend a cordial greeting to our friends who are with us:

To him who represents the Commonwealth in its legislative branches. Having been an unruly member myself, I can sympathize with him in his onerous duties.

To him who, an old soldier now, by his energy and ability keeps the *Globe* a-rolling, gauging its speed by the popular pulse, and

To him who, a chronicler of the war, has devoted his life work to his country's history, prepared for the rising generation and calculated to quicken in them feelings of patriotism.

May these annual reunions long continue, and may your sons, whom I am glad to see present on this occasion, ever preserve their interest and eventually act as our successors in keeping alive the memories of our Battery.

Finally, comrades, when we read the "History" which Sergt. Baker has prepared, let each one, whether officer or enlisted man, feel that he acted well his part and

"There all the honor lies."

At the close of the address he was presented with a beautiful water color painting by the well known artist, C. W. Reed, showing the final struggle in Trostle's field with part of Kershaw's and Barksdale's Brigades. The sketch was over two years in preparation, and has had the criticism and suggestions of a large number of the comrades who were in the engagement, and is credited with being the nearest to the truth of anything on canvas.

The historian, C. C. Coffin, was next introduced, who said :

Mr. President:— My first acquaintance with the 9th Mass. Battery was on July 2, 1863, a short time before the beginning of the conflict on that day at Gettysburg. You were about to go into position. After the battle, I learned from the lips of those who had survived the fiery trial, some of the circumstances and incidents of the conflict, and saw that from the position which you occupied you had rendered great service. And then, in Baltimore, at the

Custom House, on the following Sunday morning, I learned from the lips of your commander, other facts in relation to the battle, which seemed to deepen the conviction that by your position, bravery, tenacity of purpose, obedience to orders, you so delayed the advance of the Confederates, that Trostle's dooryard became, as it were, the pivotal point in the action of the second day.

Before the opening of the engagement, I rode along the line adopted by Gen. Sickles, about which there has been, now is, and probably ever will be, a difference of opinion on the part of military men. I saw that the angle at the Peach Orchard invited attack; that it presented two fronts; that one and perhaps both would be attacked; that one, possibly both, would be subjected to an enfilading fire. I saw that it was a thin line; that there were not half enough troops to cover it in the 3d Corps. At that moment, there were neither troops nor batteries between the Peach Orchard and your subsequent position. When the battle began, I rode to Little Round Top, tied my horse, gained the summit, where there was only one signal officer and his assistant, where I remained and watched the battle till the bullets began to drop around me from the advance of Hood's Division; till after Gen. Warren's arrival, and left it as Vincent's Brigade and Hazlett's Battery were advancing upon the double quick to take possession. From that point I had a view of the mighty conflict. At my feet Ward's Brigade was having a fearful struggle. Barnes' Division of the 5th Corps was joining. Your own battery, the 5th under Phillips, Clarke's New Jersey, along the road south of Trostle's, were sending out from your guns a great white cloud. The Peach Orchard was all aflame. The Confederate batteries down beyond the house of Mr. Rose and on Warfield's farm, were all thundering. I could see the advancing Confederate brigades of Kershaw and Barksdale.

We know that the movement of Longstreet's Corps, Hood's and McLaws' Divisions, was designed in the outset to strike Sickles' left flank, and to roll it back towards Cemetery Ridge; that Anderson's Division of Hill's Corps was at the proper time to strike Humphrey's Division along the Emmittsburg road, and make the rout of the Union army complete. But this plan was changed by Hood,

who, when he advanced came in contact first with the 2d Regiment of sharpshooters under Stoughton, along a wall south of Mr. Rose's house. The sharpshooters fought with great obstinacy, and when at last they were pushed back, they retreated through the woods, directly upon Ward's Brigade, holding the rocky ridge of the Devil's Den at the base of Little Round Top. The Confederates, instead of swinging north, after passing east of Rose's house, found that they must first sweep Ward from his position, and Hood saw, as Longstreet had seen, the value of Little Round Top. I need not tell the story of the battle down by the Wheat Field, but it was so fierce and stubborn that not only Birney's Division of the 3d, but the whole of the 5th Corps, and Caldwell's Division of the 2d, were called upon to hold the line from the Wheat Field to the summit of Little Round Top. This call for troops in that direction, left not a single brigade, not even a regiment, to support you in your position along the road leading from the Peach Orchard eastward, toward Little Round Top.

It was at this juncture that the Union troops in the Peach Orchard were flanked from the south by Kershaw's South Carolinians, and from the west by the advance of Barksdale. Phillips', Clarke's, Hart's and Ames' Batteries, under the order of McGilvery, were sent to the rear to form a line of batteries on the ridge, while you were directed to hold the ground at all hazards. The infantry of Graham's, and the three regiments of Bueling's Brigade, in falling back, retreated across the fields north of Trostle's, leaving a wide gap between the left of Brewster's Brigade of Humphrey's Division and the troops down by the Wheat Field — a gap which the 9th Mass. Battery was to hold. You know the story—how Kershaw's sharpshooters came stealing along the wall, bounding the eastern side of the Wheat Field and up through the woods on the one hand, and Barksdale pressing you in front, and sweeping past your position, gaining possession of the barn and the other buildings.

Through the activity of the 9th Battery, the quick loading and firing of double-shotted canister, through the tenacity of the men, their obedience to orders, the advance of the Confederates was sufficiently delayed to enable McGilvery to arrange twenty-five

guns on the ridge. When Kershaw advanced he was confronted by McGilvery's artillery fire.

We are to keep in mind the fact that there was not a brigade, not a regiment, at the moment when Lieut. Milton leaped the wall and brought off two of the cannon, to be found to support McGilvery. It was a critical moment. A half hour later, Willard's Brigade of the 2d Corps confronted Barksdale, but it was McGilvery's guns alone which prevented Kershaw from reaching the ridge. A little later, the 6th Corps and Stannard's Brigade of Vermonters, were coming upon the double quick to hold the ridge.

We need not indulge in any speculation as to what might have happened; what did happen has gone into history, and when all the circumstances are taken into account, it seems that in a wise ordering of an overruling Providence, the 9th Battery was selected for the accomplishment of a great end.

On the evening of the 3d of July, after the repulse of Hill's troops, and the almost annihilation of Pickett's Division, I stood beside one of the guns of Cushing's Battery, where men in blue and men in gray were lying, as they had gone down in the terrible struggle. I recognized then and there that this battle was to be, in all probability, regarded as a great turning point in history. I did not believe that the Confederates would ever surpass their effort on that gory field. The ridge, where Cushing went down beside his guns, where the hand to hand conflict took place, is regarded as the high water mark of the Rebellion, but when we take all the circumstances into account, when we reflect that the Union army was far stronger on the third than on the second day; that it was concentrated and behind breastworks; when we reflect that the Confederate army was weaker on the afternoon of the third than on the second; that every effort of Lee to turn the right and left flanks had been frustrated; we can see that the one moment more critical than all others was on the evening of the second day, when Vincent's Brigade was holding Little Round Top, and the 9th Battery Trostle's dooryard; that the high water mark was reached on the evening of the 2d; that the remnants of Pickett's Brigade, drifting across Cordova's fields on the afternoon of the 3d, was the ebb tide of the Rebellion.

CORRECTIONS.

ON PAGE 14.

Read Eleazer Cole, instead of Call.

ON PAGE 247.

No. 120, David I. Harmond, enlisted Aug. 4, 1862, instead of 1863. Leave out "From 1st Mass. Battery."

No. 121, G. F. W. Haynes, enlisted Aug. 5, 1862, instead of 1863. Leave out "From 1st Mass. Battery."

No. 122. James A. Harvey, enlisted Aug. 7, 1862, instead of 1863. Leave out "From 1st Mass. Battery."

No. 126, Henry C. Hall. Under "Remarks" read "Transferred from 1st Mass. Battery."

No. 127, Sylvester Horton. Under "Remarks" read "Transferred from 1st Mass. Battery."

No. 128, George Hawes. Under "Remarks" read "Transferred from 1st Mass. Battery."

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